POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esq.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED BY WILLIAM PORTER,

FOR MESSES. MONCRIEFFE, JENKIN, BURNET, WILSON, BURTON, WHITE, BEATTY, BYRNE, CASH, AND MC. RENZIE.

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POETICAL WORKS

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CONTENTS

OF THE

THIRD VOLUME.

THE HAPPY PRESCRIPTION, [a Co-	Page
меру in Rhyme,	1
MARCELLA, a Tragedy,	69
THE TWO CONNOISSEURS, a COMEDY in RHYME,	129
LORD RUSSELL, a TRAGEDY,	193
THE MAUSOLEUM, a Comedy in Ruyme,	257

COMTENTS

Wash or an analysis and a property of the contract of the cont

SHT TO

THIRD VOLUME.

Page	THE HAPPY PRESCRIPTION, & Co.
1	medy in Ruyme,
69	MASCELLA, a Transpr.
021	THE TWO CONNOISSEURS, a COMERY .
562	LORD RUSSULL, : Tracept,
457	THE MAUBOLEUM, a Compos is Raymy,

P L A Y S

OF

THREE ACTS;

WRITTENPORA

PRIVATE THEATRE.

Vol. III.

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A A A A

THREE ACTS.

RRIVATE THEATER.

M .407

HER GRACE THE DUTCHESS OF

DEVONSHIRE.

Non perch' io creda bisognar miei carmi A chi se ne-sa copia da se stessa; Ma sol per satisfare a questo mio Cha ho d'onorarla di lodar disso.

ARIOSTO, Canto xxxvii.

THE Great and Fair, in every age and clime, Receive free homage from the Sons of Rhyme:
Bend, ye ambitious Bards, at Grandeur's shrine!
Be Power your patron! Wit and Beauty mine!—
To thee whom elegance has taught to please
By serious dignity, or sportive ease;
Whom Virtue hails, at Pleasure's festive rites,
Chaste Arbiter of Art's resin'd delights:
To thee, sair Devon! I breathe this votive strain;
Nor dread th' averted ear of proud Disdain:

B 2

For

For O, if music has not blest my lyre,
A lovelier spirit of th' ætherial choir,
Joy-breathing Gratitude, that hallow'd guest,
Who sires with heavenly zeal the human breast,
Bids my weak voice her swelling note prolong,
And consecrate to thee her tributary song.

WHEN first my anxious Muse's fav'rite child, Her young SERENA, artless, simple, wild, Prefum'd from privacy's fafe scenes to fly. And met in giddy haste the public eye; Thy generous praise her trembling youth sustain'd The smile she dar'd not ask, from thee she gain'd; And found a guardian in the gracious DEVON, Kind as the regent of her fancied heaven .-The flatter'd Muse, whose offspring thou hast blest, In the fond pride that rules a parent's breaft. Prefents thus boldly to thy kind embrace This little group of her fucceeding race. Blest! if thy pathos true to Nature's law, From thy foft bosom they may haply draw Those tender fighs, that eloquently shew The virtues of the heart from whence they flow! Bleft! if by foibles humorously hit, In the light scenes that aim at comic wit, They turn thy pensive charms to mirthful grace, And wake the sprighty sweetness of thy face!

WHILE

WHILE thus the proud Enthusiast would aspire To change thy beauties with her changing lyre; Much as she wants the talent and the right, To shew thy various charms in varied light, O might the Muse, intruding on thy bower, From her fair Patron catch the magic power Frequent to meet the public eye, and still That fickle eye with fond amazement fill! Let her, if this vain wish is lost in air, Breathe from her grateful heart a happier prayer ! Howe'er her different fables may give birth To fancied woe, and visionary mirth; May all thy griefs belong to Fiction's reign, And wound thee only with a pleasing pain! May thy light spirit, on the sea of life, Elude the rocks of care, the gusts of strife, And fafely, as the never-finking buoy, Float on th' unebbing flood of real joy!

EARTHAM, January 29, 1784.

W. HAYLEY.

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PREFACE.

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MIND BY REAL ON IN

As the following Plays were intended only for a private theatre, I have been tempted by that circumstance to introduce a kind of novelty in our language, by writing three comedies in rhyme, tho' the Comic Muse of our country has been long accustomed to express herself in profe, and her custom has the fanction of fettled precept and fuccessful example. The Antiquarian, indeed, may remind me that Gammer Gurton's Needle, one of the earliest of our old plays, with other comic productions of that rude period, was written in rhyme; and possibly fome fastidious enemies of that Gothic B 4 jingle,

jingle, as they affect to call it, may confider the prefent Publication as nothing more than a relapse into the most barbarous mode of dramatic composition.

For the boldness of an attempt, which has no modern precedent to plead in its behalf, some apology may be due to the Public.

only for a private thest

In the first place, I beg it may not be supposed, that by writing a comedy in rhyme, I mean to convey an indirect censure on the contrary practice. No one can prize more highly than I do the many excellent comedies in prose, with which our language is enriched. I am very far from entertaining a wish to overturn the ceremonial which the Comic Muse of England has established; but I hope to find our country as much a friend to toleration in the forms of literature, as in those of religion. The

custom of other enlightened nations, both ancient and modern, may be pleaded on this occasion in behalf of verse. Aristophanes, in his play of the Clouds, feems to pride himself on his poetry. Ariosto having written two comedies in profe, converted them both into metre at a maturer period of his life; and Moliere, the unrivalled mafter of the French comic theatre, who has written admirably both in profe and rhyme, is, I think, most admirable, and most truly comic, when he adheres to the latter.

To the author who attempts a comedy in English rhyme, our language seems to offer an advantage, which the French poet did not enjoy. The Comic Muse of France has chiefly confined herfelf to that structure of verse, which belongs equally to her Tragic Sifter. In the poetry of our nation, this particular

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measure is appropriated to sportive subjects, and though hitherto not used in Comedy, it possesses to an English ear a very comic vivacity. That it is highly calculated for poems of wit and humour, we have a striking proof in that most exquisite production the Bath Guide. How far it may fucceed through the varied fcenes of English play, experiments only can determine. As fome readers, on the first sight of a comedy. in rhyme, may haftily suppose that the fashion and the materials of the works are borrowed from the Theatre of France, I think it proper to declare, in juffice to the writers of that country, that they are by no means answerable for any defects which may be found in these dramatic performances. I am not conscious of having borrowed a fingle character or fituation from any comic writer whatfoever, either foreign or domeflic .- The first of the three comedies

dies contained in the prefent Publication, was founded on a real anecdote related to me by an intimate friend, who, concealing the names of the parties, mentioned their ludicrous adventure as a new and tempting subject for the Comic Muse. - The plan of the fecond arose in the mind of its author, from his remarking the various effects of Connoisseurship in different characters. An attachment to the fine arts. which is allowed to refine and firengthen the virtues of a manly and a generous spirit, has, perhaps a peculiar tendency not only to fhew, but to increase the narrowness of a vain and feeble mind; and if fuch a tendency exists, it is the province of a comic writer to counteract and correct it.-The aim of the third comedy in this collection is to laugh at two diffinct fpecies of affectation, very prevalent in our age and country;

country; the affectation of refined fentiment, and the affectation of pompous and pedantic expression. - I protest however against personal application: and, to guard against it, let me declare, that this ridicule is levelled. not at the great and refpectable Veteran in the field of literature, whose phrases may sometimes be borrowed by a character in the play; but at the nameless and servile herd of his awkward imitators.—Vigor and originality of thought give a fanction to the pomp and peculiarity of his language. If fingularities of ftyle are united with genius and moral excellence, they are properly regarded with a partial respect; but when these singularities are preposteroufly copied, and feem to prevail as a fashion, they become, I apprehend, very fair subjects of sportive fatire.

The stand of the Lyans was

WHEN I reflect what long and established prejudice a rhyming play must encounter-when I remember that even Dryden himfelf, the most able advocate, and the greatest master of rhyme in our language, has expressly condemned the use of it in comedy-I am alarmed at the hardiness of my attempt; but when I recollect that time, the most infallible test of literary opinion, has fully shewn the mistake of that immortal Poet, in recommending the use of rhyme in English Tragedy, I am inclined to hope that he might be equally mistaken in fupposing it utterly unsuited to our Comic Muse. It may be urged, indeed, with great truth, that a comedy in rhyme, cannot be fo close a copy of Nature as a comedy in profe, the latter adhering to the very language of common life. But from a fifter-art we may borrow, at least a plausible argument in favour of Poetry, on the prefent occafion.

fion. The great mafter, who has defcanted fo happily on the principles of Painting, observes with great propriety, in one of his discourses, that "we are " not always pleafed with the most " abfolute possible resemblance of an " imitation to its original object: cases " may exist, in which such a resem-" blance may be even disagreeable. I " shall only observe, that the effect of " figures in wax-work, though certain-" ly a more exact representation than " can be given by painting or fculp-" ture, is a fufficient proof that the " pleasure we receive from imitation " is not increafed merely in proportion " as it approaches to minute and de-" tailed reality: we are pleafed, on the " contrary, by feeing ends answered " by feeming inadequate means *."-On these principles, which perhaps are

^{*} Sir Joshua Reynolds' Discourse of December 1782.

equally just in the two kindred arts, a comedy in rhyme may be still more entertaining than a comedy, of equal merit in other points, which confines itself to prose; and a critic who exclaims against the unnatural effect of a rhyming dialogue, may as justly cenfure a portrait on canvafs, because it is not so exact a copy of life, as an image of coloured wax. In both cases, the artiff, whether painter or poet, may be juftly called a true and pleafing copier of Nature, if he preferves as high a degree of refemblance, as his mode of imitation will admit, and embellishes his work with the attractive and almost indispensable graces of ease, spirit, and freedom.

It is faid by Voltaire of theatrical composition in general, "Tous les gen"res sont bons hors le genre ennuyeux."

If the present comedies fall not within the class which that lively writer has so justly

xvi PREFACE.

justly proscribed, the Author may be allowed to hope, that his liberal and enlightened readers will look with indulgence on a publication, which arose from his wish to introduce a striking, and he trusts not a blameable, variety into the amusements of English literature.

composition in gravest, " Local briggin."

Combining visit with that the other

Functions of the Deams.

SIE NICHOLAS A HOTISH

HAPPY PRESCRIPTION,

SELLINA, Noice to SIA Michogas,

TOWN THANK TOWNS IN MANY THE MENT OF

LADY RELIEVED FROM HER LOVERS:

treating the attenues are the

Mean FACUL her Couley and Widors the Color I,

A COMEDY, IN RHYME.

Persons of the Drama.

SIR NICHOLAS ODDFISH,
SAPPHIC,
DECISIVE,
MORLEY,
COLONEL FELIX,
JONATHAN, Servant to MORLEY;

SELINA, Neice to SIR NICHOLAS,
MRS. FELIX, her Coufin, and Wife to the Colonel,
JENNY, Servant to SELINA.

Servants of SIR NICHOLAS, &c.

SCENE the Country Manfion of the ODDFISH Family.

THE

HAPPY PRESCRIPTION.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Sir Nicholas in debate with Mrs. Felix and Selina.

Mas. Felix.

WHAT a strange declaration!—it gives me the spleen;

But 'tis what good Sir Nicholas never can mean.

SIR NICHOLAS.

Not mean it, fair Lady!—by Jupiter, yes!
And my project you 'll see will be crown'd with success;
I am joyous myself, and 'tis ever my plan
To give those I love all the joy that I can.

MRS.

THE HAPPY PRESCRIPTION:

MRS. FELIX.

We own it—but joy is like diet, dear Cousin, One palate mayn't relish what pleases a dozen; Nor will I allow that my appetite's vicious, If perchance I don't like, what you think most delicious.

SIR NICHOLAS.

Rare dainty distinctions!—but can I believe
That a woman e'er lived fince the wedding of Eve,
Whose heart (tho' most coyly her head might be carried)
Did not servently wish to be speedily married?
Not to wound your nice ears with the name of desires
Which youth renders lovely, and nature inspires,
Your sex, from its weakness, demands a desender,
Whom pride and affection make watchful and tender;
And if my sair Coz is no hypocrite grown,
The truth of my maxims you'll honestly own;
While the wars from your arms the brave Colonel detain,
Is the want of a husband the source of no pain?

MRS. FELIX.

There, indeed, you have touch'd me a little too near, My Soldier, you know, to my foul is most dear, I own—and my frankness you never will blame, I'd purchase his presence with ought but his same.

SER NICHOLAS.

Well said, thou dear, honest, and warm-hearted wise; For thy truth may good angels still watch o'er his life, And while others the rough sield of slaughter are treading, Send him home sull of glory, to dance at our wedding! For a wedding we'll have to enliven us all, And Hymen's bright altar shall warm the old hall. For my Niece ere I die, tis my wish to provide, And ere two months are past I will see her a bride.

I'm refolv'd—and you know that my neighbours all fay, Sir Nicholas Oddfish will have his own way.

MRS. FELIX.

Selina, dear Sir, wants no other protection,
While her life glides in peace by your gentle direction.
She thinks, and I own, I approve her remark,
In conjugal cares 'tis too foon to embark:
Her bosom untouch'd by Love's dangerous dart,
Fate has not yet shewn her the man of her heart.

SIR NICHOLAS.

The man of her heart !- these nonsensical fancies You light-headed females pick out of romances. That I am no tyrant you know very well, So Coufin don't teach my good Niece to rebel! I am no greedy guardian, who thinks it his duty On the altar of Plutus to facrifice beauty: Whose venal barbarity, justly abhorr'd, Ties a lovely young girl to an old crippled lord, And basely, to gain either rank or estate, Makes her swear she will love, what she cannot but hate. From fuch a protector Heaven guard my dear Niece! I wish her to wed that her joys may increase; And the deuce must be in the strange girl who discovers No man to her mind in fuch plenty of lovers. To no very great length will my cruelty run. If from twenty admirers I bid her chufe one.

MRS. FELIX.

But why, dear Sir Nicholas, why in fuch hafte?

SIR NICHOLAS.

'Tis thus that my projects are ever difgrac'd With the false names of hurry and precipitation, Because I abhor silly procrassination;

That

That thief of delight, who deludes all our senses,
Who cheats us for ever with idle pretences,
By whom, like the dog in the fable, betray'd,
We let go the substance to snap at the shade.
To seize present Time is the true Art of Life;
'Tis Time who now cries, make Selina a Wise!
The season is come, I've so long wish'd to see
From the moment I dandled her first on my knee:
She, you know, to my care was bequeath'd by my Brother,
And having this Child, I ne'er wish'd for another:
Thro' life I have kept myself single for her;
Her interest, her joy, to my own I preser.

SELINA.

Your kindness, dear Sir, I can never repay.

SIR NICHOLAS.

In truth, my dear damfel, you easily may; I demand no return so enormoully great; I ask but a Boy to possess my estate.

SELINA.

Lord, Uncle, how come fuch odd thoughts in your head?

MRS. FELIX.

From his heart, I affure you—'tis pleasantly said; A fair stipulation—both parties agreed,
The compact, I trust, in due time will succeed;
But patience, dear Knight, you will have your desire,
Nor wait very long for a young little 'Squire.

SIR NICHOLAS.

The cold stream of Patience ne'er creeps in my veins, But the wish my heart forms my quick spirit attains. I'm none of your chill atmospherical wretches, Whose affections are subject to starts and to catches;

Whofe

Whose wish, like a weather-cock, veering about, Now turns towards hope, and now changes to doubt: No, mine, like the needle without variation, Only looks to one point, and that point's Confummation. I want to behold this young Urchin arife, Before I have lost or my legs or my eyes, That I may enjoy all his little vagaries, As the changeable feafon of infancy varies. I long to be moulding his heart and his spirit, To shew him the fields he is born to inherit; Lead him round our rich woods, while my limbs are yet limber.

And tell the young rogue, how I've nurs'd up his timber; That when the worn thread of my life is untwifted, He long may remember that I have existed: And when my old frame in our monument refts, As he walks by my grave with a few worthy guefts, He thus to some warm-hearted friend may address him, Here lies my odd, honest, old Uncle-God bless him!

MRS. FELIX.

Thank Heaven, dear Cousin, your hale conflictution Shews not the least fign of a near disfolution.

SELINA.

To make your life happy, whate'er the condition, Has been, my dear Uncle, my highest ambition; To fulfil every wish that your fancy can frame, Still is, as it ought to be, ever my aim: But if by your voice I am doom'd to the altar, ter or and pain my weak accents must falter. Unless n. v kind stars a new lover should fend me, Unlike all the fwa ins who now deign to attend me.

SIR NICHOLAS.

Nice wench! do you want the whole world to adore you? Would you have all the men of the earth rang'd before you? For

For thanks to your charms, and to fortune's kind bounty, You may rank in your train all the youth of our county. And chuse whom you will; if the man has but worth, And is nearly your equal in wealth and in birth, I give my consent-you are free from restriction; But I will not be plagu'd with perverse contradiction. I will fee you wed without any delay: Your two fittest lovers are coming to-day; Young Sapphic, whose verses delight all the fair, And Dicky Decifive, Sir Jacob's next heir: Both young and both wealthy, both comely and clever, To gain you, no doubt, each will warmly endeavour: For they come for a month, by my own invitation. On purpose to sound my dear girl's inclination: I have faid to them both, and no man can speak fairer, Let him, who can please her most, win her and wear her.

SELINA, afide to Mrs. Felix.

Good angels defend me!

Mrs. Felix, d. Lio yat wil stoll

I fee nothing frightful:
Our month with fuch guests must be very delightful:
When Sapphic's fost verses incline us to dose,
Dick will keep us awake with satirical prose.

SIR NICHOLAS.

Don't cross me, I say! nor mislead my good Niece! By Jove, if she thwarts me with any caprice, Like a certain old justice I'll ring up my maids, And marry the first of the frank-hearted jades; For perverse contradiction I never will bear, But provide for myself a more dutiful heir.

MRS. FELIX.

Dear Cousin, in spite of his worship's decision, You cannot be certain of such a provision: Attempts of that nature are subject to fail.

SIR NICHOLAS.

My designs you shall see, Madam, always prevail:
For if this nice Gipsy, by your machination,
Declines every offer, to give me vexation,
Like my late jolly neighbour, Sir Timothy Trickum
Who vindictively married the frail Molly Quickum,
I'll make sure of the matter, and chuse me a wise,
With an heir ready plac'd on the threshold of life:
For, as I have said, tho' a foe to restriction,
I never will suffer perverse contradiction.
You now know my mind, which no mask ever covers,
So farewell, and prepare to receive your two lovers.

[Exit

MRS. FELIX.

Go thy way, thou strange mixture of sense and of blindness!

A model at once of oppression and kindness.

Thy will, thou odd compound of goodness and whim,
Is a stream, against which it is treason to swim;

Yet we must cross the current—

SELINA.

Dear Cousin fay how!

Direct opposition he will not allow:
What can you devise as a plan of prevention?
How divert his keen spirit from this new intention?
I had much rather die than be ever united.
To one of the lovers, that he has invited:
My heart has a thorough aversion to both:
Yet to make him unhappy I'm equally loth;
When I think what I owe to his tender protection,
The worst of all ills is to lose his affection.

MRS. FELIX.

Dear Girl, your warm gratitude gives you new charms:
Tis an amiable fear, which your bosom alarms,
Vol. III.

C And

And I from your Uncle's quick humour would screen you,

Not loosen the bands of affection between you. He merits your love, and you know he has mine; Yet we somehow must baffle his hasty design, Nor fuffer his whim thus to make you a Wife, To repent the rash business the rest of his life. Take courage! kind Chance may affift us-

SELINA.

I doubt it.

Yet Heaven knows how we shall manage without it; For when his heart's fet on a favourite scheme. His ardor and hafte, as you know, are extreme, Like a med'cine ill-tim'd opposition is vain, And inflames the disorder 'twas meant to restrain.'

MRS. FELIX.

In his fevers indeed there is no intermission: And thanks, gentle Coz; to your foft disposition! So fweet and compliant your temper has been, You have taught him to think contradiction a fin; And here all around him confirm that belief. His vasfals all bow to the nod of their chief. Here shut from the world in this rural dominion, No mortal opposes his will or opinion; And thus he is spoil'd-Politicians all fay, Human nature's not fashion'd for absolute sway.

SELINA.

'Tis true, tho' the world, as you fay, think him odd, In this fphere he is held a diminutive god: And when I behold how his fortune is fpent, In suppressing vexation, and spreading content; amus a motod may hall or inself delian aWhen

When I hear all the poor his kind bounty expressing, And thoroughly know how he merits their blessing, My feelings with theirs in his eulogy join, And confess, that his nature is truly divine.

MRS. FELIX.

Thou excellent Girl! if such fondness and zeal
For a warm-hearted, whimsical Uncle you feel,
With what fine sensations your bosom will glow,
What tender attachment your temper will shew,
When your fortunate lord Love and Hymen invest
With higher dominion o'er that gentle breast!
But tell me, dear Cousin—be honest—declare,
Has no young secret swain-form'd an interest there?
I suspect—but don't let my suspicion affright you,
Tho' the good Knight's rare virtues amuse and delight
you,

From this gloomy old hall you would wish to get free, Had not Cupid preserv'd you from feeling ennui; Come tell me the name of the favourite youth:

I am sure I guess right.

SELINA.

No, in fad fober truth
I never have feen in the course of my life,
A mortal to whom I should chuse to be wife.

MRS. FELIX.

Ye stars, what a pity!—I wish I could learn
That my Colonel from India would shortly return,
Both for your take and mine; for our present distress
He would speedily turn into joyous success;
As his regiment must some young hero afford,
Who might throw at your feet both himself and his
sword.

What fay you, my dear, to a foldier?-

Enter Jenny.
JENNY.

Oh! Madam,

Here's young Mr. Sapphic—I vow, if I had them, I'd give fifty pounds had you feen how politely He beg'd me to tie a fweet nofegay up tightly, Which is jolted to pieces—well, he's a fweet beau; And now with his pencil he's writing below, I believe 'tis a pofy, he writes it so neatly, And I'm sure 'tis fine verse, Ma'am it sounded so sweetly.

MRS. FELIX.

Oh charming! his vows will be very sublime, And I trust we shall hear his proposals in rhyme.

SELINA.

How can you, dear Cousin, so cruelly jest in A business you know I am really distrest in? I shall certainly forfeit my Uncle's protection, For I never can wed where I feel no affection. Do help me.

MRS. FELIX.

Good Girl, this perplexity smother, And think your two lovers will banish each other: There's much to be hop'd from our present affairs.

JENNY.

O, Ma'am, Mr. Sapphic is coming up stairs.

(Afide as she goes out.)

I am mightily pleas'd with this marrying plan, And I hope in my fpirit that he'll be the man.

Exit.

Enter Sapphic.

Fair Ladies, the moments have feem'd to be hours, While I step'd in your hall to adjust a few flowers:

For

For the season, I am told, they're uncommonly fine,
But I still wish the tribute more worthy the shrine.

[Bowing and presenting them to Selina.

SELINA.

Mr. Sapphic is always extremely police: These roses, indeed, are a wonderful fight: You are far better florists than we are.

MRS. FELIX.

My dear,

Mr. Sapphic has magic to make them appear,
And Flora is brib'd by the fongs he composes
To produce for her poet extempore roses;
Into this early bloom all her plants are bewitch'd:
But you do not observe how the gift is inrich'd,
Here's a border of verse, if my eyes don't deceive me.

SELINA, afide to Mrs. Felix.

Dear Coufin, you'll read it—I pray you relieve me;

I shall blush like a fool at each civil expression.

MRS. FELIX, afide to Selina, taking the paper.

Now with emphasis just and with proper discretion.

(Mrs. Felix reads.)

"Ye happy flowers, give and receive perfume

" As on Selina's fragrant breaft ye bloom:

" From earth, tho' not arrang'd in order nice,

" Ye are transplanted into Paradise;

" If on that fpot ye languish into death,

"Twill be from envy of her sweeter breath."

'Tis a delicate compliment, tender and pretty, What original spirit! how graceful and witty!

SAPPHIC.

Dear Ma'am, you're too good to find any thing in it,
'Tis a mere hasty trifle—the work of a minute:

THE HAPPY PRESCRIPTION:

On the anvil I had not a moment to hammer, And I fear, in my haste I have sinn'd against grammar.

MRS. FELIX.

All flight imperfections I never regard
When I meet with fuch vigor of thought in a bard,
With a fancy so brilliant—

SAPPHIC.

O! Ma'am, you're too kind; But candor's the test of an amiable mind. I wish that your taste all our Critics might guide, To soften that rigor with which they decide.

MRS. FELIX.

From Critics, dear Sir, you have little to fear. If Mr. Decifive himself had been here, He must have been charm'd with this sweet jeu d'esprit, Which, as he is coming to-day, he shall see. I am eager to hear how his wit will applaud it:

To conceal it would be of due praise to desraud it.

SAPPHIC.

In Mercy's name, Ladies, I beg your protection, Preserve my poor rhymes from Decisive's inspection; Consider how hasty—

MRS. FELIX.
Say rather how fprightly—
SAPPHIC.

Compos'd in a moment—

Mas. Felix.

Produc'd fo politely !

SAPPHIC.

He'll cut them to atoms!

MRS.

MRS. FELIX.

Dear Sir, he's your friend,
And I thought he had feen all the poems you pen'd:
I was told that to him your long works you rehearfe—
Does Mr. Decisive himself write in verse?

SAPPHIC.

I wish from my soul that he did now and then;
But he uses the pen knife much more than the pen,
And too freely has slash'd all who write in the nation,
To give them an opening for retaliation.
My old friend Decisive has honour and wit;
To the latter indeed, he makes most things submit;
And thinks it fair sport, as a friend or a foe,
To knock down a Bard by a slaming bon mot.
To your sex indeed his chief failings I trace;
For the sair-ones so slatter'd his sigure and sace,
That too early he ceas'd the chaste Muses to follow,
And being Adonis, would not be Apollo.

MRS. FELIX.

Yet he has much fancy.

SAPPHIC.

O, Madam, no doubt,
And genius that study would soon have brought out.
Had his thoughts been less turn'd to his legs and his
looks,

Ere this he'd have written some excellent books: 'Tis pity such parts should thro' indolence fall; But he never composes, and reads not at all.

SELINA.

Not read, Mr. Sapphic! you furely mistake; Your friend cannot be an illiterate rake:

C 4

THE HAPPY PRESCRIPTION:

Our neighbours, who lately from London came down, Declare, that his word forms the tafte of the town!

SAPPHIC.

Dear Madam, the bufiness is easily done; He judges all authors, but never reads one.

16

MRS. FELIX.

I'm fure he must own this impromptu is sweet, And I vow he shall read it—

SAPPHIC.

Dear Ma'am, I intreat,
I conjure you to fpare me; this earnest petition
I know you will grant me—

MRS. FELIX.

On this one condition,

That for fix lines suppress'd you indulge me with twenty:

Come, shew us your pocket-book-there you have plenty

Of tender poetical squibs for the Fair.

SAPPHIC, taking out his pocket-book.

Dear Ma'am here is nothing.

MRS. FELIX.

A volume, I swear,

O, charming! well, now you're an excellent man; Tis stuff'd like a pincushion-

SAPPHIC.

Yes, Ma'am-with bran.

MRS. FELIX.

Fie, sie, you're too modest, and murder my meaning; What a harvest is here! yet I ask but a gleaning:

It would not be fair to seize all the collection, Tho' all is most certainly worthy inspection. Indulge us, dear Sir: come, I'll take no resusal.

SAPPHIC.

Indeed, Ma'am, here's nothing that's fit for perusal.

MRS. FELIX.

There are fifty fine things, and one can't chuse amis.

SAPPHIC, taking out a paper.

Here's one new little fong-

MRS. FELIX.

Well then, let me have this.

SAPPHIC, after giving a paper.

They all are so jumbled, I sear I am wrong; I meant to have shewn you a new little song, Which was written last week on the ball at our races, Where I heard the Miss Trotters compar'd to the Graces; I could not help saying, 'twas very profane, It was taking the name of the Graces in vain.

MRS. FELIX reads.

"On feeing Selina and Jenny near each other in the garden."

SAPPHIC.

O mercy, dear Madam, you must not read those!

A stanza unfinished.—

MRS. FELIX.

How fweetly it flows!

Selina, pray hear it.

SELINA, afide to MRS. FELIX.

Dear Coufin enough!

How can you delight in this horrible stuff!

MRS

MRS. FELIX reads.

"Tho' each in the fame garden blows,
"The poet must be crazy,

" Can stoop to pick the daify,"

SELINA, afide to MRS. FELIX.

If you love me, dear Cousin, assist me, I pray, To end all this nonsense, and get him away.— Pray, Sir, when you came, was my Uncle below?

SAPPHIC.

He's abroad, Ma'am, your fervant inform'd me-

SELINA.

O No!

You have heard he is building a temple to Pan, And we hope that your taste may embellish the plan: At the end of the walk, in his favourite grove, Where there formerly stood an old ruin'd alcove, You'll find him; and as 'tis an art you are skill'd in, Twill please him to know what you think of the building.

MRS. FELIX.

Aye do, Mr. Sapphic, inspect what is done, For the workmen all blunder'd when first they begun: Your opinion I'm sure will oblige the good Knight.

SELINA.

An inscription, he once faid, he wish'd you to write.

SAPPHIC.

Dear Madam!—the hint is delightful, I vow;
To the God of Arcadia I hasten to bow:
I shall find the good Knight in the midst of the dome;
I am heartily glad that he is not from home.

We

We shall furely compose something clever between us,
And the Muse will compose by the order of Venus.

[Bows tenderly to Selina, and Exit.

SELINA.

How could you so praise that impertinent creature? And praise him without discomposing a feature!—
I could not have thought, before this conversation,
That your frankness could turn into such adulation.

MRS. FELIX.

The World, my dear Child, is to you quite unknown; When you see it you'll find such discourse is the ton; Fine solks in high life learn to praise with great glee Such persons and things as they sicken to see.

To me your best thanks for my speeches are due—By thus flattering the Poet, I surely serve you; He will now play the Sky-lark instead of the Dove, And stun me with songs, while you're saved from his love.

Enter Jenny.

JENNY.

Dear Ma'am, now I hope Mr. Sapphic's quite bleft, For he flies thro' the walks like a bird to his neft.— He's a fweet pretty gentleman.

MRS. FELIX, afide to Selina.

This, if I thew it,

how the sed old

Will soon banish Jenny's regard for the poet:
Jenny, see what your friend Mr. Sapphic has written.

viole Jenny . The movie of the

Dear Ma'am, with his verses I always am smitten.

(Having read the stanza.)

A Daify indeed! to be fure I am neat, But tho' I'm a servant I hope I am sweet.

When

When he makes my young Mistress a Rose or a Lilly, He might turn me at least to a Dasfy-down-dilly. But a Daify, forfooth! with no fragrance at all! I'll cross him for this—

SELINA.

What's that noise in the hall?

JENNY.

As fure as I live 'tis your other gay Spark, For I faw a new chaife driving into the park— I'll fee, Ma'am.

(Afide going out.)

I'll shew this fine Poet a trick— A Daify! that no one but children will pick. [

[Exit.

MRS. FELIX.

This fimile Jenny I see cannot swallow, And her anger may ruin this son of Apollo; For in courtship this maxim is often display'd, He has half lost the Mistress who loses the Maid.

Enter Decifive.

DECISIVE.

Alone, my dear Ladies!—they told me below, Our friend Sapphic was here, your poetical Beau; I was almost afraid that my sudden intrusion Might check the rich stream of some lyric effusion.

(To Selina)

I'm happy to fee you fo lovely to day; But I hope I've not frighted your Poet away.

SELINA.

O no-Mr. Sapphic had bid us adieu-

MRS. FELIX.

And not without saying some fine things of you: He declares, that with those brilliant parts you possess, 'Tis a sin you ne'er send any work to the press.

DECISIVE.

Good Sapphic!—In truth 'tis his comfort to think The whole duty of man lies in spilling of ink; And at Paradise gate his large volumes of metre Will I hope be allow'd a fair pass by Saint Peter.

MRS. FELIX.

Then the Saint must be free from your critical spirit, For I know you have little esteem for their merit; You're a rigorous judge, and to poets terrific.

DECISIVE.

I wish my friend's muse was not quite so prolific:
But in rhymes when a child I have heard he would
squeak,

And so proved a poet before he could speak; On his death-bed, I doubt not, he'll still think of verse, And groan out a rhyme to his doctor or nurse.

MRS. FELIX.

I fancy your favourite reading is prose; Here's a new set of travels, pray have you read those?

DECISIVE, taking the book.

This author is lucky to meet with a buyer: A traveller's but a foft word for a liar. Such works may please those who have ne'er been abroad, But men, who have travell'd, perceive all the fraud.

MRS. FELIX.

Is the work so deceitful! it seems you have read it?

DECISIVE.

DECISIVE.

Not a fyllable, Madam-

MRS. FELIX.

Pray who then has faid it?

DECISIVE.

Not a foul that I know—but fuch books are a trade, And I perfectly know how those volumes are made.

MRS. FELIX.

'Tis a work, I am told, that has great reputation Both for wit and for truth—

DECISIVE.

We're a credulous nation-

MRS. FELIX.

Pray what kind of books are your favourite study?

DECISIVE.

I find modern works only make the brain muddy, As my friends grew by reading more awkward than wife, And ruin'd their persons and clouded their eyes; I have wifely resolv'd not to read any more, Since each living author is turn'd to a bore.

MRS. FELIX.

How can you so waste all your bright mental powers? Tis pity you men have not such works as ours—What d'ye say to my knotting?

(Takes out her work.)

Decisive.

Your box wants a hinge.

And I'll give you a much better pattern for fringe;

I brought it from France.

Mrs. Felix.

Now I fee, my good friend, There is no kind of work which your skill cannot mend: In all arts you possess a distinguishing head, From building a temple to knotting a thread.

DECISIVE.

A propos of a temple—pray has the good Knight Rais'd his altar to Pan?—he had fix'd on the fite. Is the structure begun?—I have not seen his plan—

MRS. FELIX.

Then hasten and pay your devotions to Pan.
Sir Nicholas now in his vestibule stands,
To guide all his workmen and quicken their hands;
And Sapphic is gone to attend the good Knight,
And try what inscription his genius can write.

DECISIVE.

Foor Pan! by the Graces thou'rt left in the lurch; 'Thy temple will look like a trim parish church, With Sapphic's inscriptions, like scraps of the Bible Put up, as the Church-wardens say, in a hibel.

MRS. FELIX.

Indeed we much fear fo-pray haste to inspect it,
And exert all your exquisite taste to correct it.

Decisive.

Ma'am I'll do what I can, for it puts me in wrath

To fee a fine temple difgrac'd by a Goth.

[Exit.

MRS. FELIX.

Well, my dear, your two Lovers, like true men of fashion,

Do not pefter you much with the heat of their passion:

You'll

THE HAPPY PRESCRIPTION:

You'll be quite at your ease—thanks to Pan and the Muse!

Enter Jenny, bastily.

JENNY.

News! news! my dear Ladies, most excellent news!

SELINA.

The girl is quite wild!

Mrs. FELIX.

What transports you fo, Jenny?

JENNY.

I've news for you, Madam, that's well worth a guinea:
I have news from the Colonel—

MRS. FELIX.

A letter! Where is it?

JENNY.

No, Ma'am, here's a stranger arrived on a visit,
And he comes from the place where the Colonel is fighting.

MRS. FELIX.

And with letters for me?

JENNY.

Madam, that I'm not right in; For I run from his man when I got half my story; But the Colonel, he says, is all riches and glory.

MRS. FELIX.

Dear girl that's enough; through my life I shall feel Due regard for thy warm and affectionate zeal. But where is this Stranger?

JENNY.

JENNY.

Just walk'd to my Master.

His poor man has met with a cruel disafter; He was wounded in battle.

SELINA.

Pray treat him with care.— In your joy, my dear Cousin, I heartily share.

MRS. FELIX.

This Stranger's a jewel for you from the East; He's a Captain, I hope, my dear Jenny, at least.

JENNY.

Ah, Madam! my fancy supposed him so too; But we're both in the wrong, and for Miss he won't do, For I learnt from his man he is only a Doctor.

MRS. FELIX.

Poor Jane, how the difference of title has shock'd her! For my part I can't find by my reason or seeling. That the art of destroying excels that of healing: We may equally love the professors of both.

JENNY.

That Miss tho' should marry a Doctor I am loth.

Mas. Febix.

Come, my dear, let us meet 'em—I can't rest above— How slowly sly letters from hands that we love!

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

Enter Jenny and Jonathan.

JENNY.

COME, dear Mr. Jonathan, tell me the whole: An account of a battle I love to my foul; There is nothing on earth I fo truly delight in, As to hear a brave Soldier discourse about fighting.— So the Colonel was wounded you say near the wall: Whereabouts was the shot? Did he instantly fall?

JONATHAN.

No; recoiling a little he rush'd on again, And sought like a lion, made siercer by pain; Tho' a cursed keen arrow an Indian let sly, Pierc'd the bone of his cheek just below the right eye. 'Twas a horrible wound! but it could not appall him.

JENNY.

O mercy! that fuch a hard fate should befall him. Alas! I'm afraid that his fine manly face Must have lost by the scar all its spirit and grace. Does he look very hideous?

JONATHAN.

No; thanks to my Master, You can hardly perceive that he e'er wore a plaister. There never was known a more wonderful cure; But kind Heaven assists my good Master I'm sure; Without Without it the skill of no mortal could fave
The many brave lads he has kept from the grave.
You would weep with delight to behold him furrounded
With a hundred fine fellows once horribly wounded;
Who with thanks for their lives are still eager to greet him.
And hail him with blessings whenever they meet him.

JENNY.

God reward him, fay I, for the good he has done; And of those he has sav'd I'm glad you are one.

JONATHAN.

Aye, twice he preserv'd me when all thought me dead,
And once brought me off at the risque of his head.
It was not his business to mix in the strife,
And some thought him mad when he ventur'd his life
To bring off a poor mangled soldier like me;
But I've still a heart lest in this trunk that you see,
Which loves the brave spirit who snatch'd me from death,
And will serve him, I hope, till my very last breath.

JENNY.

Your scenes of hard service I hope are all over; It is now fairly time you should both live in clover. Your Master, I trust, has brought home as much treafure

As will make him a parliament-man at his pleasure; And to recompence you for the wound in your arm, Perhaps he will buy you a snug little farm.

JONATHAN.

When a Gentleman comes from the East, my good girl, You all think he is loaded with diamonds and pearl; You fancy his treasure too great to be told, And suppose he possesses a mountain of gold.

A few

A few daring blades, by a bold kind of stealth, Have indeed from the Indies brought home so much wealth,

That with all their keen senses they ne'er could employ

And have dy'd from the want of a heart to enjoy it:
But fome hundred brave lads, whom gay youth led to
enter

That promising region of hope and adventure, Have toil'd many years in those rich-burning climes, With small share of their wealth, and with none of their crimes.

Now my Master and I both belong to this tribe; Not a single Nabob have we kill'd for a bribe; And to tell you a truth, which I hope you'll not doubt, We're as poor and as honest as when we set out.

JENNY.

What! your Master still poor in so thriving a trade! And with patients so rich has he never been paid For the wounds he has heal'd?

JONATHAN.

Yes, my dear, for his fees I know he has touch'd many thousand rupees; But the fight of distress he could never endure; What he took from the rich he bestow'd on the poor.

JENNY.

Well, Heaven will pay him, no doubt, in due feason.

But what brings him home?—I would fain know the reason

Why he leaves that rich land in the bloom of his life: I suppose from the want of a cherry-cheek'd wise? They say those black wenches are sad nasty creatures, And tho' they've fine shapes they have horrible features. Does he want a white sweet-heart? or has he a Black?

JONATHAN.

JONATHAN.

'Tis indeed a white woman that brings us both back: But alas; 'tis an old one—my Master, it seems, Has a fond simple mother that's troubled with dreams, And he, like a tender and soft hearted youth, Resigns his sine prospect, and comes home for sooth Because the old dame has express'd her desires. To see him in England before the expires:

And egad since he's come she will live long enough, For she seems to be made of good durable stuff.

JENNY.

Well, now I shall love him a hundred times more
Than I did for the stories you told me before.
God bless the kind soul! who behaves to his mother
As if he well knew he could ne'er have another;
And were he my son I could not live without him;
I could stay here all day while you're talking about

But 'tis time to be gone; we must both disappear, For the Colonel's sweet Wife and your Master are here.

JONATHAN.

Stop, I must peep at her; - she's as bright as the day!

JENNY.

And her heart is as good as her fpirit is gay—
Come I'll shew you our walks—we may get out this
way.

TExeunt.

Enter Mrs. Felix and Morley.

MRS. FELIX.

Dear excellent Friend, fince I owe to your worth
The fafety of what I most value on earth,
With those it loves best my heart yields you a place,
And I class your kind hand with a sister's embrace.

To judge of the man whom fuch fervice endears
I want not the tardy acquaintance of years,
But in strong the quick ties, that no chances can sever,
In an instant he seizes my friendship for ever:
And had I much less obligation to you,
My regard and esteem I should still think your due,
From the picture my Felix has drawn of your mind.

MORLEY.

His warm foul to his friends is most partially kind:
But such as I am I most truly am yours;
Your goodness my grateful attachment ensures,
And my heart with proud transport your friendship embraces.

Tho' I ne'er gaz'd before on your personal graces, I've beguil'd some long weeks of hard wearisome duty With frequent discourse on your virtues and beauty; And I own for the Colonel it rais'd my esteem, To mark with what pleasure he dwelt on the theme.

MRS. FELIX.

You're an excellent creature to footh a fond wife,
Who regards her Lord's love hardly less than his life;
But fince you've replied with good humour so steady
To the ten thousand questions I've ask'd you already,
I'll spare you to day, and if 'tis in my power
Mention Felix's name only once in an hour.
That my thoughts to the Indies no longer may roam,
Let me talk to you now about matters at home;
Your counsel may make our perplexity less,
And finish our odd tragi-comic distress.
First tell me, and speak without any disguise,
(Tho' I fancy I read all your thoughts in your eyes)
What d'ye think of my Cousin?

MORLEY.

MORLEY.

The glowing description of Felix exceed;
Tho' in praising her, oft he with pleasure has smil'd
Like a father describing his favourite child.
For my part, I think she is lavishly blest
With those beauties by which the pure mind is express,
That her heart is with truth and with tenderness warm,
That sweet sensibility shines in her form;
A form, on which no man his eye ever turn'd
Without seeling his breast in her welfare concern'd.
'Tis the lot of such graces, wherever they dwell,
None can see their soft mistress and not wish her well.

MRS. FELIX.

Very gallantly faid, and the praise is her due— But how came her Lovers so well known to you?

MORLEY.

Her Lovers!—dear Madam, I hope you're in jest— Or if by their vows your sweet Friend is addrest, Heaven grant, for the peace of her delicate mind, That her hand may be never to either resign'd!

Mrs. Felix.

From my foul I affure you I join in your prayer;
But whence does it fpring?

MORLEY.

I will freely declare,

Tho' they're both men of fortune, fair birth, and good name,

With figures that fet some young nymphs in a slame;
Tho' at each, many ladies are ready to catch
At what the world calls, a most excellent match;
Yet, if I have read your fair Cousin aright,
A bosom so tender, a spirit so bright,

Must

THE HAPPY PRESCRIPTION:

Must be wretched with such a companion for life, As each of these Lovers would prove to his Wife.

MRS. FELIX.

You are right; but their characters where could you know?

MORLEY.

I knew them at college a few years ago, Before, by a whimfical odd fort of fate, And fome family losses, too long to relate, In Europe my views of prosperity ceas'd, And chance sent me forth to my friends in the East.

MRS. FELIX.

Pray what fort of youths were these two modish men?

MORLEY.

You now find them both what they seem'd to me then; 'Two characters form'd like most young men of fashion, Whose cold selfish pride is their sovereign passion: In each, tho' they're men of opposite turn, The same heart-freezing vanity still you discern. To indulge that dear vanity, each still displays All the force of his mind, tho' in different ways. Thence, in spinning weak verse Sapphic's toil never ends, And Decisive ne'er stops in deriding his friends; Each equally sancies no nymph can resist His lips, which he thinks all the Graces have kist.

MRS. FELIX.

Perfect knowledge of both your just picture has shown!—
The warmth of these Lovers diverts me I own.
Of conquest each seems to himself very clear,
And seels from his rivals no diffident sear.
'Tis easy to see from their satisfied air,
Each loves his own person much more than the Fair.

But my poor gentle Coz wishes both at a distance; And I want to contrive, by your friendly assistance, To relieve her, and quietly send them from hence Without the Knight's knowledge.

MORLEY.

As neither wants fense,
Can't the Lady pronounce their dismission at once,
Which none can mistake but an impudent dunce?

MRS. FELIX.

This measure seems easy indeed at first view;
But alas! 'tis a measure we dare not pursue.
Our warm-hearted, whimsical, positive Knight,
Allows not to woman this natural right;
And hence my young Friend, in a pitiful case,
Knows not how to reject what she ne'er can embrace;
For nothing her Uncle's resentment would smother,
Should she banish one suitor, and not take the other.

MORLEY.

Then indeed I am griev'd for the Lady's distress; But how can I aid her?

MRS. FELIX.

'Tis hard, I confess,
To a sudden retreat this bold Pair to oblige,
And make two such Heroes abandon a siege;
Yet I wish we could do it—and when they recede,
The departure of both must appear their own deed.

Morley, after a pause.
Well-my friendship for you has suggested a scheme.

MRS. FELIX.

Tis a service our hearts will for ever esteem. But what is your project?

Vol. III.

By

D

MORLEY.

MORLEY.

Don't question me what, Left you think me a fool for too fimple a plot: 'Tis fimple, and yet I would venture my life It will drive from these Beaus all the thoughts of a Wife; And if my scheme prospers, with joy I'll confess What a whimfical trifle produc'd our fuccefs.

MRS. FELIX.

Well, keep your own fecret, if filence is best; Tho' a woman, for once I'll in ignorance reft .-Here comes our friend Sapphic—he feems in a flurry.

MORLEY.

His step shews indeed a poetical hurry, And we shall be call'd in as Gossips, fair neighbour, For by the Bard's buftle his Muse is in labour.

Enter Sapphic.

SAPPHIC.

Dear Ma'am! may I alk you for paper and ink, Lest a fresh jeu a'esprit in oblivion should sink? For when my free fancy has brought forth my verse, My treacherous memory proves a bad nurse.

MRS. FELIX.

O pray! for your Muse let us rear her young chit, For the bantling no doubt must have spirit and wit; At a cradle to hold it, I beg you'll take that,

(giving him a paper.)

And your Friend here will aid you in dreffing the Brat; At a rite fo important I merit no place, And I beg to withdraw while you're washing its face.

Exit.

SAPPHIC.

SAPPHIC.

That's a charming gay Creature—luxuriant and young— But I've lost half a stanza—the deuce take her tongue;— Let me see—let me see if I can't recollect it.— 'Tis done;—and now, Morley, pray hear or inspect it.

MORLEY.

The Poet himself his own verse should recite.

track mass and their

SAPPHIC.

You're a fenfible fellow-your maxim is right.

(Reads.)

"Thy old Arcadia, Pan, refign, "For this more rich retreat:

" A fairer nymph here decks thy shrine; Be this thy fav'rite seat."

Well, my Friend, won't this bring the old God out of

MORLEY.

Aye, and make good Sir Nicholas give you his Niece.

SAPPHIC.

Yes,, I fancy this stanza will make the Girl mine.

MORLEY.

What Poet can wish for a prize more divine?
I give you much joy on your conquest, my Friend;
Yet the eyes of regret on your nuptials I bend,
And grieve in reflecting, that conjugal joy
Your poetical harvest of Fame must destroy.

SAPPHIC.

What the deuce do you mean?

31

C.

MORLEY.

Which the world now expects with impatience from you.

D 2

The Poet when blest can no more be sublime, And a chill matrimonial must strike thro' his rhyme.

SAPPHIC.

You're mistaken, dear Doctor—connubial delight
Will give a new zest to each poem I write;
And you'll see such productions!—

MORLEY, O and I would so well

'Tis true, now and then Polemics by marriage have quicken'd their pen.

A Dutch Critic I know, by the aid of his Wife,
Made a book and a child every year of his life.
But total feclusion from Venus and Bacchus,
Is, you know, to the Bard recommended by Flaccus.
'Tis a work that your country will take great delight in:
But consider, my Friend, when you're deep in heroics,
As Poets have not all the patience of Stoics,
How you'll grieve to be check'd in the flow of your verse.

By a young fqualling child and an old fcolding nurse;

E'en the qualms of your Lady may drive from your

brain

Fine thoughts that you ne'er can recover again;
Reflect how you'll feel, with such hopes of succeeding,
If your Muse should miscarry because your Wise's breeding.

SAPPHIC.

Egad, in that case I should think my fate heard.

MORLEY.

I myself have beheld an unfortunate Bard,
Who his nails for a rhyme unsuccessfully bit,
When family cares had extinguish'd his wit.
With many who sing in the Muse's full choir,
It would do them no mischief to mussle their lyre;

But

But for you, whom the Nine, with a tender prefage, Are prepar'd to proclaim the first Bard of our age; For you, who of Taste are the favourite theme—

SAPPHIC.

Yes, I think I stand high in the public esteem .-

MORLEY.

For you, I should grieve if domestic delight
On your fair rising laurels should fall as a blight.
'Tis the pride of great minds whom the Muses inflame,
To facrifice joy on the altar of Fame;
Your passion's renown—of this Girl are you fonder?—
On this delicate point I must leave you to ponder;
Consider it, while I attend the old Knight.

[Exit.

SAPPHIC alone (after a pause.)

By Jove, I believe my friend Morley is right.
Thou, Fame, art my Mistress; to win thee I sing.
This Girl, tho' she's handsome, is but a dull thing.
'Tis clear, whensoe'er I a poem rehearse,
That she has no relish for elegant verse.—
Her fortune indeed would be rather convenient,
But the glorious to me is before the expedient.
Egad I'd quit Venus herself, if I knew
That the system of Morley was certainly true.
I don't think the Girl to Decisive inclin'd;
But here comes her Maid, who may tell me her mind.

(Enter Jenny.)

My good little Jenny, you're trusty and true, And your Mistress, I know, tells her secrets to you. What you know, to a friend you may safely impart, And give me a persect account of her heart: Pray how do I stand in your Lady's regard?

ut

JENNY.

Now's my time to be even with this faucy Bard. (afide.)
To be fure, Sir, the tafte of my Lady is odd,
But poetry moves her no more than a clod.

SAPPHIC.

What! no relish for rhyme!—Does she never repeat The soft little sonnets I've laid at her seet?

JENNY.

Ah, Sir! would my Mistress were once of my mind, (For I read all the verses of yours that I find)
But my Lady's so cruel she thwarts my desire,
And to hide them from me throws them into the fire.

SAPPHIC.

She's a fool—she's a fool (afrae)—I should have a fine life,

With fuch a profaic dull jade of a wife.

JENNY.

But, my good Sir, I hope you will not be dejected,
I could tell you by whom all your wit is respected.
There's a heart upon which you have made such impression—

But I must not betray her by my indiscretion.

SAPPHIC.

Whom d'ye mean, my good Jenny? come, tell me, my dear.

IENNY.

You would make a bad use of the secret I fear.— Now I hope I shall lead the Bard into a scrape, (aside.) For he bites like a Gudgeon, and cannot escape.

SAPPHIC.

Come, 'fay who's in love with me—if she is fair,
I'll not leave the dear creature, I vow, to despair.

JENNY.

O lud! I protest she is coming this way;
But I did not intend her regard to betray.
I must fly—but I beg that you'll not be too free. [Exit.

SAPPHIC.

Madam Felix!—I thought she was partial to me.

Enter Mrs Felix.

MRS. FELIX.

May I enter without incommoding the Muse?

SAPPHIC.

By a question like this your own charms you abuse. Those eyes, my dear Madam, were form'd, I profess, To inspirit a Poet, and not to depress; From your presence he surely must catch inspiration.

MRS. FELIX.

A very poetical fine falutation!
But I feriously beg, if you're busy with rhyme,
That you will not allow me to take up your time.
As I'm not Selina, you're free from restriction,
And may tell me plaintruths, unembellish'd with fiction,

SAPPHIC.

Then I swear, my dear Creature, I swear by this hand, That I seel as I touch it my genius expand; That your lips—O by Jove! he's a madman or booby, Who roves to the Indies for diamond or ruby; And each vein in my heart his strange folly condemns, Who leaves these more bright and more exquisite gems.

Sweet Fair! let me keep, while their richness I praise, The cold damp of neglect from o'erclouding their rays.

(While Mr. Sapphic kisses Mrs. Felix with great webemence, Jenny enters unperceived.)

JENNY.

O ho!—have I caught you; impertinent Poet!

This is more than I hop'd for—my Mafter shall know it.

[Exit.

MRS. FELIX.

Good God! Mr. Sapphic, what frantic illusion Has produc'd this ridiculous scene of confusion? All Poets are Quixotes in love, I am told; And the truth of the adage in you I behold. As the Knight once mistook an old mill for a giant, Your sense as disorder'd, your fancy as pliant, Takes me for my Cousin—your love's ebullition I only can pardon on this supposition. I fain would suppose that no insult was meant, Nor believe you could think, what I ought to resent.

SAPPHIC.

O! talk not of anger with lips that inspire
The strongest sensation of rapturous fire,
That with love's sweet convulsions shake every nerve:
O! think not that I your resentment deserve;
Because my warm heart, thus engross'd by your charms,
Is ambitious of filling these dear empty arms.
No, let me while basking beneath your bright eye,
The place of a thankless deserter supply;
And in this melting breast kindle ecstacy's slame,
Which Nature design'd for so glowing a frame.

MRS. FELIX.

Away, Sir! and fince in your fondling infanity
You reject the excuse which I form'd for your vanity,
My threats must inform you—

SAPPHIC.

SAPPHIC.

O! frown not, sweet Creature; Let not wrath spoil the charm of thy every feature.

MRS. FELIX.

Regain you your fense—from my wrath you are free, Which should not be rais'd by a being like thee; Begone then!—my pardon in vain you'll implore, If you dare on this subject to breathe a word more.

SAPPHIC.

Words, indeed, my warm fair one, by Nature's confelfion,

For the love that I feel, are no proper expression: The foul's fond intent in soft murmurs should swell,. And kisses explain what no language can tell. Ye Gods, how luxuriant!

MRS. FELIX.

Away! quit my arm!'
Or my cries in an instant the house shall alarm.

SAPPHIC ..

Provoking sweet Creature!—indulge my fond passion; Come, come, don't I know you're a woman of sassion? Your coyness, I've heard, you can sometimes give over; And I'm sure you're too wise to be true to a rover. Besides, I have learnt, that with partial regard You have cast a kind eye on your ill-treated Bard.

MRS. FELIX.

Away! thou vain coxcomb! nor, base as thou art, Insult the bright Lord of so loyal a heart;
Begone!—Labhor thee—my person release!—

Is it thus, my young Sir, you pay court to my Niece!

D S. SAPPHIC.

SAPPHIC.

Confusion! What devil has fent the old Knight?

SIR NICHOLAS.

How dare you, pert Stripling, almost in my fight To insult a chaste Female that's under my roof?—But since of your baseness you give me such proof, You shall seel it repaid by a proper correction.

SAPPHIC (afide.)

Deuce take this perverse and unlucky detection:

I wish I had wisely, as Morley had taught me,
Renounc'd that jade Venus before he thus caught me.

What excuse can I make him?—(To Sir Nicholas) My
dear worthy Sir,

Tho' I now feem most justly your wrath to incur, Yet as you grow cool, your opinion will vary, You will not resent such an idle vagary, A mere romping frolic—

SIR NICHOLAS.

A frolic, d'ye say!
Then a frolic of mine shall your frolic repay.
Call our Servants to punish this frolic ome Spark,
They shall drag him across the new pond in the park.

SAPPHIC (afide.)

'Tis what he can't mean—yet his countenance fuch is, I wish from my soul I was out of his clutches.—

(To Sir Nicholas.)

Dear Sir, I assure you, I'm griev'd beyond measure That I thus have awaken'd your surious displeasure; When calmer—

SIR NICHOLAS.

Young Man, I am not in a fury, A fentence more just never came from a jury; Such frolics as yours have Old England difgrac'd: In High Life let them flourish as Fashion and Taste. To those wanton young fellows I am not severe, Who attack the loofe Wife of a vain gambling Peer. My Lady whose Lord wastes at Hazard the night, May plead to more generous pleasures some right; I care not how each keeps their conjugal oath, Since honour and peace must be strangers to both. But when a brave Soldier, pure Glory's true son, Ennobled with laurels laboriously won: When risking in far distant climates his life. To his Country he leaves a fair innocent Wife; Accurst be the man, who, to Friendship unjust, Fails to guard as his foul this most delicate trust; Or to punish those Fops who insult her chaste beauty, And invite her to fwerve from her honour and duty. Of the doom that I think to fuch Libertines due, I will give to the world an example in you. Our old English discipline, Ducking, by name, Shall atone for your outrage, by quenching your flame. Here! William and John-

MRS. FELIX.

For my fake, I intreat
That you will not, dear Sir, this rough vengeance compleat.

SIR NICHOLAS.

By Jupiter, Cousin, to make him less fond, He shall croak out his love to the frogs of our pond.— Here, William! tell Jack after Stephen to skip, And tell the old Huntsman to come with his whip, Then wait all together around the hall door.

SAPPHIC.

SAPPHIC.

O mercy, dear Sir! I your mercy implore. You will not destroy me?

SIR NICHOLAS.

No, only correct, And teach you a brave Soldier's Wife to respect.

MRS. FELIX.

Yet think, my dear Cousin, yet think, for my sake, What a noise this ridiculous matter will make. You know that my Felix's nature is such, He don't wish his Wife to be talk'd of too much; His honour and quiet let us make our care, And bury in silence this soolish affair: Perhaps in my manners too easy and gay, My levity led the young Poet astray.

SIR NICHOLAS.

No, no! my good Creature, you must not arraigns Your innocent self in a business so plain:
Besides, his offence by this plea cannot sink,
For they are the worst of all puppies that think
Each woman's a wanton who is not precise,
And that cheerfulness must be the herald of vices.

MRS. FELIX.

Howe'er this may be—as he's now all repentance.

Learnestly beg a repeal of your sentence.

SAPPHIC.

Dear Ma'am I adore you for this intercession;.
And I trust the good Knight will forgive my transgression.

SIR NICHOLAS.

Well, Sir, as beyond your desert you're befriended By that virtue which you have so grossly offended, You are free to depart; but remember, young Swain,. That you ne'er touch the Wife of a Soldier again.

SAPPHIC.

If I do, may I die by the wind of a ball!

Heaven bless you, good Folks, and this sociable hall!

Since my amorous folly your friendship thus loses,

My amours shall henceforth be confin'd to the Muses.

TExit.

MRS. FELIX.

I thank you, dear Sir, and rejoice in my heart.
That in fafety you've fuffer'd this Youth to depart.

SIR NICHOLAS.

By Jupiter, Coz, I had cool'd your warm Poet,
Had I not been afraid all our neighbours might know it,
And make you the subject of such conversation
As I think your nice Colonel would hear with vexation.
Then, since for your sake I have let the Bard go,
Come and aid me to settle all matters below:
That my anxious cares in her comfort may cease,
I'm resolv'd young Decisive shall marry my Niece.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE I.

Enter Mrs. Felix and Selina.

MRS. FELIX.

WELL, my dear, what d'ye think of our medical Friend

Whom the letters of Felix fo highly commend? If my gratitude does not my judgment mislead, He's the man in the world who with you might succeed: Tho' gentle, yet manly, tho' bashful, polite. Are you not half in love?

SELINA.

Yes, indeed, at first sight!—
His service to you on my heart is engrav'd,
And I love him, I own, for the life he has sav'd.
To win me perhaps he might not find it hard,
So esteem'd as he is by the friends I regard;
But I sancy such thoughts will not enter his brain.
And for my part, instead of attracting a Swain,
I only shall think, as they heartly vex me,
Of escaping from those who already perplex me.

MRS. FELIX.

O make yourself easy, I pray, on that head; In the deepest disgrace the poor Poet is sted, And I trust that the Critic will soon share his sate. Come with me—I've a most curious tale to relate. Let us haste—I perceive that Decisive is near, In whose present discourse I would not interfere.

[Exeunt.

Enter Decifive and Morley.

DECISIVE.

So while in the grove I was cooly projecting New plans for the temple the Knight is erecting, Our Poet, addicted to amorous fin, Grew a little too fond of the Ladies within: But discovery happen'd his passion to damp: And this is the cause of his haste to decamp.

MORLEY.

The old Knight, I believe, fuch refentment express'd As quicken'd the speed of his fugitive guest; On Terror's swift wing he is certainly flown, And as he has retreated, the field is your own.

DECISIVE.

As a rival I had not much fear of poor Sapphic; Bad rhyme's current coin in most amorous traffic, But would not pass here.

MORLEY.

I think not in your view,
As it finds such a critical touchstone in you.
The Poet's dismission your triumph ensures,
And the prize, my good Friend, is now certainly yours;
A prize, that we justly may call very great,
A lovely sweet Girl with a noble estate.

DECISIVE.

The Girl's very well, but knows nothing of life; It will cost me some pains to new model my Wife;

But

But I think she will gladly receive my correction, And my wealthy old Kinsman approves the connection. (Coughs.)

MORLEY.

You've a cough, my good Friend.

DECISIVE.

Yes, a trifling one: Hem!

Have you got any Indian prescription for phlegm?

MORLEY.

Believe me, that cough is no trifling affair;
It calls, I affure you, for caution and care.
With regret I point out so unpleasant a truth,
But your constitution I've known from your youth;
Your hectic appearance I see with concern,
As I know, with your frame if health takes such a turn,.
The least indiscretion your life may destroy.
The slightest excess in diversion and joy;
Even those tender cares, which on life's purest plan
Must belong to the state of a Family Man,
May lead to disease from which art cannot save,
And rapidly hurry you into the grave.
'Twere better this courtship of your's should miscarry,
For you'll certainly die in six months if you marry.

DECISIVE.

Are you ferious, dear Doctor?

MORLEY.

By such a sad end I lately have lost a poor good-humour'd friend. You remember Jack Dangle at College, no doubt; He was just of your age, and a little more stout; He, with other sages, lest Westminster Hall To teach English law to the slaves of Bengal.

But:

But Jack, in his new chamber-practice at least, Too eagerly follow'd the rules of the East. A bad cough ensu'd, much like yours in its sound— (Decisive coughs.)

Good God! I could swear 'twas poor Jack under ground, 'Tis his tone so exactly, sepulchral and hollow! The fystem he slighted I hope you will follow. With pains in his breast he was sharply tormented; But as he at first to my guidance consented, Some time my ftrict regimen kept him alive, Poor Dangle once more was beginning to thrive; And had he fome months in my plan persever'd, On the earth at this moment he might have appear'd; But chance threw a pretty white girl in his way, And eager for marriage, fond Jack would not stay: In vain I conjur'd him to wait half a year, And shew'd him the danger he ran very clear. He thought the remains of his cough but a trifle, And being unable his passion to stifle. He took his fair wife; -but, alas! the vile cough Encreas'd every day till it carried him off!

DECISIVE.

I don't recollect any pain in my breaft, But I feel a strange tightness just now in my chest.

MORLEY.

How's your ftomach?

DECISIVE.

I've nothing to fear on that score.

MORLEY.

Do you eat as you did?

DECISIVE.

Yes, I think rather more.

MORLEY.

MORLEY.

That ravenous hunger's the thing that I dread. How d'ye sleep?

DECISIVE.

All the time that I pass in my bed.

MORLEY.

Indeed !- I don't like so lethargic a slumber.

DECISIVE.

Why! my Friend! of good fymptoms these rank in the number.

MORLEY.

Alas! you may call them all good if you pleafe, By that title you only confirm your disease, In which tho' the patient declines very fast, He for ever will flatter himself to the last. Believe me, your symptoms are rather alarming, Yet your present disorder there is not much harm in. If you can but abstain, with a spirit resign'd, From all that may harrass your body or mind, To a different climate I wish you'd repair, And for one Winter breathe a less changeable air. Spend a Christmas at Naples, and when you return You may marry without any anxious concern. But you're now at that critical period of life When, in such frames as yours, nature feels an odd strife, And, if quiet does not all her functions befriend, The short earthly scene on a sudden will end. On a point fo important you'll pardon my freedom.

DECISIVE.

Your cautions oblige me, I feel that I need 'em, For in truth I am growing as thin as a rabbit, And there's fomething consumptive I know in my habit. My Father died foon after taking a Wife, And cough'd out his foul when I jump'd into life: I suppose I am going.

MORLEY.

Take courage, my Friend;
On your own prudent conduct your life will depend.
If you take but due care for two years, I'll engage
You will stand a fair chance for a healthy old age.
Nor would I advise you this Girl to refuse,
A distant attachment your mind will amuse;
And, no doubt, for a man of your fortune and figure.
She will wait till your health has recover'd its vigour.

DECISIVE.

I can part with the Girl without feeling a chasm
In my heart; that will shake with no amorous spassin;
For, to tell you the truth, my old rich Uncle Cob
Is more eager than I for this marrying job.
By this scheme the old Blade is supremely delighted,
Because two large manors may thus be united:
But when of his park I've extended the bound,
It will do me small good if I sink under ground;
And I'm not such a fool in these projects of pelf,
To humour my friends and endanger myself.

MORLEY.

Indeed I'd not wed for an old Uncle's whim;
But here comes our Knight, I shall leave you with him,
As I think you've some delicate points to adjust.

[Exit.

DECISIVE (alone.)

I'm in no haste to sleep with my Ancestor's dust.
'Tis wifer my weak constitution to save,
Than to marry, and so travel post to the grave.

Enter

Enter Sir Nicholas.

SIR NICHOLAS.

Come, give me your hand, and rejoice, my young Neighbour,

You're the man that's to order the pipe and the tabor; And by Jove we'll all dance on fo joyous a day; Your wedding, dear Dick, shall be speedy and gay; For your Rival is gone with our ferious displeasure, And I give to your wishes my young lovely Treasure-A treasure she is, tho' the Girl is my Niece; Heaven grant ye long years of affection and peace! And a fine chopping Boy ere the end of the first-Remember that I am to fee the rogue nurs'd. Go, happy young dog, go and feal with a kifs, And teach the old hall to re-echo your blifs. As I know on this match what Sir Jacob intends, And we can so well trust each other as friends, Short contracts will answer as well as the best. Our lawyers at leifure may finish the rest. I know all suspense in such cases is hard, And you shall not, I swear, from your bliss be debar'd, While o'er acres of parchment they're crawling like fnails.

DECISIVE.

Dear Sir, upon weighing in Reason's just scales
Your very great favours and my weak pretention,
I find I'm unworthy of such condescension,
And must, with regret, the high honour resign,
Which I once vainly thought might with justice be mine.

SIR NICHOLAS.

Hey-day! what does all this formality mean? Why, Dick! has the Devil posses'd you with spleen? Or has Love made your mind thus with diffidence fore? False modesty ne'er was your soible before. You think you're unworthy!—the thought is so new, That I hardly can tell what to say or to do. If you love the good Girl sull as much as you said, I think you have very just claims to her bed; But if your mind's chang'd, and you feel your love lighter,

'Tis better to fay fo, than marry and slight her:
And if this be the case, Sir, you have your release;
For altho' I am eager to marry my Niece,
Tho' I'm partial to you, yet I beg you to note,
That I don't want to cram her down any man's throat.

DECISIVE.

I'm truly convinc'd of the Lady's persection, And 't would please me, dear Sir, to preserve the connection,

The' now, by particular reasons, I'm led
To revisit the Continent once ere I wed.
In the time of my absence I can't be exact;
But in what form you please I will freely contract,
In the course of two years to receive as my Wise—

SIR NICHOLAS.

Do you mean to insult me, you Puppy? Od's-life! Ere I'd tie my dear Girl to so silly a Fop For life, I'd condemn her to trundle a mop. And let me advise you, young man, for the suture, To know your own mind ere you go as a suitor.

DECISIVE.

I perceive, Sir, my presence grows irksome to you, And you'll therefore allow me to bid you adieu.

SIR NICHOLAS.

Your departure, indeed, I don't wish to restrain,
And have little concern when I see you again.

[Exit Decisive.

SIR NICHOLAS alone.

What can make this pert Puppy recede from his suit? My fair Cousin and he have scarce had a dispute; She would hardly affront him on purpose to vex me!— Here she comes to explain all the points that perplex me-

Enter MRS. FELIX.

Well, Cousin, my scheme for a wedding's suspended, The Beaux are both gone, and their courtship is ended With an air so mysterious Decisive withdraws, I a little suspect you're concern'd as the cause: Confess, have you had any words with this Youth?

MRS. FELIX.

Not I, my dear Sir, on my honour and truth.
But I'm ready to own that the news you impart,
With furprize and with pleasure enlivens my heart.
I think your sweet Niece has a lucky escape:
I would almost as foon see her marry an ape
As her union with one of these Coxcombs behold;
The Bard is too warm, and the Critic to cold.

SIR NICHOLAS.

I find that they are not such Lads as I thought 'em;
The World all the worst of its fashions has taught 'em:
And the World is indeed at a very fine pass,
When such Puppies insult so attractive a Lass.
Young Fellows of fortune now think it hard duty
To pay a chaste homage to Virtue and Beauty.

But I'll leave these poor Fops to their own vile caprice, And soon find a much fitter match for my Niece. Other orders of men for a husband I'll search, And I think I can settle my Girl in the Church.

MRS. FELIX.

Lord, Cousin! I thought you detested the Cloth!

SIR NICHOLAS.

Our Rector, I own, often kindles my wrath; But all Parsons are not like my neighbour, old Squabble,

Who has learnt from his geefe both to his and to gobble.

We have in our neighbourhood three young Divines,
And each I believe, to Selina inclines.
Our Bishop's smart Nephew deserves a sweet Wench,
He himself in due time may be rais'd to the Bench;
With him I should like very well to unite her;
And if he hereaster should rife to the Mitre,
Then perhaps we together may bring to persection.
A much-wanted plan for the Church's correction.

MRS. FELIX.

A very fine scheme which you'll manage, no doubt!

SIR NICHOLAS.

More wonderful things I have known brought about; And tho' my first plan, as you see, has miscarried, I'm resolv'd that my Niece shall be speedily married. I'll unite the good Girl to a Priest, if I'm able; For the young Olive Branch never fails at his table. There is one I prefer—but to leave the Girl free, I allow her to make a fair choice of the Three:

I shall

THE HAPPY PRESCRIPTION:

I shall therefore invite the whole group to the hall, And I'll now go and make her write cards to them all.

MRS. FELIX alone.

What a wonderful creature is this worthy Knight! To make others happy is all his delight! Yet, missed by some wild philanthropic illusion, He's for ever involv'd in odd scenes of consustion. 'T is well that our Critic has made his last bow, I rejoice he's remov'd, and I long to know how.

Enter Morley.

MORLEY.

Thank my stars, my dear Ma'am, I've dispatch'd your commission;

Your sweet Friend is, I hope, in a tranquil condition:

From her two irksome Lovers she now is reliev'd.

MRS. FELIX.

And I'm dying to know how all this was atchiev'd.

Come tell me, good Creature, how could you effect
it?

MORLEY.

By a project fo simple you'd never suspect it:
I have banish'd both Swains, by declaring a Wise
Would rob one of glory, and t'other of life.
I persuaded the Bard his poetical same
Could never exist with a conjugal slame:
Hence he grew with your charms so licentiously free,
But forgive me this ill which I could not foresee.
Decisive, more wisely, abandons the Fair
To make his own lungs his particular care.

MRS. FELIX.

What! on such points as these have they taken your word?

MORLEY.

Dear Madam! mankind credit things most absurd,
When they come from the mouth of a medical man;
Hence Mountebanks never want skill to trepan.
The extent of our empire indeed there's no seeing,
When we act on the sears of a true selfish being.

Mrs. Felix.

How simple soever the means you've employ'd,
You have remedy'd ills by which we were annoy'd.
Having thus clear'd the scene from each troublesome
Lover,

Can you not for the Nymph a fit Husband discover?
You see how she's prest by her Uncle to wed,
Who ne'er quits a scheme he once takes in his head.—
Suppose her kind fancy should lean towards you,
Is your heart quite as free as I'm sure 'twould be true?

Is it not pre-engag'd?

MORLEY.

As in mirth's sportive fally
It pleases you thus a poor pilgrim to rally,
Your good nature I know will forgive me if I
To your pleasantry make a too serious reply.
'Tis my maxim to speak, whatsoe'er be the theme,
With a heart undisguis'd to the friends I esteem:
Had I all India's wealth, 'twould be my inclination
To offer it all to your lovely Relation.

Vol. III.

F

But supposing it possible you could be willing To unite her with one who is scarce worth a shilling;

Believe me, dear Madam, my pride is too great To wish her to stoop to my humble estate.

MRS. FELIX.

Such pride, tho' it refts upon no ftrong foundation, Is noble, I own, and deferves admiration. I call it ill-founded, because, in my mind, If there's fortune enough for a couple when join'd, If talents and worth are by each duly shar'd, If in all other points they are equally pair'd, And mutual regard mutual merit enhances, It signifies not which supply'd their sinances.

MORLEY.

Your pardon—how often when fortune's unequal,
Gay weddings produce a most turbulent sequel?
But could I once hope your sweet Cousin to gain,
How many things are there such hopes to restrain?
Suppose your dear Colonel, my most noble Friend,
Whom success to your arms may more speedily send!
Suppose, having clos'd the bright work he has plan'd,
His return from the East he should hasten by land;
Suppose him arriv'd, with what sace could I meet
The man whom my heart should exultingly greet,
If he found me attempting, in spite of my station,
To wed, tho' a beggar, your wealthy Relation?

MRS. FELIX. of change and all

From these words, my dear Friend, which I almost

And a few slighter hints that escap'd you before, and a

I have

I have caught a quick hope, which is fraught with de-

That I foon shall be blest with my Felix's sight:
I begin to suspect he's in England already;
I perceive that you can't keep your countenance steady.
With his usual attention his love has reslected
How my poor soolish nerves by surprise are affected;
And lest they should fail me beyond all revival,
Has sent you to prepare for his wish'd-for arrival.
Am I right in my guess? Is he not very near?
Could I trust my own heart, I should think Felix here.

COLONEL FELIX, entering.

Sweet Foreboder, behold him reftor'd to your arms.

MRS. FELIX.

O my Felix! this transport o'erpays all alarms, Thus to see thee restor'd, and ennobled with same! In what words shall affection thy welcome proclaim?

COLONEL.

My Love! my best Treasure! than glory more dear! The bliss of this meeting, which shines in thy tear, That we owe to this Friend let us never forget.

MORLEY.

My share in the transport o'erpays all the debt.— But, Colonel, your fondness has travell'd full speed, And has not allow'd me the time you agreed.

COLONEL.

I meant not, indeed, to have join'd you to-day, But I found Love forbade my intended delay.

But refield on this matevalaoMople will lav

Well, my duty is done, now you happily meet;
Heaven bless you together—

Mrs.

·2714

MRS. FELIX.

Stay, stay, I entreat;

You must not go yet; and before you depart

I will open to Felix the scheme of my heart.

SELINA (bebind the fcene.)

Indeed, Sir, I never can write fuch a card.

SIR NICHOLAS (behind the frene.)

Then you'll forfeit at once my paternal regard!

COLONEL.

Hey-day! in the house I much fear something's wrong, As Sir Nicholas talks in a language so strong.

MRS. FELIX.

Does he know you are here?

COLONEL.

No, my Dear, I think not, Unless he the tidings from Jenny has got; She alone saw me come, and without much ado Most kindly directed me where to find you.

MRS. FELIX.

They are coming this way—let's withdraw all together,
And contrive how to turn this loud from to fair weather.

[Exeunt.

Enter-Sir Nicholas and Selina.

SIR NICHOLAS.

I infift on your writing fuch cards to them all!

SELINA.

Dear Uncle, I beg you'll this order recall.
You know your commands I much wish to obey;
But reflect on this matter what people will fay:
You're so eager to marry your Niece, they will swear,
That you hawk her about just like goods at a fair.

SIR NICHOLAS.

Well, my Dear, let 'em fay so, and I'll say so too,
For your simile proves what a Guardian should do.
He who wants to dispose of a tender young maid,
May take a good hint from the gingerbread trade:
If he has any sense, 'twill be ever his plan
To part with soft pastry as soon as he can;
For egad an old maid is like old harden'd paste,
You may cry it about, but nobody will taste.
Come, do as I bid you, and take up your pen.

SELINA.

Lord, Sir! it will feem very cdd to these men;
You will make me appear in a horrible light;
I vow my hand shakes so, I never can write.
Excuse me, dear Sir, from this business, pray do,
And let me live single for ever with you.

SIR NICHOLAS.

All business where woman's concern'd, I believe,
Must partake of the curse from our Grandmother Eve.
All her Daughters the steps of their Parent have follow'd!

Contradiction, the core of the apple she swallow'd, In their veins still fermenting new ills can produce, And all their blood seems Coloquintida juice. You froward cross Baggage! your word should I take, And bid you live single five years for my sake, Of the barbarous Uncle you'd quickly complain, Who from Nature's just right a young Girl wou'd restrain!

SELINA.

Indeed, Sir, I should not.

DERECHT TO STATE OF SW

SIR NICHOLAS.

I tell you, you wou'd.

From perverseness alone you oppose your own good.

'Tis only to thwart me, because I desire
To see you well settled before I expire,
That you now with your soft hypocritical carriage,
Affect to have no inclination to marriage.
But you'll never contrive, tho' your tongue may be nimble,

To convince me your heart is as cold as your thimble. I know of what stuff froward damsels are made, The Guardian must force you who cannot persuade. That you'll like a good husband, I never can doubt; And married you shall be before the month's out, Or at least your kind Uncle no more you shall teaze, But may e'en go to Rome and turn Nun if you please.

(SELINA afide.)

I have lost all the love he has shewn me for years; If I strive to reply I shall burst into tears.

SIR NICHOLAS.

Come, answer me, Miss! will you scribble or not?

Enter the Colonel, Mrs. Felix, and Morley,

COLONEL.

My worthy old Friend, what can make you fo hot?

SIR NICHOLAS.

Ha, Colonel!—you find me a little concern'd— But I'm heartily glad you are fafely return'd. Your arrival indeed is a welcome furprize, Tho' before you your fame a bright harbinger files; We have heard your fuccess, and we all triumph in it.

COLONEL.

I trust I am come in a fortunate minute
To make all your present embarrassment cease,
For I bring a young Husband, my Friend, for your
Niece.

SIR NICHOLAS.

Egad that's well faid; and I'm sure it's well meant; And if he's like you, he shall have my confent.

COLONEL.

He has many more virtues, and just as much wealth, And from India brings home both his morals and health. Here, my Friend, is the Man.—As I owe him my life, I wish to present him so lovely a Wife; Half my Fortune is his—here I freely declare it, And have only to hope that Selina may share it. I've regarded her long as a child of my own; Nor can my affection more truly be shown, Than by wishing to place the dear Girl in the arms. Of the friend whose rare virtues are worthy her charms.

Morley.

Dear generous Felix, I'm quite overcome,
Thy Bounty is such, it strikes Gratitude dumb!

COLONEL.

This was ever, my Friend, my most settled intention,
Though my very just purpose I chose not to mention,
From the hope I should find, what I gladly embrace,
A moment from which it may borrow some grace,
When my gift its plain value may rise far above,
By the aid it affords to the wishes of Love;
And I own, as a prophet I'm proud of my art,
Now I see the effects of her charms on your heart.

MORLEY.

O Felix! can I thus deprive thy free spirit
Of wealth, the reward of heroical merit?
Can I the victorious Commander despoil
Of what he has purchas'd with danger and toil?
Should love and delight on thy present attend,
I could never be happy in robbing a Friend.
No, I still must decline—

SIR NICHOLAS.

My dear Boy, fay no more; You're the match that I never could meet with before, I have long fought in vain for an heir to my mind, But all my foul wish'd, in your spirit I find. You shall not rob your Friend of a single * Gold Moor, He can raise heirs enough to inherit his store: To fuch men as himself let him haste to give birth, And with twenty young Felix's garnish the earth. How trifling foever your fortune may be, From the Colonel's effeem, and the virtues I fee. I think you as noble a match for my Niece, As I could, had you brought home a new golden fleece: I have money enough, if you're rich in affection.— As I always have talk'd of an equal connection, My neighbours, perhaps, may suppose my sight dim, Or mock my wife choice as a generous whim: Let them fludy with zeal, which I hope may fucceed, Of their horses and dogs to improve the best breed, A fludy more noble engroffes my mind, To preserve the first points in the breed of mankind: On the heart and the foul, as the first points, I dwell, In these, my dear Children, you match mighty well;

And I think human nature in debt to my care, For uniting two mortals who happily pair.

COLONEL.

Your hand, my dear Knight, it is gloriously said!

SIR NICHOLAS.

By Juno we'll put the young Couple to bed! We'll have no dull delays.—

MRS. FELIX.

Now what fay you, my Dear, Are these orders for marriage too quick and severe?

MORLEY.

My amazement and gratitude both are extreme, But my voice feems oppress in a heavenly dream; Though your kindness is greater than language can paint, I beg this fair hand may be free from constraint.

SIR NICHOLAS.

From constraint!—Gad, if now she affects to demur, I can tell her my wrath she will so far incur, She shall go to a convent for life, or at least Be sent as a venture herself to the East.

SELINA.

My Uncle I long have obey'd, and at present I cannot complain his commands are unpleasant:
Nay more; could be place all mankind in my view,
And bid me chuse from them, my choice would be you.

MORLEY.

To this dear declaration my life must reply,
All words are too weak—

×10

Sir Nicholas.

The whole earth I defy,
To shew me a scene more delightful than this;
Dear honest frank Girl, come and give me a kiss;
Thou'rt the creature of Nature much more than of Art,
And I own thee again as the Child of my heart.

JONATHAN, entering and speaking to the Colonel.

There are two chests for you, Sir, just come to the hall.

COLONEL.

A few Indian things for the Ladies—that's all.

Pray, Jonathan, pay those who brought them with this.

(giving money.)

MORLEY.

My brave lad must share in our general blis. Here, Jonathan, if you're to marriage inclin'd, And can luckily meet with a girl to your mind, You may marry and settle, as soon as you please; The Colonel has taken good care of your ease.

JONATHAN.

God bless him, whate'er he is pleas'd to bestow! I think I have found a kind sweetheart below.

MRS. FELIX.

He has made choice of Jenny;—and I will provide A fortune, my Friend, for your good-humour'd Bride.

SIR NICHOLAS.

Egad, they shall have my new farm on the hill, And raise young recruits there as fast they will.

JONATHAN.

Heaven prosper you all! I will pray for you ever, And to serve my King still, as I can, I'll endeavour.

[Exit.

SIR NICHOLAS.

Well said, honest Soldier;—we'll have no delay, Go and tell the old Parson to keep in the way.

COLONEL.

Come with me, fair Cousin, examine my chests; I long to present you a few bridal vests.

MRS. FELIX, to MORLEY.

As we view with delight the events of to-day,
A fair lesson, my Friend, in your fate we survey;
While, from love to an aged fond parent, with speed
From wealth's open road you most kindly recede,
Heaven sends you that fortune you nobly have slighted,
And your warm filial piety here is requited;
This bright moral truth by your lot is exprest,
"They who seek others' bliss, are by Providence bless."

SIR NICHOLAS, to MORLEY.

Here, my worthy young Friend, take and cherish this

And, trust me, you'll find her deserving your care;
For although of her sex she may have a small spice,
She'll please you ten times where she vexes you twice;
And happy the man, in this skirmishing life,
Who is able to say half as much of his Wife.

A CONSTRUCTION AND RESTRICT Constitution fall Coultry said a republication Liong to great the gift of the branch course of great Mark the second of proof wild will Not another to professional and the state of the transfer was frequencing sources and the second (Liver) to a company to all regions between prices of his , abiase y beis flori non hera asini efficie, a soor i Pleases, leads you then had one you stody have declared, a both par al area steen that make abor back districts a some realizable policy in a captain a finite of the captain and th Mere, are worthy when I from, then and cheeff wir And, trait not, south had bet dulging grown can ; to recognitional activated treatment and transference to the Sie to please the secretary of the fire we have the got freque; And the control of the state of the control of the

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MARCELLA;

A TRAGEDY,

OF THREE ACTS.

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MARGELLA

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PREFACE.

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THE following Tragedy may perhaps attract the notice of the curious reader, more by a literary anecdote relating to its fubject, than by any intrinsic merit as a dramatic composition.

THE story was recommended to Young by the Author of Clarissa.—The poet adopted it, and wrote a single act; but this shared the sate of his other unfinished manuscripts, and, according to the direction of his will, was committed to the stames.

THESE particulars, with a concife sketch of the story as related by RICHARDSON, were communicated to Mr. THORNTON by the poet's very liberal and amiable Son, the neighbour and the much-esteemed relation of my dear departed friend, who wished

wished me to build a tragedy upon this foundation.

Some particular circumstances prevented me at that time from executing the defire of a person, who, from the integrity of his judgment, and the uncommon warmth of his friendship, had an undisputed title to influence my fludies .- Other works had engaged me, and this dramatic flory lay for fome years neglected: but in looking over the letters of my still-valued, though loft correspondent, it struck me with new force.—As the diffress, with which it abounds, is of a private nature, it appeared to me fingularly calculated for my purpose of forming a drama for a domelic theatre. I have therefore, with fome confiderable alterations in the principal incident, raised from it a tragedy of three acts; with what fuccess, it is now the privilege of my readers to pronounce.

I WILL not attempt to influence their decision by any arguments in its behalf; but let me be allowed to close this short Preface with a little poetical acknowledgment to the two literary illustrious friends, who first marked the story for the tragic Muse, and from whom it has accidentally descended to me.

SONNET.

BLEST Authors! with whose fame the world has rung,

Immortal minds, of philanthropic mold!

Pathetic Richardson! sublimer Young!

To you let me inscribe the leaves, that hold

A theme, ye once consulted to unfold!

Fairer its fortune, had not death's despite

Torn from the silenc'd bard this tale half-told!

O could I blend those beams, whose sep'rate light

Forms each a glory round your rival brows,

Sublimity and Pathos! effluence bright

Of highest genius!—but in vain such vows:

Yet in the reach of emulation's slight

One eminence ye share:—be that my end!

Teach me to rank with you, as Virtue's friend!

thanks a made convert in a 130c

Persons of the Drama.

GOVERNOR OF BARCELONA,
MENDOZA,
LUPERCIO,
HERNANDEZ,
LOPEZ,

MARCELLA.

SERVANTS, &C.

powers i are may bound your a coar drawn

Mit in the reach of cital and a finite

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SCENE the Governor's Castle in BARCELONA.

MARCELLA.

A C T I.

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S C E N E I. The Governor's Cafile.

Lupercio and Marcella.

MARCELLA.

LET ardent friendship be the bond between us, But O subdue this inauspicious love, And chace it from thy breast!

Lupercio. Tenun (A mas of

Impossible!

o de la chia catalaga anno 1

Think, cruel monitor, thro' what long years
My heart has cherish'd an encreasing passion,
Till it is grown a portion of my being,
Which I can ne'er relinquish but with life!

MARCELLA.

MARCELLA.

I know, that from our days of infancy
Thy vows have had the fanction of my father;
And from the period when he first became
The governor of this fair city, he
Has lean'd towards thee with anxious hope
To call thee by the tender name of fon:
Nor can the world reprove his generous wishes,
For Barcelona's walls contain no youth
Of nobler blood, or higher estimation.

LUPPRCIO.

Lovely encomiast! fure the songs of seraphs, And all the wondrous harmonies of Heaven, Can never strike more sweetly on the soul, Than the frank praise of those angelic lips.

MARCELLA.

I should despise my own uncandid heart,
If it refus'd that tribute of applause
Which selfish pride, and jealous envy pay
To thy acknowledged merit—Yes! Lupercio,
I own, thy rank, and thy accomplish'd youth,
Might justly challenge a return of sondness
From the most haughty of our flatter'd fex;
Yet trust me, and I speak the words of friendship,
'Twere wifer in thee, even could my tongue
Pronounce the free compliance thou entreatest,
To turn thy partial eyes from cold Marcella,
And for thy wife solicit me no more.

LUPERCIO.

Mock not my fenses with such admonition As reason must revolt from! Wouldst thou say' To the poor wretch, who after many a step O'er Afric's burning fands, half dead with drought, Holds in his parch'd and eager hand at last The liquid blessing, that he long has pin'd for; Then wouldst thou say, that wisdom bids him dash The salutary treasure from his tongue, And perish by the thirst that wastes his being? Such, and more cruel is thy counsel now, That would induce me to renounce thy charms, E'en in these moments, when thy father's friendship Had sill'd my soul with panting expectation To hear thy heavenly voice declare me happy.

MARCELLA.

I know my father's hopes; and by his worth I twear, my heart oft wishes for the power Most fondly to fulfil them.

LUPERCIO.

Ha! what bar,
What fecret bar, from quick-ey'd Love conceal'd,
Has envious fortune rais'd to thwart our union?
You fay, that you regard me as your friend;
Then honour me with friendship's dearest claim,
Unbounded considence!—unfold your heart!—
If, to cut off the promise of my bliss,
If there is aught of unknown fondness there,
Which fears a father's eye, conside in me!
And though against mysels—

MARCELLA.

Your mind is noble, but you little know
Marcella's heart, above all low difguite,
Proud of its truth, nor patient of controul.

MIN W

LUPERCIO.

LUPERCIO.

Pardon the fond furmise of searful love!

If thy soft breast is free from predilection.

What other bar?—and yet there may be other;

Nature perhaps has curs'd me with desects

Offensive to thy sight; some natural blemish

Of mind, or seature, which thy delicate sense

Tries to endure, but cannot.

MARCELLA.

No! by Heaven!

Except the noble ftranger, whom we saw
At mass this morning, and whose signal graces
Drew from us both observance of his person,
My eyes ne'er gaz'd upon a comelier youth:
And reason tells me, that I ought to love thee:
But my heart shrinks perversely from her voice.
Oft have I try'd to bend my wayward spirit
To crown thy constant vows, and bless my father;
Yet ever as my soul pursues that thought,
A secret tremor in my bosom bids me
Recoil from thy embraces, whispering there,
That I was only born to be thy bane.

LUPERCIO.

Thou! thou my bane!—Thou art my life's support;
As dear, and as essential to my being,
As the blest radiance of the sun to nature.
These are the airy sears of virgin softness,
Most apt to harbour in the loveliest minds.
Banish the visionary dread, and give
Thy lighten'd heart to all the joys that court thee;
Thy father's prayers, the vows of all our friends
Will shed propitious lustre on our union:
Hymen can never light his genial slame

With happier auspices; but were they dark
And hideous as the sick man's severish dreams;
Wert thou, instead of noble Garcia's heiress,
The child of want, and penury thy dower,
I still should pant as fondly for thy hand!
Still in thy wondrous charms and lovely virtues
Think all the blessings of the earth comprized.

MARCELLA.

I know thee generous to a fond extreme:

It has subdu'd my waywardness of temper,

And, spite of the reluctance that I feel

To speak the important words, I will be thine,

LUPERCIO.

Blest be that sound! it is an angel's voice, Freeing the spirit of a tortur'd martyr, And opening to his view the heaven he sigh'd for.

MARCELLA.

And yet I fear-

nibasit.

LUPERCIO.

Wound not enraptur'd love
With vain distrust! but name the blisful day,
When my fond heart—

MARCELLA. TE HELD MON SING

I faid, I will be thine:

Do not with cruel importunity,

Now press me farther! As I frankly told thee,

My soul, I know not why, is out of tune;

Give me a little time to regulate

The strange emotion of my mind, and try

To meet thee, as I wish, without these terrors.

Lupercio.

LUPERCIO.

Thou dear directress of my fate! thy will Shall ever sway the conduct of my life, Howe'er it thwart me.—Yet, I pray thee, name Some period, on which hope may dwell, to sooth The restless interval! or kindly give me Some pledge of thy dear promise!

MARCELLA.

Take this ring,
Of curious workmanship, near Tunis found,
And given my father by a noble Moor;
The wife of Addrubal, you know the figure,
Plunging amidst the slames, in which she perished!
Wear this a month, then claim me as your bride!
But if you volue me, preserve the jewel;
For if you lose this symbol of my faith,
Your negligence may lead me to retract
A promise, so reluctantly pronounc'd.

LUPERCIO.

Rest here, thou radiant harbinger of blis;
Trust me, my love, and by thyself I swear,
Than sooner shall my soul and body part,
That this dear gem be wrested from the singer
Where now it shines—O let me kis the hand
Which has enrich'd me with a pledge so precious;
And let my lips thus ratify our compact!

(While he is kiffing her hand.

Enter the Governor, Hernandez, and a female Attendant.
Governor.

Why, this is well: I like this pleafing shew Of mutual tenderness—She has relented, And will be your's, Lupercio?

Lupercio.

Lupercio. Lupercio.

Yes, my father,

and tout with

I now call you by that valued title;
My blissful doom has pass'd those lovely lips,
And she is now irrevocably mine.

GOVERNOR.

May every bleffing my paternal prayers

Can ask of Heaven, descend upon you both!

Thy free consent delights me: and thou art

My age's comfort.

MARCELLA.

When I cease to be so,
May life forsake me!—'twill have lost all value.

GOVERNOR.

My tender child, I thank thee: but thou lead'st me Wide of my present aim.—With thee, Lupercio, I must on business of the state awhile Hold private converse: I'll release thee soon To the soft object of thy tender's thoughts. Meantime, my daughter, as the hour of vespers Now summons you, pray for us, and implore Your Guardian Saint to make your nuptials happy. Your servants wait you—Go!—on your return You'll find us in the castle, and at leisure To dedicate the hours to love and joy.—Now mark me, thou brave youth.

(Retires to the farther part of the stage with Lupercio.)

MARCELLA.

Hernandez, you may rest at home—you know
'Tis not your duty to attend on me,
As I have oft inform'd you.—It is strange

My father fuffers his old foolish steward To pester me with such officious service.

HERNANDEZ.

Dear lady, do not frown—I have no joy
But to gaez on you, wherefoe'er you go,
And follow like your shadow.—Would my shape
Were half so graceful!—then I think your eyes
Could never view me with an angry glance.

MARCELLA.

Hence, faucy vassal!—Howsoe'er my father Use thy preposterous passion for his mirth, It shall not thus insult me.—Hence! I bid thee For ever shun my presence.

[Drops ber glove.

HERNANDEZ (presenting the glove.)

But kind chance
Is more my friend, and makes me still your servant.

MARCELLA.

Away! fantastic insolence! begone!

I will not feed thy vanity, by wearing
Aught which thy touch has sullied. Isabel,
Take it, and draw its fellow from my arm!
Bring other gloves, and follow me to vespers.

[Exeunt Marcella and ber attendant.

HERNANDEZ.

Infulting fair! I yet may find a moment To triumph o'er thy fcorn.

The Governor and Lupercio advance from the end of the stage.

GOVERNOR.

How now, Hernandez!
What! has your mistress chid you from her presence?

I am

I am indeed to blame, to treat so long Your fooleries with levity and laughter. Henceforth, in this my young and noble friend You must respect a husband's dignity, And dare to wound my daughter's dignity, With founds of amorous dotage.

LUPERCIO.

Good Hernandez, You know the infirmity of Spanish husbands ;

And you're fo studied in your lady's temper, I may regard you as a dangerous rival.

HERNANDEZ.

I stand corrected .- (Afide.) Curse his happy stars! And curse his proud and thinly veil'd contempt! Howe'er deformity may make my figure The butt of his derifion, I've a spirit, In which this fair limb'd youth may feel a rival More dangerous than his vanity believes.

GOVERNOR.

That faithful fervant is depriv'd of fense By the absurdest passion that e'er triumph'd O'er manly reason: he was justly noted For the best qualities that grace his station, Intelligence and duty, till my daughter Advanc'd to womanhood; but from that period, L'en in proportion as her beauties ripen'd, His faculties have feem'd upon the wane. I have too lightly sported with his frenzy, Which call'd for harsher discipline.

LUPERCIO.

O! no,

I feel he is entitled to compassion; Marcella has those fascinating charms,

Which may intoxicate the foberest mind,
Till all its senses reel.—I cannot wonder
Age and deformity forget their nature
By living in her sight, and only feel
That she has beauty which inflames to madness.

GOVERNOR.

She may indeed (with pride the father speaks it)
Be number'd with the loveliest of her sex.
With joy, brave youth, but with an anxious joy,
I give her to thy guard.

LUPERCIO.

Doubt not my love!

GOVERNOR.

Trust me, I do not: but anxiety
Is the high tax, which fond affection pays
For all its pleasure; and parental hearts,
As thou may'st prove hereaster, pay it double.
Besides, my daughter, lovely as she is,
Has qualities that claim the nicest care.

LUPERCIO.

She has a generous pride, which to her foul Gives awful beauty, and proclaims it free From all that poor and petty artifice, Which manly arrogance prefumes to think Inherent in her fex.

GOVERNOR.

You know, Lupercio,

She is the only child that ever nature Enrich'd me with; my tenderness, disdaining The rigid customs of her sex and country, Has rear'd her with a freedom little known To Spanish fair-ones; for I wish'd to make her, Not the cag'd vassal of parental power,
But truth and nature's chaste and free disciple.
Her early temper join'd with my affection
To fix me in this conduct; for, believe me,
Her mind is like the element of fire;
Treat it with gentle caution, it will shine
The radiant minister of joy and comfort;
But close consinement, or a blind neglect,
May rouse its perilous energies to spread
Unthought-of scenes of misery and terror.

LUPERCIO.

Trust me, I never will prophane her virtue With abject jealousy and harsh constraint.

GOVERNOR.

On this nice topic, in our hours of leifure,
We'll speak more largely, when your just affection
Will give kind audience to a father's counsel.
Now other cares demand us.—You forget
The business I've entrusted to your guidance,
Which calls for quick dispatch.

LUPERCIO.

Forgive me, Sir!
May love, that miser, who locks up our thoughts,
Nor lets them circulate, as duty orders,
Plead with me for your pardon!—I am gone. [Exit.

GOVERNOR.

My bleffing be thy guard!—Long have I wish'd To give my daughter to this virtuous youth; But 'tis the doom of age, in deeds of moment, To feel the fit of warm desire succeeded By terror's aguish trembling. I begin To fear I've press'd too far her generous mind,

To what her heart recoils from; for she weds
To indulge a father's wish's, not her own.
'Tis true, the tenderest motives have impell'd me
To urge this union, eager to entrust
Her peace and honour to a kind protestor:
But anxious love, tho' probity may guide it,
Oft, with a fond precipitancy, foils
Its own dear purpose, and with dizzy rashness
Leaps in the dreaded gulph it strives to shun.—
My child return'd so soon! and with a stranger!
What may this mean?

Enter Marcella and Mendoza.

MENDOZA.

It moves, I fee, thy wonder, Thou honour'd veteran, that thus uncheck'd. By ceremony's just observances,
A youth unknown intrudes upon thy presence,
And dares to make this lovely maid his herald.

GOVERNOR.

Whoe'er thou art, young Signor, I must own Thy graceful semblance p ompts me to believe Thou hast no common claim to courtefy.

MENDOZA. SALES OF THE STANK

Tis possible thou art not unacquainted With young Mendoza's name.

COVERNOR.

Who knows it not?

Spain has no martial fon, whose generous veins

Hold richer blood; and same reports Mendoza

A youth, whose opening virtues have reslected

New honour on his noble ancestry.

Our country, with a fond, impatient pride,
Expects him from his travels; but 'tis faid
That, grac'd with a difcerning monarch's friendship,
He purposes to pass another year
At the Imperial court.

MENDOZA.

Such as he is, Mendoza stands before thee, and thou seest him An anxious, humble suitor to thy bounty.

GOVERNOR.

To me, my Lord!

MENDOZA.

To thee, thou happy father!
To thee, thou blest possessor of a treasure,
'I hat turns all other wealth to poverty!
Oft had I heard thy lovely daughter prais'd
As beauty's standard, and no more allowing
A competition with inferior fair-ones,
Than the rich diamond's blaze admits compare
With the dark amethyst, or clouded opal.
It was my wish, in passing thro' your city,
Unknown to gaze upon this beauteous wonder,
As on a prodigy of nature's work,
Supreme in loveliness; which to have seen,
Gives to the eye that saw it a proud sparkle
Of exultation, whensoe'er 'tis nam'd.

GOVERNOR.

This lavish praise, my Lord, at once o'erwhelms me With joy and pain; and both in the extreme.

Pray do not spoil, by thus o'errating them,

The simple charms of an unpolish'd girl!

MENDOZA.

Your pardon! 'tis not in the power of language To state their excellence.—At mass this morning My eager eyes first feasted on their fight: I thought I ne'er had feen till that bleft moment: For on my ravish'd sense her beauty burst, Dazzling and dear, as new-imparted light To one, whose visual organs from his childhood Had pin'd in moping darkness—from that hour My heart cries loudly, that the earth contains No prize worth my contention, but her love.-Report inform'd me, that her foft affections Are yet unfix'd; tho' an accomplish'd youth, Fondly prefuming on a father's friendship, Hopes hourly for the promise of her hand. Fir'd by these tiding, as again I saw her Approach the hallow'd precincts of the temple, I threw me at her feet, conjur'd her pity To guide me to your presence, and implor'd The guardian Saint, whose votary I sued to, That when we next that facred pavement trod, Heaven might exalt me to the blifsful honour To lead her to the altar.

MARCELLA.

Oft in vain

I pray'd the gallant stranger to forbear His unavailing suit, nor vex my father With fruitless importunity.

MENDOZA.

To both

I bend for pardon, that my violent love Dar'd to o'er-rule the mortifying counfel

A SOBEL

Of maidenly referve, and modest fear.

If yet thy heart, that throne of happiness,

Be vacant, I implore thy father's leave

To join the contest for a prize, whose value

Might tempt the monarchs of the world in arms

To hazard each his empire.

GOVERNOR.

Noble youth!
Thy generous warmth fo wins on my esteem,
I will entrust thy own ingenuous heart
To judge the cause, where e'en thy love's a party.
The hour's not past, in which, with her assent,
I gave my daughter to a valiant friend,
Who long has lov'd her; tho' I frankly own
His birth and fortune make him not thy equal.
Such is my story: now assume my place,
And answer for me! Say! shall I, a soldier,
An old plain soldier, honesty my pride!
Shall I revoke my promise, at the lure
Of interest and ambition?

MENDOZA.

Thou hast found
The way to vanquish all Mendoza's ardour:
Thy words benumb my soul; but thou shalt see
My wounded heart has virtue to decide
Against itself. Mendoza's voice shall never
Prompt to the lips of honourable age
The abject sounds of infamy.—Shalt thou
Revoke thy promise! no! thou brave old man,
Not tho' my life should end by its completion!
Let the vain sons of Italy and France
Attempt, by mental alchemy, to turn
The lead of salshood into wisdom's gold,

And fink, their own poor bubbles, in the trial!
It is the glory of a true Castilian
To scorn such arts, and hold his word once given
As sacred as the fiat of a God.

GOVERNOR.

There spoke the spirit of Cassilian honour. Brave youth! I yet will love thee as my son, Tho' fate forbid such union.—Let us hence, It may amuse thy generous mind to shew thee The precincts of our cassle.

MENDOZA.

Well thou warnest Thy giddy guest to fly a dangerous banquet, Where his warm foul drinks poison.—Matchless fair-one! I must perforce from thy enchanting presence Tear my reluctant heart, while yet I can; Before the firm refolve of honour melts In that full blaze of frenzy-kindling beauty. I go :- Still, ere I quit these walls for ever, I shall implore one parting interview; But for a few short moments, but to utter My ardent vows, that Heaven may make thee happy; And to entreat, that as the years roll on, And bring thee, as I hope they will, new bleffings, Thou'lt deign, at least on this revolving day, To think not harshly of my hapless passion, And give one figh of pity to Mendoza.

[Exit, with the Governor.

MARCELLA.

He's gone, ere my full heart allow'd me power To frame one grateful accent to the man, For whom alone my unconstrained lips

Could

Could utter vows of genuine tenderness. Enchanting youth !- Dost thou implore my pity? Thou canst not need compassion: love and joy Will, as thy guardian spirits, hover round thee. I am the wretch, whose lacerated mind Cries out for pity, which I do not merit. Fool that I was! by a reluctant promife To violate the heart's prerogative! This injur'd fovereign now awakes to vengeance, And I deserve these tortures.—O Lupercio! Thou wert before an object, from whose touch My conscious frame recoil'd.—What art thou now? Thy very name is discord in my ear, That agitates my wounded brain to frenzy. And shall I wed thee? take thee to my bosom? An aspic sooner! from whose dearer clasp My miferies might hope for welcome death! Yet how escape thee, and maintain at once My father's honour and my own unshaken? O for some kind affistant! whose invention May o'er my darken'd thoughts diffuse one glimpse Of cheering light !—Here comes a minister Who wants not will to ferve me.

Enter Hernandez.

HERNANDEZ.

Haste, dear lady; Your father asks a moment's parley with you In private, and before he walks abroad To show our ramparts to a noble stranger.

MARCELLA.

Canst thou, Hernandez, banish from thy memory
All my past anger, and exert thy powers
To gain my favor by one single service.

HERNANDEZ.

Bacush ! thec

HERNANDEZ.

Ask me if I exist; for while I live, I hold my life devoted to your pleafure.

MARCELLA.

I'll put thee to the trial, for the talk Allows not e'en a moment of delay. Know then, I foolishly have given Lupercio My ring, the pledge of an unguarded promife, Which my wrong'd heart forbids me to fulfil. I warn'd him, if he chanc'd to lofe the jewel, Our compact should be void. If thou'lt devise Some lucky artifice to lure it from him, Thou shalt have thrice the value of the gem.

HERNANDEZ.

Wouldst thou elude thy nuptials with Lupercio? The bleft intelligence revives my foul!

MARCELLA.

He is the hated bar, on whose removal My heart might enter paradife, and follow The dear fuggestions of unfetter'd love.

HERNANDEZ.

Enough! thou shalt be mistress of thyself.

MARCELLA.

Make me but that-My father calls-but that, And I'll reward thee, till thyfelf shalt own My gratitude a prodigal in bounty. Lose not a moment-set me free to-night, And thro' my every hour of future life I'll bless thee for the service.

SIGNAMULE.

HERNANDEZ.

HERNANDEZ.

Then to-night
Shall rid thee of Lupercio—Thou shalt feel,
Sarcastic boy! I am a dangerous rival.
I know in what lone quarter of the ramparts
Nightly thou walk'st in amorous contemplation,
Murmuring fantastic crotchets to the moon:
There if I miss thee, still the blended fires
Of love and of revenge shall aid my search,
And guide my thirsty poniard to thy heart.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II

SCENE I.

MARCELI. A alone.

HE night is past, but the all-cheering morn Fails to dispel the darkness of my soul:
My restless heart yet beats with blended throbs
Of anguish and delight, at the idea
That these fond eyes may, with my sather's leave,
Gaze once again upon the dear Mendoza.
O might they in our parting close for ever!—
'Tis strange I yet hear nothing of Hernandez.

But what can he?—I was indeed an idiot
To think his paltry aid could terminate
My miferies; I might as well believe
That the poor current of a feanty brook
Might quench the conflagration of the globe.
O would those final flames, that will consume
This gloomy world, this stage of wretchedness,
Were kindling now! for my deliver'd foul,
Escaping from worse horrors, could rejoice
In that dread scene of very desolution,
And think it bliss to perish with Mendoza.

MENDOZA (entering.)

"And think it blifs to perish with Mendoza!"
Extatic founds! may I believe my sense!
Have I such tender interest in that bosom?

MARCELLA.

'Tis not well done, my lord, thus at the dawn To freal upon my privacy, and rob A wounded spirit of its sole support, The secrecy of woes beyond a cure.

MENDOZA.

Pardon the impatient speed of anxious passion! I have nor rest, nor joy, but in thy presence, And hasten'd to thee, in the sad belief, (A burden which my heart would now throw off). That this dear interview must prove the last.

MARCELLA.

The last indeed it must be!

MENDOZA.

Can speak with such sweet kindness of Mendoza,

Thou

Thou wilt revoke that fentence; and what power Shall burst the hallow'd ties of mutual love, And tear our wedded spirits from each other?

MARCELLA.

The ruler of thy life, imperious Honour! Honour, who has already by thy voice Pronounc'd the firm immutable decree, That this ill-fated hand must not be thine.

MENDOZA.

Urge not against me the confus'd decision Of ignorance and blind mistaken pride! When I confirm'd thy father in his purpose, I knew not, that to keep his fatal word He must become a tyrant to thy heart, And violate the dearest rights of nature. I knew not that Mendoaz's ardent love Had in thy bosom rais'd the blest emotion Of tender sympathy.

MARCELLA.

O that my heart

Had not unwarily betray'd it's weakness!

Then might a just ingenuous pride have taught me

To bear the painful secret to my grave.

MENDOZA.

Unkindly faid!—If fuch could be thy wish, Thou hast not lov'd Mendoza.

MARCELLA.

Think fo ever!

I have not lov'd him; duty, faith, forbid it:

I am affianc'd to a generous youth,

Who claims the full dominion of my heart;

Nor shall Mendoza's image lurk within it, To prove the assassin of my peace and honour.

MENDOZA.

O lovely haughtine's of mind! this conflict. This agitation of thy artless bosom, Proves the enchanting truth, I am belov'd: I read it in those sweetly-speaking eyes, Where the faint spark of anger is extinguish'd In melting tenderness. While thus I clasp thee, Kind fympathy gives to thy every nerve Delicious foftness; and thy swelling heart Vibrates in unifon with mine, to form Th' extatic harmony of mutual love.-Thou weep'st!-O Heaven! I feel these precious drops Fall on my wounded breaft, like liquid fire. O, I had rather draw upon my head The worst of human ills, thy hate and scorn! Rather than touch thee with an ill-starr'd passion, If it must prove a source of forrow to thee, And quench the radiance of thine eyes in tears.

MARCELLA.

I can believe thee, for thy noble foul
Is honour's fanctuary—Then, as my friend,
Let me implore the firmness of thy spirit
To aid the treacherous failing of my own!
I am indeed unpractis'd in the arts
My sex is fam'd for; I have not the skill
To hide the emotions of a feeling heart:
And I will lay it open to thy view.
I will avow, that if my wayward fortune
Had not forbid the union of our hands,
I would have met the ardour of thy vows
With all the frankness of simplicity,

Proud of its losing lot. I would have pray'd For undecaying charms to keep thy love, Blessing the God who form'd us for each other. But since the bar—

MENDOZA.

There is, there shall be none: We'll urge thy heart's unalienable right To be the sole disposer of thy beauty.

MARCELLA.

O fpeak not thus!—my own unbalanc'd mind, Whirl'd in the eddies of tempestuous thought, Already has been hurried much too far From the safe course integrity prescribes. But the remembrance of thy bright example Shall be my glorious guide, and still preserve me. How nobly hast thou said, thou wouldst not urge My honour'd father to revoke his promise, Not if thy life should end by its completion! Shalt thou, a stranger! thus against thyself Stand forth the sirm afferter of his honour, And shall his child betray it?

MENDOZA.

Do not wound
Thy own pure spirit by this groundless scruple!

MARCELLA.

It is conviction, founded on the laws,
Th' unquestionable laws of faith and virtue.
I must for ever fly thee, or disgrace
My father and myself. And shall I heap
Grief, disappointment, misery, and shame
Upon my father's head? And what a father?
Rough as he is in the rude scene of arms,

The sternest soldier of his time, to me
The awful thunder of his voice has soften'd
E'en to the tender sweetness of a lute.
With me he has for ever thrown aside
All the asperities of harsh command,
And disciplined my wayward infancy
With all the mildness of a mother's love,

MENDOZA.

O might I aid thee in thy dearest office,
To pay him back those long and large arrears
Of tenderness and care!—Yes! we will make it
The incessant study of our days to lighten
Whatever load encroaching age lays on him;
And by the sweet solicitude extend
The limit of his blest and honour'd life.

MARCELLA.

Could it be fuch, our lot indeed were happy ; But 'tis impossible. Should I, forgetting The fanctity of promifes, should I Attempt to burst the fetters that involve me, And flruggle to be your's, it could not be: Kind as he is, my father's firmer spirit In points of honour is inflexible! Could I myfelf descend-and wounded pride Revolts at the idea—could I stoop To beg, that he would countenance my falshood, I know his answer-" Would'ft thou," he would cry, " Make me an object of the world's contempt? Shall I be cenfur'd as a fordid wretch, Who, having given my daughter to a friend, Cheated his hopes, and fold her venal beauty To the rich splendor of Mendoza's fortune?"

MENDOZA.

Perish the envious spirit, who could harbour So base a thought of him who gave thee being! But should he be reproach'd, (as purest virtue, And the beneficence of Heaven itself, 'Scapes not such profanation) it were better, Than to behold thy peace of mind destroy'd, And thy soft heart corroded by the shackles, The galling shackles of a joyless marriage.—
Think what it is to press the nuptial couch, When, for the roses Love should scatter there, The siend Antipathy has form'd it's pillow Of sharpest thorns, that lacerate the brain!

MARCELLA.

I know it must be agony far worse
'Than death's severest pang: the thought already
Has thrown my troubled mind from off it's balance,
And plung'd me in distraction.—Thou art cruel,
To set my woes thus fercibly before me,
And aggravate the anguish of my sate.

MENDOZA.

Think rather, that with fond anxiety I warn you of the precipice you tread, And pant to fave you trembling on its brink.

MARCELLA.

I pray you leave me, for your dangerous aid

Can but encrease the horrors of my fall.

O leave me, I conjure you!

MENDOZA.

You will endeavour to draw back your hand

From

From this abhorr'd alliance, I will rest On the faint hope which may arise from thence.

MARCELLA.

Whatever I can do, and not destroy
My father's peace and honour, shall be done:
For O, 'tis certain, rather than be dragg'd
The victim of Lupercio's nuptial triumph,
My heart would chuse to languish life away
In the lone walls of some sequester'd cell,
Where not one pleasing sound could sooth my suffering,
Save when I clos'd some melancholy prayer
With the dear echo of Mendoza's name.

MENDOZA.

Enchanting softness! thou shalt yet be mine, And these heart-rending sighs shall turn to rapture.

MARCELLA.

I hear my father's step; depart, I pray thee!

MENDOZA.

By Heaven, my feet feem rooted to this fpot, And have not power to bear me from thy prefence!

Enter the Governor.

GOVERNOR.

Ah, my young friend! youth wants a monitor
To bid it mark the rapid flight of time.
Is this your momentary interview?
Come! force me not to play the testy father,
And chide you from my roof!

MENDOZA.

O pardon me, I will but feal one vow of tender friendship On this fair hand, and instantly attend you.—
Farewell!—Thou art the loveliest work of Heaven,
And may its purest spirits be thy guard!

[Exit, with the Governor.

MARCELLA.

Torn from me! banish'd from my view for ever!

O, shall these wretched eyes behold no more
The darling of their sight! and as each morn
Of hated life returns, shall they be forc'd
To gaze upon the object that they loath?
Sure all the subtlest of the insernal siends
Are leagu'd to curse me with their keenest tortures.
Ah, senseless wretch! my folly is the siend
From whom this misery springs: 'twas I, 'twas I,
Slave that I was! who sasten'd on myself
This iron bondage that cortodes my foul.

HERNANDEZ (entering)

Lament its weight no more! thy chain is broken.

Receive the fymbol of thy liberty! [Delivering the ring.

Marcella.

It is my ring! my gladden'd eyes acknowledge
Its bright assurance of recover'd freedom!—
Fly, stop Mendoza!—Stay! yet tell me first
How thou hast prosper'd, thou excelling servant!—
Thou shalt have great rewards, great as my joy!—
How did the fond Lupercio yield my pledge!
Haste! tell me all—I must prepare myself
To meet him soon, complaining of his loss.

HERNANDEZ.

Be fatisfied!—He can no more complain.

Marcella.

MARCELLA.

What dost thou mean by that mysterious accent?

HERNANDEZ.

His hated voice shall ne'er be heard again.

MARCELLA.

Thou hast not murder'd him!—By Heaven thou hast; I read it in thy dark and troubled vifage.

HERNANDEZ.

I have indeed been bloody for thy fake.

MARCELLA.

Is he then butcher'd by thy favage hand?— Unhappy youth! thy pale and gory spectre Will glare for ever in my fight, and banish All hopes of quiet from my soul for ever.— Wretch thou hast sunk me in the deepest gulph Of horror and perdition.

HERNANDEZ.

Come, be chear'd!

I have deliver'd thee from him, whose being
Was torture to thy heart.—Lupercio's dead;
And by my caution it must be suppos'd
The nightly robbers, who insest our city,
Have thus reveng'd his vigilance against them.

MARCELLA.

Is this the recompence of all thy merit,
Brave, gen'rous, frank Lupercio?—Tho' my heart
Recoil'd perversely from thy love, it feels,
With cold convulsive pangs of vain regret,
It feels thy worth, thy ill-requited virtues,
And all the horrors of thy barb'rous fate.

HERNANDEZ.

HERNANDEZ.

Reflect thou only from what hated scenes Of hopeless pain my daring hand has sav'd thee! Think what thou ow'st to me, who for thy sake Have put in hazard my immortal soul!

MARCELLA.

Ill-fated wretch! thou also hast my pity.
'Twas my base conduct, blinded as I was,
That plung'd thee in this guilt—But haste! be gone!
Fly! while thou canst, where justice may not find thee.
Fly to some distant climate; and endeavour,
By penitence, to make thy peace with Heaven!
Go where thou wilt, my bounty shall attend thee,
And aid thee with such lavish sums of gold,
As may enable thee, by those good deeds
Which charity delights in, best to cancel
Or counterposse the evil of thy crime.

HERNANDEZ.

What! canst thon vainly think, that in thy service I've dy'd my unstain'd hand in guiltless blood For gold! the needy robber's paltry prey?

MARCELLA.

What was thy aim?—thy frantic eyes affright me!

HERNANDEZ.

Here is the nobler recompence I claim,
'Thy beauty! rich in medicinal balm
To heal th' envenom'd anguish of remorse.
Come to my breast! and with thy melting charms
Drown all the keenest pangs, that guilt can waken,
In extacy more poignant!

MARCELLA.

MARCELLA.

Slave! unhand me!—
Away! remember, rash, presumptuous villain!
The distance of thy station!

HERNANDEZ.

Idle pride!
Silence it's frivolous and false suggestion!
The hours just past have plac'd us on a level.
Thou hast no title now, but Murderess.
We are confederates in guilt and blood:
Blood is the cement of our equal union.

MARCELLA.

Thou dar'ft not fay it.

HERNANDEZ.

Dive into thy bosom!

Ask thy own heart!—Didst thou not wish his death?

Aye! had thy flaming eyes, like basilisks,

Been arm'd with sudden power to strike him dead,

Their stroke had far outstripp'd my tardy dagger.

Thou couldst not think thy lover would resign

The gem, thou bad'st me pilfer, but with life.

MARCELLA.

No! witness Heaven! I thought not of his death.—Yet thou hast rent a veil of fatal passion,
That hid my own soul from me; and I see
The stains of misery and guilt are on it.
I am indeed the source, the wretch'd source
Of all this scene of horror: 'tis to me,
To me, thou ill-starr'd minister of mischies,
Thou ow'st the burden of this bloody deed,
Which cries to angry Heaven for retribution.—
Now, I conjure thee, raise again thy arm!

Plunge thy yet-reeking poniard in my heart, And by this justice expiate our crimes!

HERNANDEZ.

Away with vain remorfe!—Come! let me steep
Thy troubled senses in those soft delights,
That sweetly steal from the enchanted soul
All memory of pain!

MARCELLA.

Delight from thee!

HERNANDEZ.

I find, contemptuous fair one! I am not
Thy fav'rite! No! thy nice fastidious eye
Delights in daintier forms. My jealous passion
Has caught thy bosom's secret—Yet be grateful,
Be wise! and I will make thee soon the bride
Of thy beloved Mendoza.

MARCELLA.

Canst thou mean it?

HERNANDEZ.

Yes! with this fine-form'd heir of wealth and grandeut, Soon shalt thou shine in all that blaze of fortune Which suits thy towering spirit, if thy beauties Will pay their debt of gratitude to me, And with those sweet delights, that stealth makes sweeter,

Reward the fecret author of thy greatness.

MARCELLA.

What! be the wife of Honour's noblest son, And live the servile strumpet of my vassal!— Presumptuous villainy!—Unhand me, russian!

HERNANDEZ.

Nay! struggle not!—I have thee in my toils, And my keen love shall feast upon its victim, O'ertaken with such hazard.—Come! be gentler!

MARCELLA.

Never! O never!

HERNANDEZ.

Must I owe to force The joy thy pitying gratitude should give? The joy for which my ardent soul has thirsted, E'en to it's own perdition?

MARCELLA.

Hence! away! Release my hand, or my distracted cries Shall bring my injur'd father to my aid.

HERNANDEZ.

And dar'st thou threaten me, ungrateful girl?
But it shall not avail thee.—Hear and tremble
At the superior threat thou mak'st me utter!—
Thou see'st, by all the bloody business past,
I hold my life as nothing: if thou still
Deny'st me, what I have so dearly purchas'd,
I will, before our magistrates I will
Avow the murder, charge upon thy head
The black design, and add, I have receiv'd
Thy virgin treasure as my settled hire;
But that remorse has drawn the secret from me.—
Now learn to threaten, girl!—Now take thy choice!
Shame! public shame, with tortures and with death,
Or the safe sweets of privacy and joy!

MARCELLA.

MARCELLA.

Amazement! thy ferocity in guilt
O'erwhelms my faculties.—Yet hear me, Heaven!
To thee, altho' offended by my falshood,
To thee I kneel: O punish my offences
By any pangs thy justice may ordain,
But save! O save me from this daring wretch!

HERNANDEZ.

Thy prayer's too late, fince thou hast render'd me The wretch I am: thy passions made me guilty, And thou shalt yield me that reward of guilt For which I burn in every vein to madness!— Come, my reluctant fair-one!

MARCELLA.

No! by Heaven!

Fulfil thy horrid, the inhuman threats!

Add perjury to murder! and devote me

To infamy and death!—I will embrace them,

Rather than yield to thy abhorr'd fuggestion,

And in that fellowship debase my soul.

HERNANDEZ.

Is there such firmness in the heart of woman?
Then artifice affish me! (Afide.)—Matchless virtue?
E'en in this frenzy of my tortur'd spirit
I feel thy awful power!—Thy purity
Irradiates the dark chaos of my mind,
And all the warring fires of lawless passion
Turn at thy voice to penitential tears!—
I kneel to thee for pardon.

MARCELLA.

Bend to Heaven!
'Tis Heaven who strikes thee, to reclaim thy foul,
With just compunction.

G 2

HERNANDEZ.

Thou benignant angel!
On thee depends my fafety or perdition;
Treat me with foothing pity and forgiveness,
And I may yet atone for all my crimes,
The fatal offspring of distracted passion!

MARCELLA.

Thou hast my pity.

HERNANDEZ.

I will ask no more;
I will not wound thy dignity, by wishing
What madness only led my heart to sigh for.
No! fair Perfection! live thou many years
In the chaste bliss of honourable love!
While I, the victim of a frantic fondness,
In some wild desert hide my loath'd existence,
Mourn my past guilt, and hope the pitying vows
Of innocence like thine, may draw from Heaven
A full, tho' late forgiveness of my crimes.

MARCELLA.

Unhappy servant! in my prayers for mercy Thou ne'er shall be forgotten.

HERNANDEZ.

'Tis my purpose
To fly from hence before to-morrow's dawn:
But wherefore? I nor wish, nor merit life.—
Haste to thy injur'd father! let him know
The wretch he harbours! and for all my guilt
Let public justice make her full atonement!

MARCELLA.

Poor frantic criminal! yet hope in Heaven!
I, who have blindly led thee into crimes,
Will not accelerate thy punishment.
Seek fome religious cell, and meditate
On the infinitude of heavenly mercy!

HERNANDEZ.

I fee, I feel it in thy foothing pity!

MARCELLA.

Here meet me once again, some two hours hence; I will supply thee with such gold or jewels, As may give comfort to thy lengthen'd days.

HERNANDEZ.

Thou art too good, too tender to a villain,
Who has deferv'd thy hatred and thy scorn.—
Still let me strive to shew I have a heart
That knows to value what it cannot merit.
I will not meet thee. We'll converse no more,
Lest when my flight is known, some dark suspicion
Fall on thy innocence.—At evening's close
Leave thou the gift, thy charity intends,
In the lone tower, that slanks the garden wall.
At midnight I will take thy bounty thence,
And praying for thy peace, depart for ever.

MARCELLA.

I thank thy generous caution; nor will fail!
To bring thee liberal aid: for still, I trust,
'Tis Heaven's intent, for all thy earlier virtues,
By years of calm sequester'd penitence
To purify thy soul, and seal thy pardon.
Cherish that thought! and Mercy be thy guard!

[Exi'.

HERNANDEZ (alone.)

'Tis well-Proud Beauty! I am now thy mafter : Thy haughty spirit, that no threats could tame, Sinks unsuspecting in the smooth deception That artifice has fpread.-In that lone tower, Where the coy clamours of a feign'd aversion Will only prove a prelude to my joy, I'll lurk to feize thy charms .- Now hasten, Night ! Thy kind companions, Solitude and Darkness, Shall o'er this froward fair-one aid my triumph, And fate infulted love with fweet revenge.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

III. AC

SCENE

HERNANDEZ (alone.)

VICTORIOUS passion! thou at length hast gain'd The prize, that long has kindled in my foul Such wild tumultuous hopes and madding wishes! Thy fecret joys are fafe. - Spite of the frenzy, Rais'd by her wounded pride and vain resistance, This coy one, stifling her vindictive rage, Most wifely hides the mysteries of the night;

And

And from her filence in this hasty marriage, My triumph is complete: she now will grow The willing vassal of my private pleasure.

But hark! I hear the doating bridegroom's voice:
He moves this way.—I would not he should cast
His keen eyes on me, till my harrass'd spirit
Regain its wonted sirmness.—I'll avoid him.

[Exit.

Enter the Governor and Mendoza.

GOVERNOR.

Indeed, my fon, I've yielded much too far
To the fond zeal of your intemperate love.
How will the world upbraid me, for allowing
Your hurried nuptials, in this ill-starr'd hour
Of doubtful horrors, your unhappy bride
Or drown'd in tears, or almost craz'd with terror!
And the brave youth, her late affianc'd lord,
My poor ill-fated friend, welt'ring in blood,
From the base wounds of undetected murder!

MENDOZA.

My honour'd father, thou hast only done
What tenderness and duty both enjoin'd.
Her generous wish to be my wedded love,
Her virtuous dread that honour might forbid it,
And the dire fate of that lamented youth,
Whom she both loath'd and pitied, all combin'd,
Had cruelly depriv'd her troubled senses
Of reaton's sovereign guidance; still on me
The lovely maniac rav'd; implor'd my aid
To save her from Lupercio's nuptial claim
And chase the gory phantom from her sight,
Which frenzy rais'd before it:—what remain'd,
But for Mendoza, urg'd by love and pity,

To take the dear distress one to his bosom, Bear her from hence, and in more tranquil scenes Heal her distemper'd mind, and fondly cherish The gentle sufferer into peace and joy?

GOVERNOR.

Heaven bless the generous fervor of thy fondness, Thou noble-minded youth!—I had not power To thwart thy wish, tho' my paternal heart, Trembling in its completion, still endures Painful vicissitudes of hope and fear.

MENDOZA.

Doubt not, my father, lenient time and love, That mutual love which confecrates our union, Will from the harrafs'd spirit of thy daughter. Remove this load of complicated anguish, And make us foon the happiest pair that ever Reach'd the pure summit of connubial bliss.

GOVERNOR.

I know she loves thee to a fond exces;
Her soul was form'd for love: and thou art blest,
Most richly blest, with all that can enchant
The eye or heart of woman:—on this ground
I build my strongest hope. Yet O, my son,
Weak as the is, her senses scarce restor'd,
How can I yield this darling from my sight,
E'en to a guard so tender?

MENDOZA.

Speak your pleasure? If 'tis your wish, we will remain your guests.
But change of place will sooth the harrass'd mind

Of our fweet sufferer. She should quit this scene, While, in avenging the brave murder'd youth, You nobly pay your great and awful debt. To private friendship and to public justice.

GOVERNOR.

I have no doubts on that atrocious deed.—
My poor lost friend's incautious ardent spirit
Had fatally provok'd some desperate villains
Who lurk within our city: the base wretches
Have thus reveng'd a menace, which Lupercio
Pronounc'd against their chief;—but by my orders
We soon shall see the bloody slaves secur'd.
A care still heavier presses on my heart,
My poor perturbed child!—My anxious love
Wavers in painful doubt, nor can resolve
To speed her hence, o to retain her here.

MENDOZA.

Submit it to her choice!—Soon as the priest Ended our hasty and affecting marriage, You know she begg'd permission to retire, To gain by solitude reviving strength, And still those throbs of lovely agitation, Which in the solemn rite subdu'd her softness. Go to her chamber, your paternal care May best explore her wishes: let them be Our guides in every step!—For me, I hold My fortune and my life but ministers Bound to sulfil our dearest mutual hope, And make the bliss of your angelic daughter As perfect as her beauty.

GOVERNOR.

Noble youth!

A father's tears must thank thee.—I will follow

Thy generous counsel, and return to bless thee. [Exit.

MENDOZA.

How mighty is thy power, Parental Love! The hardy finews of this gallant veteran, Proof 'gainst the weight of war's severest toils, Yield to thy pressure.—That undaunted simmess, Which peril could not shake, is turn'd by thee To wavering sear and sond irresolution.

Enter Lopez.

LOPEZ.

My honour'd lord, forgive me, if my zeal Urge me to trouble you with painful truths!

MENDOZA.

What wouldst thou, Lopez?—Hence with idle preface, And speak thy meaning boldly!

LOPEZ.

'Tis my duty

That forces from my lips, at fuch a feafon, What I must grieve to speak, and you to hear.

MENDOZA.

Well thou hast credit for thy good intention, Spare thy apologies, and tell thy tale!

LOPEZ.

'Tis thus, my lord—but promise me your pardon—

MENDOZA.

I'll pardon any thing but thy fuspence.

Lopez.

LOPEZ.

Know then, the steward of this house, Hernandez, Has been observed to throw his daring arms
With such licentious freedom round your bride,
As honour cannot brook.

MENDOZA.

Good fimple fellow!

Is this thy wondrous tale? thy painful truth?

What! art thou yet to learn, that ancient fervants

Are amply privileg'd on days like this?

The man who bore the infant in his arms

May kifs the ripen'd bride without a crime,

And the quick eye of jealoufy itfelf

Shall wink at his prefumption.—Get thee gone!

LOPEZ.

He boasts he will attend you to Madrid; Says he is fix'd for life my lady's usher, Defying e'en her husband to displace him.

MENDOZA.

I will not quarrel with his honest pride,
Inebriate with joy;—yet as the world
Is prone to censure, 'twill perhaps be prudent
To strike this boasting vassal from our train:
But that hereafter.—Hence! my father comes—
Yet, Lopez, stay—one word with thee alone.

Exit with Lopez.

Enter the Governor and Marcella.

MARCELLA.

Think not, thou kindest parent that e'er drew From the fond eyes of a protected child The tears of filial gratitude, think not Thy daughter thankless for thy guardian care From her impatient haste to quit thy mansion!

GOVERNOR.

No! my sweet child! I know thy heart too well To doubt it's tenderness. Trust me, thy father, Much as he joys to have the in his sight, Feels in these moments all thee forceful reasons. That urge thy quick departure.

MARCELLA.

Then farewell

To this paternal roof! Ye walls, that echoed With the gay music of my infant songs, Farewell! If aught of evil hover o'er ye, May it depart with me! depart for ever! Safety and honour, pure celestial guards, Watch o'er this dome! and bless it's dear possessor!—Hear this my parting prayer, indulgent Heaven! Whate'er thy pleasure may ordain for me, Here or hereaster, grant, O grant me this, To die before my father can have cause To wish he were not author of my being!

GOVERNOR.

Live but till then, and thou must be immortal!
Rise, my kind daughter!—Thou wilt ever prove
My age's darling! dearer to thy father
Than life or glory. Heaven, I trust, for thee
Has years in store of still encreasing joy.

MARCELLA.

Alas! my father, dost thou not perceive The poor Lupercio whispering from his shroud How short and how precarious mortal being! If foon thou chance to hear thy child is dead, And his shade tells me thou wilt hear it soon, I pray thee let not an intemperate grief Bend to the earth thy venerable age. Yet O forget me not! with tender sorrow Give thy pure prayers to my departed soul!

GOVERNOR.

Rife, rife, my child!—Let not these gloomy fancies O'ercloud thy chearful spirit! raise thine eyes To all the radiant paths of varied pleasure That open now before thee!—See thy lord, The bright conductor of thy suture steps, Comes, like the sun new-risen, to disperse These noxious vapours from thy darken'd mind, And give thy charms new lustre!

Enter Mendoza.

GOVERNOR.

Dear Mendoza,

We will from hence to-day: I will myfelf Play the young foldier, and efcort your bride Acrofs this province.

MENDOZA.

Blest the travellers, Whose road is shorten'd by so dear a guide!

GOVERNOR.

Raife thou that drooping lily, while I go And issue orders for our quick departure.

[Exit.

MENDOZA.

Come to my arms, thou sweet seraphic being! Come, and preside o'er all my suture life, As a benignant angel, by whose guidance I wish to regulate my every thought!—
Ble's that kind tear! it is the sweet reply
Of tenderness too delicate for language.—
Yet speak, Marcella—my delighted ear
Doats on the music of thy soothing voice.

MARCELLA.

O had I but the power to make thee happy! Were it possible, thy life should prove Unclouded, as thy virtues and thy love!

MENDOZA.

In thee I've every bleffing man can wish. My conscious pride, exulting in thy love, Boldly defies the wantonness of fancy To figure joys above th' unchequer'd blifs Which my full heart has found in thy perfection. Be thou as happy as thou mak'st Mendoza, And we shall live the envy of the world.-Why gush these tears? Why heaves thy lab'ring bosom? Why roves thy troubled eye around the chamber, Seeming to parley with the senseless walls?— My tender fair-one! I perceive thy thoughts: This is the fond adieu which thy foft spirit Expresses to this dear paternal mansion. Be chear'd! thou foon shalt visit it again. When its glad gates shall leap at thy approach, And ev'ry echoing stone repeat thy welcome.-Still pensive!-Come, sweet partner of my life! Prepare we for our travels.—Have your women Receiv'd their orders? Pray, ere we depart, Inform Hernandez we will not deprive His generous mafter of fo tried a fervant! Tell him he must not quit his post.

MARCELLA.

MARCELLA.

I dare not.

MENDOZA.

How! dare not, didst thou say? What! dare not utter A just direction to an ancient vassal?

MARCELLA.

He is the master of a fatal secret, I dare not drive him to reveal.

MENDOZA.

A fecret!

Hast thou a fecret thou canst wish to hide From the fond eye of all-forgiving love?

MARCELLA.

I have: for thee thou darling of my foul,
And for my father's peace, I strongly wish'd
To bear it with me to an early grave,
And hide its painful horrors in the shade
Of hasten'd death: but, like the inbred fire,
That burns its passage thro' the groaning earth,
Struggling, it bursts from my convulsive bosom,
And all the blazing ruin rushes on thee.

MENDOZA.

Amazement!—Thou hast petrised my heart: Yet speak! whatever wretchedness awaits me, I wish to hear it from no lips but thine.

MARCELLA.

Thou generous object of my fatal love!—
Wretch as I am, how shall I bear the pangs,
The keener pangs, I'm destin'd to inslict

On the pure heart I wish'd to make most happy?
Ill-starr'd Mendoza! dear, deluded youth!
Thou fondly think'st thou'st taken to thy bosom
A spotless form of purity and truth;
But oh! 'tis stain'd by complicated crimes,
Too horrible for utterance.

MENDOZA.

Can it be?

Who but thyself should call thee base, and live?
Thou canst not be so: yet, I pray thee, speak
The dreadful purport lab'ring on thy lips!

MARCELLA.

By Heaven I cannot! anguish, shame, remorse Stifle my words.—Here let me fall before thee! In pity both to me and to thyself Kill the vile wretch thus groveling at thy feet, Before her guilty tale shall freeze thy blood.

MENDOZA.

Rife, thou dear fuff'rer; I conjure thee fpeak— No words, how horrible foe'er their import, Can torture more than this foul-harrowing filence.

MARCELLA.

Lupercio-

MENDOZA.

What !- Thou knew'ft not of his murder!

MARCELLA.

Hernandez-

MENDOZA.

Ha! was he the black affassin?

MARCELLA.

MARCELLA.

I did not place the poniard in his hand; I did not ask for blood! but my base falshood, Falshood the offspring of my love to thee, Led to that bloody deed.

MENDOZA.

My bride a murd'refs!

MARCELLA.

Look not upon me thus! I cannot bear
The fierce abhorrence of those angry eyes.
Plunge thy sword here, and give me gentler death!

MENDOZA.

Thou canst not be so guilty. Thou hast injured Thy own soft heart.—Unfold the fatal story.

MARCELLA.

Thou'rt yet to hear accumulated horrors,
To make me still more loathsome to thy sight:
But I can never speak them.—Kill me! kill me!
In mercy end my miseries, before
The lightning of my sather's indignation
Strikes his detested daughter into dust.

MENDOZA.

Would I could fave him from the pangs I feel! But 'tis impossible, if thou art guilty.

MARCELLA.

It is, it is—then fave me from his wrath! Save my departing spirit from his curse, And death may then atone for my offences. I only wish to die by that dear hand; For oh! Mendoza, had not my fond heart

Doated

Doated upon thee with unbounded love, We ne'er had known this miserable hour.

MENDOZA.

'Tis true, thou lovely criminal!—O Heaven! Why was the fram'd with fuch pernicious beauty?-I dare not trust myself to gaze upon thee In this wild tumult of my madd'ning foul. -Rest in this chamber, and restrain thy tears, While I regain some little use of reason, To hear more calmly all thy wretched tale. [He leads Marcella weeping to the adjoining chamber,

and closes the door upon her.

MENDOZA.

What's to be done? my dizzy foul, thus falling From joy's bright fummit to these depths of horror, Loses the faculty of thought-Here, Lopez! Go! bring Hernandez instantly before me!

Enter the Governor.

My father! are you come? I wish'd your presence, Yet I would freely part with life, to fave you From the dread scene we must sustain together.

GOVERNOR.

What means Mendoza?—whence thy alter'd vifage?— What new affliction?—where's my hapless child?

MENDOZA.

Thou brave, thou good, affectionate old man, It wounds my foul to tell thee, that thy roof Harbours the murderer thy justice seeks. Behold, he comes to answer for his crime!

[Lopez and other Servants bring in Hernandez.

GOVERNOR.

GOVERNOR.

Hernandez!—Art thou certain of his guilt?
Or whence is thy furmife?

MENDOZA.

Hear and decide!
Thou faithless servant, who hast stain'd a life
Of long integrity by one black deed,
I charge thee with the blood of that brave youth
Thy master call'd his friend.—Say! art thou able
To plead thy innocence?—Thou need'st not speak;
Thy guilty features answer thy accuser.

HERNANDEZ (afide.)

The trait'ress has betray'd me: then, revenge, Thou are the only sweet that I can taste, And I will banquet on thee.

GOVERNOR.

If thou art

So base a monster of ingratitude, Prepare thyself for tortures.

HERNANDEZ.

Spare thy threats,
Thou know'st not yet the partner of my guilt:—
Thou would not chuse to see thy daughter's beauty
Expos'd a mangled victim in those streets,
Where never eye survey'd her passing form
But with delight or envy!

GOVERNOR.

Sland'rous ruffian!

Dar'st thou prophane the virtue of my child?—

But her pure sould no more league with thine,

Than Heaven's most favor'd angel could descend

To aid the hellish plots of that arch fiend. Who prompted thee to perpetrate this murder.

MENDOZA (afide to Hernandez.)

Peace, villain! and if e'er thou hop'st for mercy,

Respect the seelings of a wounded father!

HERNANDEZ.

Talk not to me of mercy—I despise it.—
Death is, I know, my portion; but its pangs
Are turn'd to transport by my rich revenge.
Too long the jests of mockery were lavish'd
On my mishapen form and ardent love.
One gibing youth has paid me with his life,
For insolent derision; and o'er thee,
Thou haughty husband, thou sair golden image,
Whom beauty worships unconstrain'd, o'er thee
My triumph rises to a prouder height
Of bold revenge. I have enjoy'd thy bride.

MENDOZA.

Thou blood-stain'd lyar, hence!—Away with him To strict confinement in your deepest dungeon!

HERNANDEZ.

Bite thy proud frantic lip, in favage hope
To fee my crooked body on the wheel
Crush'd, and expos'd a public spectacle!
My vengeance is consummate; but for thine,
'Tis the vain menace of presumptuous pride,
Which courage laughs at:—I escape it thus.

[Stabs bimfelf.

MENDOZA.

Thou hast indeed eluded the slow hand Of human justice, but thou canst not foil The surer vengeance of high-judging Heaven.

GOVERNOR.

Go! bring thy wife! she must appear this instant. The form of injur'd innocence must draw From the pale lips of this expiring villain Th' avowal of his falshood.

HERNANDEZ.

My dim eyes

Are closing, and in this deceitful world Shall look no more upon her fatal beauty: But in the next—O mercy!

GOVERNOR.

Where is my daughter?

MARCELLA (entering)

Here's the hapless being, Who once was proud of that endearing name: Tho' fallen, less guilty than the world might judge me, From the base infult of this bleeding wretch, Whose crimes are clos'd by death; yet O! my father, Too vile to claim thy kindness, or to live.

GOVERNOR.

Wrong not thyfelf! thou art all innocence.

MARCELLA.

Thou dear, deluded parent-'twas my wish To die, and not deprive thee of a thought, In which thy virtuous spirit would have found Sweet confolation for thy loft delight.— I wish'd a little longer to support This wretched being, that I might not stain, By my accelerated fate, this manfion, The dear afylum of thy honour'd age!

But my gall'd spirit, never form'd to bear The heavy load of unacknowledg'd guilt, Sunk in its painful efforts to suffain it. Hence the quick end of that abhorr'd affassin! And hence thy child, atoning now by death For her conceal'd offences, thus implores thee To pardon, and to bless her parting spirit!

GOVERNOR.

O thou dear fufferer! whate'er thy failings, Attempt not aught against thy precious life!

MENDOZA.

Live, I conjure thee, and the tears of love Shall wash th' ideal blemish from thy heart.

MARCELLA.

My generous husband! let me speak that name, Still precious to me, tho' so rashly purchas'd! Think not thy injur'd bride design'd to give To thy chaste bed a vile dishonour'd partner, Tho' forcibly dishonour'd!

GOVERNOR.

Hast thou endur'd from that atrocious rustian-

MARCELLA.

O good my father, ask not my faint voice,
Which soon will sink in everlasting silence,
T'unfold a tale, whose utterance would call
Shame's burning blush to the pale cheek of death.—
My vital faculties, but I have left
A friendly poison has already numb'd
A written legacy of fatal fondness,
In which, unless my blotting tears have marr'd it,
You'll read what I have done, and what endur'd.—
Nay, weep not! both of you may love me dead,
Living you could not.

MEN.

MENDOZA.

Could affection rescue
Thy beauty from the grave, thou should'st not die.

MARCELLA.

I know, ye generous spirits, death will cancel
In your kind mem'ries all my fatal errors:
And hence its pangs are welcome.—One base purpose
Produc'd these scenes of unexpected horror;
But Heaven has will'd that crime should quicken crime
To shew the danger of one devious step
From the clear paths of probity and truth.—
My dear Mendoza! thou wilt not deny me
The title of thy wise to grace my tomb,
And I shall sleep in peace.—Console my father,
And let him find in thee a worthier child!
I had a heart to reverence his virtues,
But not the strength to imitate.—O Heaven!

[Dies.

MENDOZA.

'Tis gone! 'tis fled! the lovely foul,
That could not brook the shadow of dishonour!
Thy monument shall be the nuptial bed
On which Mendoza will recline, and breathe
His faithful fondness to thy list'ning spirit.
Nor will I slight the dear and hallow'd trust,
Bequeath'd by silial piety, to shield
With constant care thy father's honour'd age.—
Unhappy sather! round the livid breast
Of his lost child in speechless agony
His arms are riveted!—Aid me to raise,
And bear him gently from this scene of death!

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THE

TWO CONNOISSEURS:

A COMEDY,

OF THREE ACTS, IN RHYME.

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

LORD SEEWELL,

MR. BERIL,

MR. BIJOU,

MR. CYCLE,

TOM CARELESS,

HARRY, Servant to MR. BERIL,

MR. VARNISH.

LADY HARRIOT, Daughters of LORD SEE-LADY FRANCES, WELL, Mrs. BLJOU, JOAN.

THE

TWO CONNOISSEURS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Chambers in the Temple.

Tom Careless and Mr. Cycle.

CARELESS.

WHATE'ER the fuccess of your journey may be,

My dear rural fage, you are welcome to me: Your benevolent projects I hope you'll complete, By this trip from your faug scientific retreat. In return for amusement you've given me there, By your fine apparatus, and lectures on air, I'll shew you the town; and the town is a science.

H 2

MR

MR. CYCLE.

On my tutor, dear Tom, I've perfect reliance, For I know in that study what vigils you've kept.

CARELESS.

'Tis the only one, truly where I'm an adept;
For as to the law, that's the science of thorns,
And tho' its black robe my lean figure adorns,
Perhaps twice a year, for my father's good pleasure,
I've renounced, I confess, both its toil and its treasure.
From my sapient Lord Coke this advantage I gain;
He led me to find out a flaw in my brain,
That title! on which, as wise parents have done,
My father laid claim to the seals for his son.

MR. CYCLE.

Such language, dear Tom, is in truth but a brogue, That betrays the young heir as an indolent rogue. 'Tis the cant of ye all—ye wants talents to drudge.

CARELESS.

Well! think me, my friend, wife enough for a judge, I still must rejoice I have nothing to do,
As my heart now inclines me to wait upon you.
I wish I could raise you the cash you require,
But you know I depend on a close-handed sire,
Who promises largely, and often has said
He will make me a Croesus whenever I wed;
But to drive me, I think, to the conjugal state,
Keeps the purse of the batchelor woefully strait;
And guineas at present are scarce, to my forrow.
How much are you now come to London to borrow?
Two thousand, d'ye say?

MR. CYCLE.

Yes! two thousand at least,
And perhaps rather more, as my plan is increas'd.

I wish for no profit, but public esteem;
And much good to the world must arise from my scheme.

CARELESS.

Well! I wish you may prosper, but, as I'm a sinner, I as soon should expect a roast Phenix for dinner, As in times like the present such loans from a friend, When Opulence has not a stiver to lend. You philosophers look with contempt upon cash; But the fools of this town are so fond of the trash, That as you're a chemist, both skilful and bold, You had best try to make a sew odd lumps of gold; And this newly-sound art you may try with less cost, Since to borrow with ease seems an art that is lost.

MR. CYCLE.

Dear Careless you're welcome to rally my hopes;
So attack them with all your rhetorical tropes!
The man is ill-wrapt in philosophy's cloak,
Whose bosom is ruffled, dear Tom, by a joke.
I know money's scarce; yet I will not despond:
I've two friends who'll supply what I want, on my bond.

CARELESS.

What! two such good friends! so rich, open, and free! Dear Cycle, I pray introduce them to me; For not one of that cast my long list can produce: Why! man, such a friend is the golden-egg'd goose; You may hunt for the bird e'en as long as you're able, But at last you will find it is only a fable. I wanted but one hundred pound, t'other day, And ask'd fifty friends, that chance threw in my way,

But they all shook their heads, with a negative nod, So I dunn'd my old father, in spite of the rod. But pray do I know the good creatures you mean?

MR. CYCLE.

Aye! both.—They're two friends, whom for years I've not feen;

But in juvenile days I held each as my brother, And I trust that we all are still dear to each other. You're acquainted with Beril-

CARELESS.

Well! there. I confess, Your wishes have some little chance of success. If there's one in the world, who, regardless of pelf, Would relieve a friend's wants, tho' he straiten'd him-

You have now nam'd the man. Yet perhaps he can't lend:

I know he has fuffer'd by aiding a friend; And I fancy he has but a stender estate. 'Tis true, he ne'er plays, tho' careft by the great; Yet in statues and books he's expensive, 'tis said-I have feen him bid high for a porphyry head.

MR. CYCLE.

'Tis hard, fortune still should torment him with crosses; I footh'd him to bear the severest of loss: I was with him, when blafted in youth's blooming charms His lovely Sophia was torn from his arms. You knew not, I think, that unfortunate fair, The victim of cruelty, love, and despair. She was bound to our friend by a mutual affection, But her rich fordid parents oppos'd the connection.

The

The canker of forrow incessantly prey'd
On the perishing bloom of the delicate maid:
Her duty, her suff'rings, made nature relent,
And wrung from her father a tardy consent;
But death render'd vain the late sanction he gave,
And his child's bridal bed was the pitiless grave.
Many years have now soften'd the lover's wild grief:
Perhaps some new beauty now yields him relief.
He's still single, I think?

CARELESS.

Yes! in learning and art
He has fought the chief balm for the wounds of his
heart;

Hence a pleasing mild elegance runs thro' his life;
And had I a sister I'd wish her his wife.—
But now for your second friend!—What is his name?
For acquaintance with him too I'll certainly claim.
You say that I know him: come! tell me who is it!

MR. CYCLE.

Yes! indeed, it is one whom you frequently visit.

And here you must own, that my hopes are well founded,

Since in kindness and wealth he has ever abounded; M. And a legacy lately——

CARELESS.

You dont, mean Bijou,.
That collecter of knick-knacks?

MR. CYCLE.

Indeed, tom, I do,
I've a title to ask any favor from him:
He has some little vanity, some little whim,
Yet still he's a friendly, benevolent man.

H 4

CARELESS.

CARELESS.

You may rap at his door—but get in if you can! Your friend, when you faw him, was jocund and free, His heart full of bounty, his spirit of glee; His vanities too had so mirthful a cast, That Friendship herself even wish'd them to last. But Marriage, that changer of mind and of teature, Has made poor Bijou quite a different creature.

MR. CYCLF.

I am told that his wife, with a pocket well laden, Was a little, fat, ancient, and well-behav'd maiden; Who, having a fimilar tafte for virtu, Put her cabinet under the care of Bijou.

CARELESS.

Yes, indeed! in an odd fit of amorous hunger,
He married an old curiofity-monger,
Who is ready to faint, if a vifitor knocks
While she's brushing the dust from her raree-shew box.
Her maid t'other day threw her into a swoon,
By cracking the eye of a great stuff'd baboon;
For instead of young children, whose troublesome noise
Might disturb their sedate, wirtnosical joys,
She fills their fine house with new monsters or mummies.

MR. CYCLE.

Of your story, dear Tom, I perceive what the sum is. You don't like the lady: she may not please you, And yet be an excellent wife for Bijou. I am told she has really much merit and taste. In her morals they say she's remarkably chaste; So with lectures, perhaps, she has wounded your ear, And you rakes of the Temple may think her severe.

CARELESS.

CARELESS.

No, faith! with the lady I stand very well, I bought her esteem with an old empty shell. I own she has picty, morals, and sense:
To chastity no one will doubt her protence. But tho' with these virtues I freely invest her, My heart, I confess, is inclin'd to detest her. She has ruin'd her husband—at least so I think; To a dwarf she has made his benevolence shrink, And puss'd up his vanity into a giant.
To all her strange whims he's so servilely pliant, He'd obey her caprice, whatsoe'er it might hint, And deny himself bread to buy her an odd slint.

Mr. Cycle.

Why, Tom, that's a proof of his fond tender heart.

CARELESS.

To me it proves nought but her ladyship's art:
And so you yourself would explain the whole riddle,
If you heard her once flatter his pencil or siddle,
As a more wretched brush never blotted poor paper,
And ne'er squeak'd a Cremona beneath a worse scraper.
Tho' pamper'd with flattery thus by his wise,
Our friend has quite lost all his humor and life;
And whenever I look on his cold chearless face,
As he stands by the side of his wise's sossil-case,
I think her a perfect Medusa, I own,
Who has turn'd her poor husband himself into stone.

MR. CYCLE.

You loungers, dear Tom, in your idle disputes, Love to ridicule all life's amusing pursuits: But they all have their use; and the lady who joys In collecting an odd set of whimsical toys,

Is herfelf a rare gem, that my judgment regards. More than all the fair votaries of scandal and cards. I know I shall like her, in spite of your stricture, And I'm going to fee how you've fail'd in her picture. My old friend's good-will I shall put to the trial, And folicit his aid without fear of denial.

CARELESS.

Come along !- I will fee if your welcome is hearty; Indeed I may ferve you by joining the party, And I'm eager to know (for my portrait is true) What you think of the change she has wrought in Bijou. To a knowledge of nature I ne'er will pretend, If, when you have feen, in the house of our friend, All the natural rarities rang'd in a glass, You don't rank his heart in the petrified class. [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to a Drawing Room at Mrs. Bijou's with a Door open into an interior Cabinet of Curicfities-Several fuff'd Creatures and other Rarities difcovered in the Apartment.

JOAN, with a Brush.

Lackaday! would I once were well out of this house, Where I tremble to move, full as much as a mouse! And Nanny's afraid to come into this room; Indeed the poor creature can scarce hold a broom, For my miftress, she says, has done nothing but beat

Since she brush'd off the tail of the new alligator. I've a great mind to lay up my brush on the shelf, And leave madam to dust all her monsters herfelf. Would my mafter would make her, for these stocks and stones.

A young little plaything of good flesh and bones!

But,

But, alas! these old ladies who can't raise a baby,
Are as full of nonsensical maggots as may be.
And our house is so cramm'd with this whimsical jumble,

That if you touch one thing, another will tumble.

Madam fays, I mi splace whatsoever I clean,

But I'll venture to wipe off the dust from this screen.

Throws it down.

A plague take the things! they do nothing but fall.

Lud! my fingers have run thro' the cover and all.

Taking up the Screen, and uncovering it.

'Tis my master's new drawing—how madam will thunder—

This fine naked beauty I've torn quite afunder:

And the rent must be seen—I can thrust my whole hand in,

And I've no time to mend it-my mistress is coming-

MRS. BIJOU (entering in a dark brown Bed-gown, with a Brush of Peacock's Feathers.)

Some new mischies's done here.—Lord! Joan, what's the matter?

I am fure you broke fomething, I heard fuch a clatter.

IOAN.

Indeed, Ma'am, I've had a most cruel disaster.
The screen—

MRS. BIJOU.

What! the beautiful work of your master!

JOAN.

My finger slip't thro', as I wip'd it in haste, But I'm fure I can mend it again with some paste. Mrs. Bijou.

You awkward, pert hussey! pray let it alone! Can paste mend a flaw in a goddess's zone? Ye stars! give me patience!—Get out of this door, And pray let me never set eyes on you more! I knew I should suffer as soon as you came, For taking a thing with so gothic a name.

JOAN.

I'll go—for I live but the life of a cur:
Yet pray! on my name do not throw any flur!
I am fure 'tis good English, altho' it is Joan,
And that's more than you're able to say of your own.

[Ex. t.

MR. BIJOU (entering.)

What's the matter, my dear?—What new plague from your maids?

You for ever are vext by these pestilent jades:
If bred in this town, you object to their morals;
If rustics, they break all your glasses or corals.
Let 'em come whence they will, they bring trouble and strife,

And your quarrels have made me half fick of my life.

MRS. BIJOU.

Don't fay so!—You know, my dear Mr. Bijou, I take no young maids, out of fondness to you; And these middle-aged creatures are all so unhandy, They make me as fretful as old Mr. Shandy. But, my dear, if you see me sometimes in a slame, I think you won't say that my temper's to blame: 'Twas my love for the works of your delicate hand, Which produc'd an emotion I could not command,

If I rated old Joan in a great agitation,
I am fure you will own I had much provocation,
When you fee this fad cause of the bustle between us:
She has utterly ruin'd your very best Venus,
This new lovely drawing! the joy of all eyes!
I vow I could cry.—

MR. Bijou.

What fweet foftness!—she cries!— These feelings, indeed, prove the true connoisseur: This ill treatment of Art her fine sense can't endure. Hencesorth, of my works let them say what they will, No painter can boast such a test of his skill.— Come, chear up, my dear Cognoscente! come! come! I can mend it again with a brush full of gum.

MRs. Bijou.

D'ye think you can mend it?—and won't it look brown, If you don't hide the skin with the skirt of a gown? 'Twould be pity to cloak up a body so sine, Especially since you have drawn it from mine. And you know I caught cold, when I stript to the waist, To sit for the sigure, in true attic taste: But I did it from sondness, that you might not roam, And wickedly hunt after models from home. To be sure I love art—but all artists, they say, By their studies of nature are tempted to stray; And I own that your genius gives me great alarms.

Mr. Bijou.

My dear, tender creature! pray trust your own charms!

MRS. BIJOU.

Affectionate terrors will rise in my head.

I was jealous, I own, t'other day of the dead.

MR. Bijou.

What fond fenfibility! exquifite feeling!

MRS. BIJOU.

I hope I was wrong, but strange fancies will steal in, When sondness has open'd the heart to suspicion. You're so dear to the semales of every condition: But, I hope, Lady Fancybird was not so vicious; There was nothing, indeed, in her air meretricious; Yet a jealous pang seiz'd me, I own, when I found That by will she bequeath'd to you three thousand pound. Tis true, that a legacy's very commodious; Yet the money appears to me utterly odious, When I think it was possibly meant as the price Of endearments, to which she had art to entice, And not in return for the pictures you drew, Of her parrot, her bull-sinch, and old cockatoo.

Mr. Bijou.

Lord! my dear, if such phantoms your quiet consume, You will make the old lady jump out of her tomb. 'Tis true, that I slatter'd her favourite passion, As I love to be well with old ladies of sashion:
But pray don't suppose, I was e'er so absurd As to stroke her pale cheek for the pole of her bird.

MRS. Bijou.

Ah! you humorous man, you've fuch infinite wit, You can turn to a jest whatsoe'er you think fit!—But my heart on this point can be never at ease, Unless you'll allow me to spend as I please, Half the money, of which you're so oddly possess; And then I shall think it an honest bequest. Besides, there's an auction at Lady Toy-Truckle's, And I long for a rap at the Duchess's knuckles,

Who

Who out-bid me, you know, t'other day, for a shell. 'Tis all for your credit.

MR. Bijou.

Well! well! my dear, well! I never refuse you the cash I cas spare.

Mrs. Bijou.

You are fure I shall turn it to something most rare: For indeed I'm no pitiful hoarder of pelf; And I've now set my heart on some true ancient delf.

MR. Bijou.

'Tis time you were dreft.

Mrs. Bijou.

As I live, there's a rap;
I'm not fit to be seen, in this bed-gown and cap.
Run! and charge them, my dear, not to let in a soul!—
With my cabinet dust I'm as black as coal.

MR. Bijou (looking out.)

I'm too late.

Mrs. Bijou.

For my orders they don't care a pin; And to vex me, old Joan has let tomebody in. I'll escape—I can't bear to be seen in this trim.

Ma. Bijou.

'Tis only Tom Careless-you need not mind him.

Enter Careless and Mr. Cycle.

CARELESS.

Here, good folks! I have brought you a very rare bird;
Tis five years fince his notes in this town have been heard.

MR. BIJOU.

Mr. Cycle! my worthy, old friend! how d'ye do?-Give me leave to present to you Mrs. Bijou!

Mrs. Bijou.

I'm asham'd to be found in this garb.

Mr. Bijou.

O! my dear. From a man of true science you've nothing to fear; He'll freely allow, for he's candid and just, Philosophical ladies must dabble in dust.— Mr. Cycle, my wife is a curious collector: In natural knowledge I hope you'll direct her; You are mafter of all, from the earth to the stars, And may aid her in ranging her fossils and spars.

MR. CYCLE.

She shall freely command all the little I know.

MRS. BIJOU.

You're extremely obliging, dear Sir, to fay fo! But I cannot attend you in this dufty veft. I'. I foon flip it off.

CARELESS.

You sha'n't stir, I protest. To talk of your dress, my dear Ma'am, is a joke, To a fage, who exists but in chemical smoke. Your robe is indeed like the robe of Saint Bruno. Yet still by your air we might take you for Juno. While the tail of your peacock, that type of command,

With fuch dignity waves in your awful white hand.

Mrs. Bijou.

You're a young faucy creature!

MR. CYCLE.

These idle rogues, Madam, More like sons of the Serpent, than children of Adam, Are apt to esteem it a dull occupation,
To study the wonders of this fair creation:
And hence they all rally, with humor ill-plac'd,
Those who seek for amusement in science and taste.

Mr. Bijou.

Well faid! Mr. Cycle—I'm glad that Virtu Has found both a friend and a champion in you. Come and peep at my wife's philosophical treasure! I hope you'll survey it again, at your leisure.— My dear, d'ye allow me to shew your museum? I'm exact in all matters of tuum and meum.

MRs. Bijou.

Mr. Cycle, I'm fure, is a priviledg'd man.

Mr. Bijou.

It is open.—Come, Sir!

[Exit, with Mr. Cycle, into the interior Apartment.

Mrs. Bijou.

Tell me, Tom, if you can, Is not this Mr. Cycle a man of great worth, Who wrote a most excellent book on the Earth.

CARELESS.

'Tis the author himself; and I know not what college Can shew his superior in virtue and knowledge. He's a man of sew words, with a heart and a mind Ever busied in schemes for the good of mankind;

And

And he now vifits London, in hopes to procure Some support in a plan for relieving the poor.

Mrs. Bijou.

The poor !--of their name I'm alarm'd at the mention:
Mr. Cycle, indeed, may have no ill intention,
But I fear he'll involve my good husband in trouble—
These projects of charity end in a bubble.
The poor are ungrateful, disorderly wretches,
Who can shift for themselves by their tricks and their
fetches;

They deserve not a learned philosopher's thought.

CARELESS.

Your pardon!—He'll think, if he thinks as he ought,
That Philosophy, drawing from Heaven her birth,
Is the science of soft'ning the evils on earth.
By your fears you have done our friend infinite wrong,
For tho' his heart's tender, his judgment is strong:
To the projects of Folly he never can stoop—
Philanthrophy's friend is not Phantasy's dupe.

Mrs. Bijou.

Why, Careless! you talk in a language quite new: Who could dream of a charity-fermon from you?

CARELESS.

Oh! a cobler can preach, when his spirit's inflam'd.

Mine is apt to blaze forth, if I hear a friend blam'd;

And indeed I can't stifle my heart's ebullitions,

When such good folks as you harbour vile suppositions.

But I'm sure you'll forgive all the warmth I have shewn,

When the worth of our friend is to you better known,

If you're angry, I know that your anger will cease,

When you hear on what terms I can purchase my peace.

A shell

A shell I can bring you—my interest such is— Very like what you lately gave up to the Duchess. Perhaps I may give it you—

MRS. BIJOU.

As large as her Grace's, and perfectly whole?

CARELESS.

Yes, I think 'tis as large, and in colour as high.

Mrs. Bijou.

Are you fure of its shape?

eir

n,

ce.

ell

CARELESS.

Do you question my eye?

I'll convince you I'm right; let us instantly look

At the fine colour'd plates in your great Danish book.

MRS. Bijou.

Come—you give me more joy than I'm able to speak—I can't bear that her Grace should possess an Unique.

[They retire into the interior Apartment, from whence
Mr. Bijou and Mr. Cycle return.

Mr. Bijou.

This scheme, my good friend, does you honor indeed. In a business so noble I hope you'll proceed; And may you accomplish your utmost defires, In raising the sum which your project requires!—

Pray look at this new little drawing of mine!

Don't you think it an elegant pretty design?

MR. CYCLE.

Very lively indeed!—But, my friend, you forget What I've faid on the point of incurring this debt.

148 THE TWO CONNOISSEURS:

Do not fly from the subject!—I hate all evasion: I must say for your aid I have serious occasion. You know what I've ask'd, and in asking I deem, That I give you a proof of my cordial esteem. In a poor-house myself I would rather work hard, Than apply thus to one whom I did not regard.

Mr. Bijou.

Mr. Cycle, I know you're a man without guile, And you think in a noble and fingular flyle; But if asking for cash is of love a sure test, With affectionate friends all the wealthy are blest.

MR. CYCLE.

I have done, as I see that you wish to evade
A request, that I thought I with justice had made;
As you know, when of fortune you selt a reverse,
You had once the command of my prosperous purse;
And since you of opulence now are possest,
More enrich'd too of late by a friendly bequest,
I suppos'd, without trouble—

Mr. Bijou.

Dear Cycle, 'tis true: You shall have it; but mum! towards Mrs. Bijou!

MR. CYCLE.

O! I now understand all the cause of demur; And if that is the case, I have done, my dear Sir. At the hazard of discord the sum you sha'n't lend; In samily strike I'll not plunge my old friend.

Mr. Bijou.

Do not think me a flave!—there's no danger of strife:
But you'll find, if you e'er try the conjugal life,
It is best not to waken the frowns of a wife.

Besides. there is furely no reason why you Should talk on such business to Mrs. Bijou.

MR. CYCLE.

There is certainly none-you shall do as you please.

MR. Bijou.

One thousand, my friend, I can spare you with ease;
'Tis the sum I shall go to receive very soon;
If you'll call here again, you shall have it by noon.
And to tell you the truth, I would have you make haste,
Lest my wife should demand it for matters of taste.
When an auction is near, she is apt to be rash,
In laying her hand upon all my loose cash;
And as she is thought so judicious a buyer,
Her elegant wishes I seldom deny her.
Yet 'tis time to grow prudent:—but hush! here they
come.

Remember my charge—dear philosopher, mum!

Enter Mrs Bijou and Careless.

Mrs. Bijou.

O my dear! I'm in raptures: my young friend has cur'd All the bitter vexation I've lately endur'd.

Now in shells by the Duchess I am not surpast;

Tom will bring me the fellow to what she bought last.

Mr. Bijou.

He's exceedingly kind!—But, my dear, it grows late; Remember the guest, whom you must not make wait. Old Baron Van-Bettle's appointed to-day Your curious collection of slies to survey; As some business abroad will oblige me to leave him, I entreat you, my dear, to be drest to receive him. These friends will excuse you.

MRS

Mas. Bijou.

I'll bid them farewell.

Mr. Cycle, your fervant!-Remember the shell! [Exit.

MR. Bijou.

O my friend! you've a thousand new drawings to see.— I can tell you, our artists grow jealous of me.

JOAN (entering bastily.)

Sir, a coach is just stopt, and a man with a star on-

MR. Bijou.

Od's life! I must leave you, to wait on the Baron.

MR. CYCLE.

I beg we mayn't keep you.

Mr. Bijou.

My good friends, adieu!

Dear Cycle! pray meet me again here at two!

I am forry I'm forc'd thus to part with you now,
But for fuch an engagement I'm fure you'll allow;
For the flies are all rang'd in the parlour below,
And a guest like the Baron one can't leave, you know.
As the key's in the case, he perhaps might unlock it,
And whip the best buttersy into his pocket.

'Tis a law with the curious to watch a collector,
And you never must trust him without an inspector.

[Exit.

CARELESS.

Now, my friend, what d'ye say to the portrait I drew? Were my colours too dark for good Madam Bijou? But how have you sar'd in your money-petition? If you get it, I'll call you a mighty magician, I can tell you, that madam suspected a plot.

MR. CYCLE.

I've his promise-but shall I accept it, or not?

CARELESS.

If you can, by all means !—'twill be fav'd from her clutches,

Who would throw it away in out-bidding a Duches: And at auctions indeed she'd her husband undo, Were she not in her house quite a close-handed Jew. But on saving a penny she frequently ponders, And her avarice scrapes what her vanity squanders.—O! if I were her master, her whimsies I'd cure, And make a good wise of this vile connoisseur.—Now for Beril—he's one of a different cast.

MR. CICLE.

Come along!—fince I saw him some long years have past,
And I'm eager to class his affectionate hand.

CARELESS.

Stop a moment!—and answer me this one demand!

Don't you see a sad change in our poor friend below?

Where's the lively companion, the humourous beau?
All his pleafantry's gone—

MR. CYCLE.

I confess, by his carriage, He seems to be render'd more serious by marriage.

CARELESS.

By my life, I am griev'd, in thus feeing him grow
The poor trumpeting flave to his wife's raree-shew.—
Well!

152 THE TWO CONNOISSEURS:

Well! ye Gods! if, whenever my nuptial star twinkles, I should wed an old hunter of odd periwinkles, To engage her nice eye with unchanging attraction, May I turn in her arms to a cold petrifaction!

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I. An elegant Apartment, ornamented with a few Busts and Books, a large Statue covered up, and a Door open into a more extensive Library.

Mr. Beril and Harry.

MR. BERIL.

PRAY, Harry, remove from the statue its case; And be careful in clearing the dust from its base.

HARRY.

Directly, Sir?

Mr. Beril.

Yes! you must instantly do it.
For my worthy Lord Seewell is coming to view it.—
Now, my sweet Lady Frances! I soon shall behold
All thy quick sensibility wake and unfold:

Thou

Thou wilt pay to this sculpture the tribute most dear; Thou wilt praise the fine work by an eloquent tear, Unlets by gay Harriot thy foftness is check'd. How I long in thy features to mark the effect Produc'd by the wonders of exquisite art, On a delicate mind and a fenfible heart! But why on thy graces do I rashly dwell? Why fludy those charms, that I know but too well? In my station it madness to think of thy hand; Yet thou, of all women in this lovely land, Thou only could'it fill, in my desolate breast, well The place that my tender Sophia poffest.

HARRY (advancing.)

There, Sir, 'tis as neat as a new-twifted cord; But I hope you won't fell this fine thing to my Lord. He's a desperate bidder for stone-work, I'm told; Yet I hope you will keep it in spite of his gold.

MR. BERIL.

Do you hope to? - pray why? - I should rather have thought

You'd rejoice if his lordship the statue had bought; It would fave you fome trouble.

My Lord, I couldis, I had hopes of this pleature; and and that the chancelord I more highly fluil rate,

For that I don't care.
Why I wish you to keep it, I'll freely declare: I've observ'd, fince the day that poor Miss Sophy died. And that's five years, I think, next Bartholomew-tide, There is only this statue, that's now in our fight, In which you have feem'd to take any delight, out to I And if this marble woman your heart fo engages, 10 49 1 Before you thould fell her. I'd give up my wages. Mr. inflead of a flature, Ty vife a man.

MR. BERIL.

Thou'rt a generous lad, with an excellent heart!— Honest Harry! the statue and I shall not part. But I hear a coach stop:—haste, and let my Lord in!

[Exit Harry.

Mr. BERIL (alone.)

Harry's warmth is affecting.—'Tis pleasant to win A regard unconstrain'd from the low ranks of life, Which are falfely suppos'd full of baseness and strife. How mistaken is he, who incessantly raves, That domestics are nothing but idiots or knaves! When nature oft shines, with a lustre most fervent, In the zeal of ap honest, affectionate servant.

Enter Lord Seewell, with Lady Frances and Lady

LORD SEEWELL.

Dear Beril, my girls would attend me, to see Either you or your statue.—Howe'er that may be, I know you'll allow them a sight of your treasure.

Mr. Bertin

My Lord, I confess, I had hopes of this pleasure; And my statue henceforth I more highly shall rate, Since to that I'm in debt for an honor so great.

LADY HARRIOT.

That's right, Mr. Beril:—I pray make it known,
That we come for the fake of the marble alone;
For tho' we have both a fair name, as I think,
Yet our poor reputations will instantly fink.
If 'tis faid by your neighbour, old Lady Snap Fan,
That instead of a statue, we visit a man.

MR.

MR. BERIL.

If on spirit and worth there is any reliance,
Lady Harriot may set every hag at defiance;
And sorce even Scandal in silence to sit—
If not just to her innocence, aw'd by her wit.

LABY HARRIOT.

My dear Sir, do not talk in so pleasing a tone,
If you do, I sha'n't relish the silence of stone,
And the statue 'll seem dull.—So pray! tell us where is
it,

Pray present us to her that we're now come to vifit.

Mr. Beall.

Here's the lady you known [Shearing the Statut

LOAD SEEWELL.

What perfect expression! what strength of defign!

MR. BERIL.

Pray! my dear Lady Frances, advance to the place, Which will give you, I think, the best view of the face. Tis the tender Alcestis, just yielding her breath, On the arm of her husband reclining in death; And tho pain o'er her form so much langour has thrown, You may still discern beauties resembling your own.

LORD SEEWELL.

Whence came it, dear Beril?—'tis surely antique;.
The work, my good friend, is undoubtedly Greek.
I swear the Laocoon is not so fine:
Had I choice of the two, this, I'm clear, would be mine.
The subject more pleasing!—expression still higher!—
This long hidden treasure where could you acquire?

MR. BERIL.

I owe it to chance, to acknowledge the truth,
And a princely and brave Neapolitan youth,
Whom I luckily fav'd, in a villainous strife,
From the dagger of jealousy, aim'd at his life.
The work was dug up on his father's estate,
And, knowing my passion for marble is great,
He nobly has sent me the gift in your view,
In return for what accident led me to do.

LORD. SEEWELL.

'Tis the first piece of sculpture perhaps on the earth,
And I hardly know how to appreciate it's worth;
But if ever you wish to dispose of the treasure,
I'll accept it at three thousand guineas with pleasure.

MR. BERIL.

My Lord, you now speak with that liberal spirit
Which you ever display when you estimate merit.
Tho' I own works of art, of such high estimation,
Seem but ill to agree with my fortune and station,
Yet these sigures at present I wish to retain,
Tho' the wish may appear oftentatious and vain.
But, my Lord, if they e'er change their master anew,
They shall find a more worthy possessor in you.

LADY HARRIOT. SHE THE YEST TO'

Well! ye dear connoisseurs! you amaze me, I own, By the value you set on this sorrowful stone. I indeed can believe 'tis a fine piece of art; But to buy it for furniture!—as to my part, I'd as soon o'er my house throw a sepulchre's gloom, And purchase from Westminster-Abbey a tomb.

LORD SEEWELL weby 1009 on al

You're a wild idle gipfy, and past all correcting; I have You have not the least relish for what is affecting.

That is the Lady HARRIOT and seemed that

That's your fault, dear Papa;—but my fifter, you fee, Makes ample amends for this failing in me;
She gazes, like you, with fuch ferious delight,
That she is half turn'd to marble herself by the fight:
I vow it has made her unable to speak,
And has drawn a cold tear down her petrified cheek.

LADY FRANCES.

Pray! my dear, don't expose me ! and be content to 118

MR. BERILE ADDON SOUN A

O feek not to hide

What nature defign'd your chief beauty and pride!—
With different charms she enriches the earth;
To your lister she gave the sweet dimples of mirth; hands
And, that each in her province no rival may find,
All the soft pensive graces to you she assign'd.

If we both might curtoffar HARRI YEAR I to bore.

Believe me, you shine, Mr. Beril, most brightly, I In the delicate science of praising politely; In which many beaux are so savagely stupid, They a scalping-knife take for the weapon of Cupid; And to tickle one nymph, basely slash every other. Well! dear Frances, how are you?

LADY FRANCES.

Indeed I can't smother,
What I feel in surveying this wonder of art;
It has something which takes such fast hold of the heart.

In the faint dying wife such a fond resignation!
In the poor widow'd husband such wild agitation!
Such forrow! such anguish! such love to Alcestis!

LADY HARRIOT.

That is true; but I know the whole flory a jest is; And Admetus, I think, such a shuffling poltroon, That he moves me no more than the man in the moon. A pitiful fellow! to live, in his case, And let his poor wise pass the Styx in his place! Modern husbands, indeed, I believe would be merry, If their wives in their stead would cross over that ferry.

MR. BERIL.

But perhaps, Ma'am, you think that no hulband could find

A young modern wife of Alceftis's mind?

LADY HARRIOT.

No! indeed, my good Sir!—Here's my dear lifter Fan, She'd be willing to die, to preferve her good man; But I own for myfelf, I should doubt and demut, If I thought my spouse with'd his own trip to defer: Tho' myself to his fortunes I'd freely devote, If we both might embark at one time in the boat, I confess I should scarce be wondrously kind, As to set fail myself, but to leave him behind.

HARRY (entering.)

Two gentlemen, Sir, with to fee you below; Mr. Careleis is one.

LORD SEEWELL (to Mr. Beril.)

Harriot's favourite beau!

LABY HARRIOT.

Lord, Papa! Mr. Beril will think me in love.

Mn.

MR. BERIL (to Harry.)

Let the gentlemen know we expect them above.

And pie with ment and the larry. [Exit Harry.

meet I crody Lord Serwell see stem

Tom and Harriot have long had flirtations together,
But their courthlip has changeable fits, like the weather:
The improvident girl, thinking lovers are plenty,
Declares she won't wed till she's past one-and-twenty;
Nor e'en then take her beau, (in her charms such her
trust is)

Unless he bids fair to become a chief justice; And Tom is the heir of too large an estate, To load his gay spirit with law's heavy weight. But here comes our young lawyer, to urge his own plea!

Enter Careless and Mr. Cycle.

My dear Tom! how d'ye do?—My good stars! can it

Is it you, my dear Cycle, my long-absent friend?

Mr. Cycle.

And still heartily yours.

MR. BERIL.

But why would you not fend,
And of your affection afford me a proof,
By bespeaking your quarters here under my roof.
However, I'm happy, that chance is so kind,
As to give me th' occasion I've long wish'd to find,
To present you to one, who, of all men on earth,
Is most able to judge of your genius and worth.

My dear Lord, to your notice now let me commend
The man to whose name you're already a friend!
Behold Mr. Cycle!

the broad or hast woll.

aso.I

LORD SEEWELL.

Dear Sir, let me fay,

That I often have wish'd for this fortunate day,
Which makes me acquainted with one whom I deem.
So justly entitled to public esteem; and the media. I
Whose writings and life shew in fairest alliance, and I
Philanthropical virtue and genuine science.

MR. CYCLE.

My good Lord, these are honours far more than my due. Yet I own with delight I receive them from you; As you're led to o'er-rate my poor merits, I feel, By this dear partial friend's kind assectionate zeal.

LORD SEEWELL.

He indeed is your friend—I regard his applause;
But to wish your acquaintance I've still higher cause.
Be assur'd I shall think myself truly your debtor,
If you'll give me the pleasure of knowing you better. M.
Either Beril or Careless will guide you to me at
I have some things perhaps it may please you to see a sill
Yet no gem, I believe, that's so worthy your sight,
As a statue which Beril has just brought to light.
Allow me to shew it you—

MR. BERIL (to Lady Frances.)

My dear Lady Frances, I fear, is oppress

By this sculptur d diffress, the mere creature of art,

Yet too painful a scene for so feeling a heart.

LADY FRANCES, CLARY INClude OF

No, indeed!—at first sight, the it made my veins thrill, I And I felt thre my bosom a cold icy chill, had a sold it with a fact impression once over, I view it again to the with a foothing delight, unembitter'd by pain.

LADY

LADY HARRIOT (to Careless.)
And pray, Sir, from which court of justice come you?
From the worshipful court of wise Madam Bijou; 15 A Where, blind as old Themis, she utters decrees
On the price of fluff'd parrots and petrified trees.
O you mischievous creature! you certainly mean,
You know that the thought of her fickens me quite, and that I at her house must do penance to-night.
You love languing too seel as a way it. my dear.
Then I vow I'll be there, if it's only to fee How Mortification and you may agree:
Even that gloomy spright must appear with some grace, If it lurks in the lines of so lively a face.
Who thinks hindelt bleft with talles felence, and worth,
Because he piles of TOURSOH! YOAL on carh -
All my gaiety dies when her presence I come in ; and W
No cramp-fish could give me a shock so benumbing-
She's my acter aversion to the think after a sup out the offer I
LORD SEEWELL.
Pray tell me, my dear,
DORD SEEWELL. Pray tell me, my dear, of 1 of 2 Of whom do you speak in a style so severe?
Those who and war Torna Havan Leady posses;
Of your friend, dear Papa, your good Mrs. Bijou. bnA
As a monkey, who critics queer things to its note: She with wonderful of dawaa2 Gand, half Dutch,
That's ungrateful, dear Harriot—she's civil to you; And you should not indulge a satyrical vein.

LADY HARRIOT,

You forget, my dear Sir, how you often complain. That her low little pride, and nonfenfical whim, Have reduc'd your old friend to a pitiful trim; And I think the has made him so gloomy a flave, She has pent her good man in Trophonius's cave. Such to him was the temple of Hymen; for after He enter'd its vestibule,—farewell to laughter.

LORD SEEWELL.

Why, Harriot! you really are quite acrimonious: But if you call wedlock the cave of Trophonius, Have a care, if that cavern you chance to step near! You love laughing too well to resign it, my dear.

LADY HARRIOT.

And therefore, the' woo'd like the nymph of Tobofo, I never will marry an old virtufo, Who thinks himself bleft with taste, science, and worth, Because he picks up all the odd things on earth .-When a pathon for art, or for nature, is join'd With a warm friendly heart, and a liberal mind. I respect the pure taste which that union produces, Free from vanity's fordid fantastic abuses. Tho' I do not possess it, I see and commend Such taste, dear Papa, both in you and your friend; But I view with an utter contempt, I confess, Those who awkwardly ape what you really possess: And for Mrs. Bijou, the has just as much foul As a monkey, who carries queer things to its hole: She with wonderful gusto, half Gothic, half Dutch, Like an old squirrel, hides all she can in her hurch.

Caretess.

An excellent portrait! and true, I protest, For I've just had a peep at the old squirrel's nest.

LADY HARRIOT.

Pray, fince we together her closet inspected, What whimsical rarities has the collected?

CARELESS.

O, before I could count half the baubles she buys, I could tell you the name of each star in the skies: Her sphere is too wide for my genius to scan it; But I know what she reckons her Georgian planet, Her newly found star—which to-night, if you're free, Thro' a glass she perhaps may allow you to see.

LADY HARRIOT.

What wonder is this?—is it flesh, fish, or fowl?
A Lilliput dog? or a Brobdignag owl?
Or is it a remnant for Joseph's odd coat?

he bin of This CARELESSIA ub f . 119

It is fomething once held by a person of note In our island; and now I defy you to guess.

LADY HARRIOT! IN SET IS WEST

Is it Essex's ring? or the rust of Queen Bes? Or Alfred's cake-toaster? or Rizzio's siddle? Pray tell me!—I hate to be teaz'd by a riddle.

Wert any worths all thead. I senice you are here.

In short, 'tis a night-cap, not worth half a groat,
Which she for a guinea has luckily bought;
Because this old fragment of worsted, she vows,
Once serv'd as a crown for poor Chatterton's brows:

Database T

Tho' I think we should find, if we knew the whole truth, That cap was ne'er seen by that wonderful youth.

I've i've julbad a protant HARRIOTA a bed die ev't av't

Now, Chatterton! boast, that thy ill-stated verse Can teach antiquarians to open their purse!

Yet hadst thou, in misery, su'd for that guinea,

Its mistress had call'd thee a vain rhyming ninny;

And prov'd, to thy grief, by the style of her giving,

Virtuoso's have little esteem for the living.

Lord Seewell od nov let blood

Come, Harriot! I must stop the tide of your wit,
Tho, you're now on a topic you don't love to quit.

. sat or (To Mr. Beril) and and a soul !

We must take our leave—Many thanks for our plea-

Mr. Cycle, remember!—your first day of leifure!—
You sha'n't stir, my dear Beril, you sha'n't leave your
friend:

Here is Careless, you know, on the girls to attend. Let us see you together, and thortly!—Adieu!

Below let me whisper a few words to you!

Mr. Beriland Mr. Cycle. 3011 2 2011 11 11

Or Alfred Scane-conference of the Alexander of the Alexan

Well, my worthy old friend, I rejoice you are here, And that now you are known to that excellent peer; Who, free from all pride, affectation, and vanity, Unites useful virtue to pleasing urbanity; Plain, simple, sincere, yet of judgment resn'd, And fond of the arts, as they're friends to mankind;

Ennobled

Ennobled much less by his birth than his spirit, The model of Honor, and patron of Merit! But how have you done for this age? and what plan, For the profit of science, or service of man, Brings you now from your fav'tice sequester'd retreat? Whate'er the occasion, I'm glad that we meet; Tho' I meant to be with you ere next fummer's fun.

And why not allow me to

Mr. Cycle, Sive and solid root I know, my dear Beril, that you are not one Whose welcome will suddenly fink i to forrow, When I tell you, I now visit London to borrow in 10 348

Mr. Berl, Mr. Dwal asMC relen.

If I'm able to levy the fum you require, The world can scarce give me a pleasure much higher, W Than that of atlifting a friend, to whose mind so buit of I have infinite debts of a far deeper kind. I be beine and T I can never forget what I owe to your care; not so now a In the frenzy of defolate love and despair; When my reason had yielded to pathon's wild strife, Your friendship alone reconsil'd me to life. But tell me, dear Cycle, what fum will fuffice?

MR. CYCLE. M

You must know, I have lately been led to devise divided A scheme for the poor of and roll angelor solved on all and T

And nothing, I know the Beam of more weight.

My dear friend, at your leifure I'll hear your benevolent projects with pleasure; But farther discourse you must let me prevent, On the fource of your wants, till I know their extent; 10 ? For indeed I can't rest, till I'm happily sure That whatever you wish I have means to procure! 1413 114

CARRILESS.

Mr. Cycli.

Not to keep you in doubt, then, my dear ardent friend, 'I' we thousand, I fancy, will answer my end: The one I am promis'd to day from Bljou; For the other, I own, I've depended on you.

Mr. Beril.

And why not allow me to furnish the whole?—
Poor Bijou has a wife with no liberal foul;
If any demur in that quarter you fee,
I entreat you to take all you wish for of me.
But of this more anon—here is Careless return'd.

Mr. Beril, Mr. Cycle, and Careless.

CARELESS. I ad erst of alde mild

Well! my worthy philosopher, a'n't you concern'd To find our friend still unsupply'd with a wife, Thus form'd as he is for the conjugal life?

As you're fond of new schemes for the good of the nation,

To revive wedded love, that old, obsolete passion, And bring honest Hymen again into sustain.

MR. CYCLE.

In truth, my dear Tom, I am quite of your mind,
There is no better scheme for the good of mankind;
And nothing, I know, that could give it more weight,
Than the grace which our friend would bestow on that
state.

Mr. Berii.

You are merry, good friends!-I subscribe to your

My gravity's fit for the conjugal yoke!

CARELESS,

CARELESS.

I am ferious, indeed, and have often prepar'd, That had I a fifter, for wedlock prepar'd, Of all men in the world, if you'd deign to embrace her, In your arms it would make me most happy to place her. \ But you're courted too much to be eafily won; He, whom many are fond of, can fix upon none.

MR. BERIL.

Indeed, my dear Tom, you are wrong on this theme.-In return for a proof of your cordial esteem, I'll tell you the reason, with frankness and truth, Why no nymph has fupply'd the loft love of my youth: There is one, whose mild virtue and elegant grace. The dear girl I deplore in my heart might replace; But my fortune's too humble for her rank of life, Tho' she may be your fifter, she can't be my wife.

CARELESS. Would you wed Lady Frances?

MR. CYCLE.

The lady I've feen ?-She is like poor Sophia in feature and mien.

Sand of Mr. Berit. Do wit all revolon!

You are right, my dearfriend; -it was that very thought Led my heart to attach itself more than it ought: But my reason considers her rank and her station, And forbids me to form any rath expectation. Nor would I attempt to engage her affection, Without the least hope of our happy connection.

om of it gara Carebess, leo nov enting a

More honor than forefight you shew by this strain. Be bold !- there is nothing you may not attain .-

sidT'

More

THE TWO CONNOISSEURS:

More of this when we meet !- I must now say adieu.

MR. CYCLE.

That had I ber ter I So must I-for you know my appointment at two.

and early at anger Mr. Berit. Bear it mis they of

But I hope, my good friends, you will both dine with me.

MR. CYCLE.

For myfelf, I'll return to you foon after three.

CARELESS.

I'll tell von therentled I am griev'd to refuse such a frank invitation: But to tell you the truth-I've a kind affignation.

BERIL Cough I In wolten

Love and pleasure attend you! I bo the may be you piter, the way't be see car)

168

CARELESS.

Dear Beril, adieu!

Let us all meet to-night at the house of Bijou!

The Drawing Room of Mrs. Bijou.

MRS. Bijou (speaking as she enters.)

on Alle Cycle, or

Look over the flair-case! and tell me who knocks!

You are right, more entired of the Jones of micros thought.

Mr. Varnish is come, with a thing in a box.

neitale Mas. Bijou. mit of en spidel bat.

A thing in a box!—You're a horrible Goth: But as you're to leave me, I'll stifle my wrath. 'Tis a picture, you oaf! bid him bring it to me.

Some cabinet jewel I now hope to fee, a stady - blod all

More

A COMEDY, IN RHYME. 169
This intelligent Varnish my patronage courts, And I get the first peep at whate er he imports. Mrs. Bijou and Mr. Varnish. Well, Varnish! Mr. Varnish.
Dear Madam, with most humble duty,
I have brought you a gem of unparagon'd beauty.
thank you, good V .votid SesMar is the price?
Good Varnish! what is it?
You never saw one in such brilliant condition.
Mrs. B1100.4
And what is the Subject Man V , or & et b. aband adgi-
Here's a feast for the eye that knows how to survey it? Here's a Joseph!—I ne'er saw his like in my life. And pray, Ma'am, observe what a Potiphar's wife!

Here's a feast for the eye that knows how to survey it!
Here's a Joseph!—I ne'er saw his like in my life.

And pray, Ma'am, observe what a Potiphar's wise!
How chaste the design! yet the colours how warm!
What tints in each face! and what life in each form!
Pray! Madam, remark how he struggles to sty!
We hear him exclaiming, "No, Mistress! not!"

I proced, your remark is the entire and ne

It feems very fine, and has striking expression.—
Was it ever in any great person's possession?

Mus.

Mr. VARNISH.

Not a foul here has feen it, except a poor Peer, For whom it was bought:—but, alas! 'twas too dear.

His

His steward, my friend—but I must not be rash. And betray a good Earl, with more gusto than cash .-Our Lords are all poor, and fo ruin'd my trade is. I should starve, were it not for you well-judging ladies. There's my old Lady Ogle-nud, had she a peep, Would certainly buy it before the would fleep: But having receiv'd many favours from you, I made it a point you should have the first view.

Mas. Bifou. Het ad word syst 1

I thank you, good Varnish .- But what is the price? Cood Variab!

MR. VARNISH.

She'd give me a thousand, I know, in a trice, And buy fome companions besides, if I had 'em; But I'll leave it with you for eight hundred, dear Mudam.

Mas. Bijou.

Eight hundred !- Sure, Varnish, that fum is too much.

MAN VARNISHINAY LEM

Dear Madam, observe what a delicate touch! See how finely 'tis pencil'd! and what prefervation! There is not, I know, fuch a gem in the nation; And Italy has not a brighter, I'm fure. The figures to glowing! the flory to pure!-Good ladies would never have wandering spoules, If they'd only hang fubjects like this in their houses. MRS. Bijov.

I protest, your remark is ingenious and new: You have gusto in Morals as well as Virtu.

MR. VARNISH (afide.)

I have hopes that my hint will assist our transaction, For the old dame is jealous, they fay, to distraction. Mrs. Brjou.

Well! I own, Mr. Varnill, your picture is fine.—
If my hufband is rich, it shall quickly be mine.
Here he comes to decide it.

Enter Mr. Bijou.

Mrs. Bijou.

You are luckily come to complete my delight.

Mr. Varnish has been so exceedingly kind,

As he knows on a Titian I've long fet my mind,
To bring me the finest I ever furvey'd:
And as we have often befriended his trade,

He offers to leave it a bargain with us.

Ma. Bijou.

Its merit or price it is vain to difcus:
Tho' the picture possesses so tempting an air,
At present, my dear, I've no money to spare.

Mas. Bijou.

Mr. Varnish, pray step in the parlour below!

Our final resolve you shall presently know.

Mr. VARNISH.

Dear Madam, for hours I'll wait on your pleasure; And I beg you will note all its beauties at leisure.

(Afide, as be goes out.)

Now fuccess to the sex !—Be this struggle more glorious!

May the Joseph be kind! and the Lady victorious!

Mrs. Bijov.

My dearest, you'll not let the picture depart,
When you see it has taken such hold on my heart!—

I really

I really can't rest, till a Titian we've got, That we may have something Lord Seewell has not. And as we expect him, you know, here to-night, I would shew him this piece with triumphant delight.

MR. Bijou.

I love to indulge all your wishes, my dear; But I'm quite out of cash.

Mas. Briou.

Nay! Bijou! I am clear

You have now all I want in your pecket.—Come! come! I know you went out to receive a large fum; And still have it about you.—I vow I will look.—Here it is!—here are notes in this little red book.

[Takes out bis Pocket-Book.

. MR. Bijov. at it sping to sinemial

Indeed, I must beg you that book to release to see the

At present, my dear, . woll B. Mass. M. to Care.

Here are ten, I declare, of an hundred apiece!—

l'll take just enough, and restore you the rest.

Mr. Bijou. Lot of the come of

I can't fuffer this freedom, my dear, I protest; For the notes are not mine, they belong to a friend.

Mrs. Bijov.

To a friend!—O! I guess, Sir, to whom you would lend.

Your fly-looking guest, Mr. Cycle's the man;
I know he was here on a borrowing plan.
Throw your thousand away on a charity bubble!
And leave your poor wife to vexation and trouble!

-- I was now no Bird doll make end the said

villa 1

Mr. Bijou.

Nay! my dear, be not vex'd!—you have misunderstood: The sum will be safe, and the interest good.

door Mrs. Bijou. A relation had

And what is the pitiful profit you'll raife,

Compar'd to the transport with which we should gaze

On the picture my fondness would have you posses,

For reasons the purest that wise can profess?

Unkind as you are!—I have reasons above

Even profit and pleasure!—the reason of love.

'Tis my aim, by this modest production of art,

To strengthen your virtue and chasten your heart.

If you daily survey an example so bright,

This model of continence ever in sight,

No naughty young women will tempt you to wander,

But your truth and your love will grow firmer and sonder.

MR. Bijou.

What a tender idea!—how virtuously kind!
What affection and taste! by each other refin'd!

Mrs. Bijou.

But if for a poor and a foolish projector, You can thwart a fond wife, can afflict and neglect her Go! go! I shall weep, while abroad you may roam, That your charity has no beginning at home.

Mr. Bijou.

It begins, and shall end there.—I'm melted, my dear!—You may keep all the notes!—Let me kis off that tear!

Mrs. Bijou.

Now again you're my own, dear, delightful Bijou!

And the Titian is mine, and my love will be true!

[Exit in great base.

Some

Mr. Bijou (alone.)

Such virtuous endearments what heart could refift? Yet I fear by poor Cycle this sum will be miss'd. And what shall I say for failure?—In sooth, I think 'twill be fairest to tell him the truth: And, sage as he is, he perhaps too has selt That gold, at the breath of a woman, will melt—As I live, here he is! and I look rather small, With a pocket so empty, to answer his call.

Enter Mr. Cycle.

Mr. Bijou.

Mr. Cycle, you're come, and I'm really confus'd; But I know the mischance will by you be excus'd. In notes I had got you the thousand complete; They were all in this pocket—

MR. CYCEE.

Have not pick'd it, I hope, in the builte of ftrife?

Mr. Bijoua

It was pick'd, I confess, by the hand of my wife;
But for reasons so pure, in so tender a mode—

MR. CYCLE.

I am happy the fum is so justly bestow'd.

Mr. Bijou.

I know you'll forgive, when I come to explain.

Mr. CYCLE.

Dear Bijou! let me fave you at once from that pain; And affure you, with truth, that I now really come. As ready to quit, as to take up the fum;

Since

Since Beril's so kind, that, without my desire, He has offer'd me all that my wants can require.

Mr. Bijou.

I protest, I am glad you have sound such a friend;
But if you hereaster should wish me to lend,
I beg you will call without scruple on me.—
Your worthy friend Beril to-night we shall see;
And Seewell, in gusto the first of our Earls,
Will be here with his daughters, two delicate girls!
To prove, my good friend, your forgiveness is hearty,
Let me hope you will kindly make one of the party!

MR. CYCLE.

Most chearfully !

MR. Bijou.

Well!—I am griev'd, I must say,
That I cannot detain you to dinner to-day;
But to tell you the truth, when for these gala nights,
My wise is preparing to shew her fine sights,
She spends so much time in adjusting her shelves,
That we take a cold snack in the kitchen ourselves.
So I'm sure you'll excuse it.

MR. CYCLE.

And I'm forry, my friend, I've intruded forlong,

Mrs Bijou, I have a liter w

We have time enough yet-do not hurry away !

Mr. CYCLE.

It really grows late.

Mr. Bijou.
I won't press you to stay,

Ac

As at night o'er our concert you'll come to prefide. I am heartily glad all your wants are supply'd.

MR. CYCLE.

Indeed, I believe you, my honest Bijou! So, till night, fare you well! made soft and to hand

Mr. Brjog. Latter por soll My dear Cycle, adieu!

Will be lerous the second act.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

Let me hope you will kindly make one of the party!

'Hat I cannot derain you to dinner to-day;

Mr. Cyene.

Buf to rell you till well, or o' Charles, water inghts, My wife it proparing to they her one figure.

en had I may not the day

SCENE, L.

Lord Seewell and Lady Harriot.

LADY HARRIOT.

E. Eurene

LAR Papa, don't betray me !-her delicate mind Would be wounded, I know, and would think me un-We have time enough vet-do not bury: brik!

So far from allowing, what now I impart, She herfelf little knows the true state of her heart. it could grove late.

LORD SEEWELL.

Believe me, my dear, I with pleasure survey The fifterly fondness you warmly display.

But

(

E

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A

But you, who for others fo sensibly feel,
May here be the dupe of affectionate zeal;
And I hope you're mistaken.

LADY HARRIOTS A VISIBLE SAT

My dear Sir, observe! You may trace her attachment in every nerve: If I name Mr. Beril in some idle tale, Poor Fanny will blush, and as often turn pale. In his absence still more and more pensive she grows. Yet thinks not from whence her uneafiness flows. And when he returns, tho' her pleasure is meek. Yer the glow of content may be feen on her cheek; And her heart, as if fully confol'd by his fight, Appears to repose in a tranquil delight. Dear Papa, you'll perceive, if you'll open your eyes, That from none but herself she her love can disguise. . . • One other exception perhaps we may find, As I think Mr. Beril is equally blind, And robb'd, like herfelf, of the talent of feeing, By that diffident love, which denies its own being.

LORD SEEWELL.

I hope this attachment, which neither has shewn, Exists, my good girl, in your fancy alone.

LADY HAPRIOT.

Why fo, my dear Sir?—Should it prove, as you fear, I hope, dear Papa, that you won't be severe. Consider the delicate frame of my sister!
But I know you've a heart that can never resist her, If you once clearly see she has fixt her affection, Tho' she own not her wishes for such a connection; As you know that her nature's so modest and meek, She would die from concealment before she would speak.

Vol. III, that and one K. that or my long have

I have strength to encounter the crosses of life, And to make my part good, as a daughter or wife: But our gentle sweet Frances is ill-form'd to bear The undeserv'd load of vexation and care; And therefore should wed, unregardful of pelf, A husband as tender and mild as herself.

LORD SEEWELL.

Your reasoning, I think, is not perfectly just. In the kindness of Beril perhaps I might trust; But the motive you urge for this union, my dear, Is what, I confess, would awaken my fear. As you say, your mild fifter should never be harrass'd. By those various ills with which life is embarrass'd, I should guard her from all the vexations that wait. On a liberal mind with a narrow estate:

And if Beril had thoughts of becoming my son, Had I not more objections, yet this must be one.

LADY HARRIOT.

I'll remove it, my Lord, for indeed this is all:
As you think they'll be pinch'd by an income too small,
You shall add to their fortune, and large it will be,
Two thirds of the portion you've destin'd for me.

LORD SEEWELL.

Dear Harriot! I'm charm'd with thy foul, I confess; Thou're a generous girl—to a noble excess.

LADY HARRIOT.

To that name, dear Papa, I've no title, indeed, As I only give up what I never can need. In your house all my wants will, I know, be supply'd; And if I should leave it, as Careles's's bride, The liberal heir of so large an estate Will not grieve that my fortune has sunk in its weight.

Or should my swain frown at the change in my purse, He may e'en take old Themis for better for worse; For the', I consess, he has won my regard, Yet the knot of my love is not twisted so hard, But 'twill slip in a moment, if ever I see That he's rather more fond of my putse than of me.

Lord Seeweld.

'Tis a pity, the friendly illusions of youth
Cannot instantly turn into substance and truth.
Your affectionate fancy, my dear, is delighted
With the dream of beholding two persons united,
Whom you foundly suppose only form'd for each other.

LADY HARRIOT.

I should like Mr. Beril, I own, for my brother, Because I'm convinc'd, that no mortal on earth, In manners, in temper, in talle, and in worth, Is form'd so exactly to suit such a wife.

On their lasting attachment I'd venture my life.

LORD SERWELL.

Your warm heart, my good girl, your young judgment deceives,

And what the first wishes the second believes.

Dear Harriot, to this functed match there may be Many bars, which your eyes are unable to see:

A mistress conceased with a young little fry—

ve me great plea-

binA

d:

Or

LADY HARRIOT.

Should an angel declare it, the fact I'd deny;
For had Berit been load d with such a connection,
In his eyes I had never perceived his affection.
But I'll presently solve any don'ts of this kind,
As I'm soon to be told the true state of his mind;
For Careless has promised—

K 2

LORD

LORD SEEWELL.

O fie! my dear, fie!
Your intemperate zeal has now rifen too high.
I am really concern'd at your great indifferetion.

LADY HARRIOT.

Nay! but hear me, my Lord!—I have dropt no expression,

No! not one fingle hint, that could truly discover.
Why in such a research I commission'd my lover!
Don't think, dear Papa, I'd my sister betray!

Enter a Servant.

SERVANT.

Mr. Beril, my Lord, fent this letter.

LORD SEEWELL.

y a mainted Stay! flay! hard at

Does any one wait for an answer below ? miles 110 110 100

SERVANT.

No, my Lord; the man's gone. The stand and water

LORD SEEWELL.

Very well! you may go!

[Exit Servant.

LADY HARRIOT. Done Strikin /

Should this be an offer!—'twould give me great pleafure;

But I fear he's too modest to take such a measure.—

Dear Papa! does he venture on any advances?

LORD SERWELL VISION IN HIT WELL

There, my dear!—you'll not find any mention of Frances;

And

And I think by the note, which to you I refign, Your conjectures are not fo well founded as mine.

LADY HARRIOT (perufing the Letter.)

"Occasion for money."——" The statue to you!"—
I'm amaz'd—and can hardly believe it is true.
He never would part with so dear a possession,
But for some urgent reason.

LORD SEEWELL.

You fee his confession: His strong call for money is frankly declar'd; And I fear his small fortune is greatly impair'd.

LADY HARRIOT.

These tidings, indeed, give me real concern:
But the source of this step I will speedily learn.
Careless soon will be here.—I will make him discover;
And till we know all, give no peace to my lover.—
But, now, my dear Lord, by this note you may find,
How the heart of my sister is really inclin'd:
I'm convinc'd this will prove her affection is strong.
Here she comes for the trial—pray see if I'm-wrong.

LORD SEEWELL.

Well, my dear, I will try, by an innocent plot, If your fifter has really this passion or not.

Enter Lady Frances.

LORD SEEWELL.

Dear Fanny, you're come our concern to partake, For we both are much griev'd for our friend Beril's sake.

LADY FRANCES.

Mr. Beril! dear Sir, -Is he hurt? -Is he kill'd?

LORD

LORD SEEWELL.

No!-with terrors too lively your bosom is fill'd. My dear, how you tremble !- But I was to blame, To raise this alarm in your delicate frame. He is well; but some crosses of fortune, I fear, Make him fell what he justly consider'd so dear. You will see by this letter .- (Afide, to Lady Harriot.) Ah, Harriot, 'cis fa;

The excess of her fear from affection must flow!

LADY FRANCES.

How painful to him must the exigence be, Which extorts from his hand the agreement I fee! How cruel! for him to relinquish a treasure, Whence his elegant spirit deriv'd so much pleasure! But I trust, dear Papa, that your generous mind Will not now press the bargain he once has declin'd And, fcorning to profit by any diffres, Will not catch at the gem he still ought to posses,

LORD SBEWELL and bonnies

My dear, can I now, what I offer'd, withhold? And should I, the statue no less would be fold.

tol to LADY PRANCES, I TES VOL HAW

Perhaps, if you chose half its value to lend, will me all From fo galling a fale you might rescue your friend!

LORD SEEWELL.

I am pleas'd, my dear girl, with your spirit, I own, But these are bad times for a dangerous loan; And, to tell you the truth in this knotty affair, I have just at this crisis no money to spare. But I'll frankly explain our finances to you, And you shall instruct me in what I shall do .-

As I've feen that old fathers, tho' reckon'd most fage,
Often injure a child by the frolicks of age,
That you may not suffer from sollies like these,
I have just now confign'd to the care of trustees
All I've sav'd for you both:—so if I prove unsteady,
You are safe.—When you wed, both your fortunes are
ready.

LADY FRANCES.

How kind, my dear Sir, is whatever you do! But no child was e'er hurt by a parent like you.

LADY HARRIOT.

I must smile, dear Papa, at your terrors of slipping; They who take such precautions are seldom found tripping.

But if in old age your philosophy varies, I protest I'll forgive you for any vagaries.

LORD SEEWEEL.

Very well, Madam Harriot! remember your word! I shall claim your indulgence, if e'er I'm absurd. But as what I have done our loose money secures. I no longer can touch what I've firmly made yours.

LADY FRANCES.

Let the fortune of Harriot be facred, I pray,
For not very distant is her wedding-day.
But as I am convinc'd I shall not wed at all,
Let my portion, Papa, answer every call:
I must beg you to look on it still as your own;
And if it may serve for so timely a loan,
It can't give me more joy, whatsoever my station,
Than by saving your friend from such mortification.

LORD SEEWELL.

My dear girls! you are both the delight of my life: May each warm-hearted daughter be bleft as a wife!-What I faid was but meant your kind spirit to try, For the wants of our friend I can amply supply. Of esteem it will please me to give him a proof, And preserve the fine statue still under his roof.

Enter a Servant.

. DOY SERVANT. WE SERVANT.

Mr. Careless, my Lord!

LADY HARRIOT.

Now the whole I shall know.

Going.

LORD SEEWELL.

Stay !-

SERVANT.

Ha wishes to see Lady Harriot below.

LORD SEEWELL.

Being equally anxious this point to discover, We will all, my dear Harriot, attend on your lover.

Exeunt.

SCENE, the Apartments of Mrs Bijou.

MR. Bijou.

Where the deuce is my wife ?-All her ranities plac'd! Her apartments adjusted with exquisite taste! Some difaster has happen'd, or the would be here, Where she ought to be waiting to welcome the Peer; And I fancy I heard her in anger below.

Enter Mrs. Bijou, in great Agitation.

Ma. Bijou.

What's the matter, my love?

Joe and Mas. Bijou. I shi to soo a fall

O, my dear, fuch a blow! I really had fwoon'd, if vexation and wrath Had not quicken'd my spirits, to scold at the Goth. That awkward old Joan!—an unmannerly minx! Has knock'd off the hipple, my dear, from a Sphinx: And now on our chimney it cannot be plac'd, With a wound so indelicate maim'd and disgrac'd. But I've happily got these two Griffins of gold, In the room of the Sphinxes, our candles to hold.

Mr. Bijou.

My dear, the exchange is most lucky and right.

For Sphinx is an awkward dispenser of light;

But whether your Griffin's of gold or of copper,

A slame from his mouth is exceedingly proper.

. Mrs. Bijou. .

By your lessons, my love, I improve in Virtu:
All the gusto I have, I have gather'd from you.—
I have fixt the Great Mummy, my dear, to the wall,
Lest the pert Lady Harriot should give him a fall:
She'd be glad to throw down my old king, out of spite;
And I would not be vext in our triumph to-night.
I know our new picture will stir up her gall,
And this Titian will make us the envy of all.
My dear, don't you think it looks well by this light?

Mr. Bijou.

The colours, indeed, are uncommonly bright.

Mas. Bilou.

What a beautiful youth is this Joseph!—I swear, I am more and more charm'd with this delicate air, I delight in him more since I've found, dear Bijou, That in one of his features he's very like you.

Mr. Bijou.

Where can you, my dear, any likeness suppose?

Mrs. Bijav. bio ta wake in

I protest he has got the true turn of your nose;

Not the aquiline curve, but a little Socratio:

And his eye stastes fire, that is chastly ecstatio.

There's a rap at our door! and I hope my Lord's comes

If vexation and envy do not strike him dumb.

I think he'll harangue, like a critic of Greece,

On the exquisite charms of this beautiful piece!

I long to behold how he's touch'd by the sight:

But I know that his envy will sink his delight.

The moment be sees it, he'll think his luck cruel.

In missing so precious a cabinet jewel.

Enter Mr. Beril and Mr. Cycle.

Mr. Bijou.

Dear Cycle, I take this exceedingly kind;
And I hope you've not left your Cremona behind.
In your prefence to-night I most truly rejoice,
And thall call for the aid of your hand and your voice,
(As my wife gives a fining little concert below)
When you've seen what her upper apartments can shew.

Mr. CYCLE.

You may freely command me, my friend, as you please.

Mrs. Bijou.

You're a judge, Mr. Beril, of treasures like these,

And

And I'm eager to shew you a Titian, that's new Since we last had the joy of a visit from you.

MR. BERIL.

The story is told, Ma'am, with striking expression.

MRS. BIJOU.

Don't you envy my husband this brilliant possession?

I thought you'd burst forth into rapturous praise;

But with no keen delight on this picture you gaze!

Mr. Beril.

To confess, Ma'am, the truth, I'm a whimsical being.

And a subject like this I've no pleasure in seeing.

On jour lovely sex 's a satire most bitter,

That ill-nature may laught at, and levity titter:

But I'm griev'd, when an artist has lavish'd his care

On a story that seems a disgrace to the Fair.

Mas. Bijou.

Our fex's chief lustre, I own, it obscures: But think what a lesson it offers to yours!

Enter Lady Harriot, Lady Frances, Lord Seewell, and Mr. Careless.

MR. Bijou.

My dear Lord, I this instant was withing for you.
Your voice is decisive in points of Virtu;
And you're come in the moment to end an odd strife,
In a matter of taste about Poriphar's wife.—
Should her story be painted?—We want your decision;
And here is the picture that caus'd our division.

LORD SEEWELL.

Ha! my poor old acquaintance!—But how, dear Bijou, !
How the deuce could this picture find favor with you?
I hope that rogue Varnish has play'd you no trick.—
You have paid no great price—

MRS.

wall.

Mrs. Bijou.

Sure, my Lord, you ne'er look'd on this picture before?

LORD SEEWELL.

Dear Madam! 'tis one that I turn'd out of door;
And, as I may aid you to 'scape from a fraud,
I'll proceed to inform you, I bought it abroad,
To relieve the distress of an indigent youth,
Who copied old Masters with spirit and truth;
And when it came home, as I valu'd it not,
My steward, by chance, this gay surniture got.
To a new house of his it has lately been carried;
And as your friend Varnish his daughter has married,
I suppose the sly rogue by this picture has try'd,
To encrease the small fortune he gain'd with his bride.
Search the garment of Joseph! you'll find on its hem,
And within a dark fold, the two letters T. M.

MRS. BIJOU.

Aye! there is the mark!—we are cheated, we're plunder'd.

That infamous villain, to ask me eight hundred!— But the law shall restore it.

MR. Bijou.

See! Mrs Bijou.

See the fruits of my hasty indulgence to you!

LORD SEEWELL.

Chear up, my old friend!—'Tis my wish that this night
May be witness to nothing but peace and delight.

Pll engage to make Varnish your money restore;
And perhaps this adventure may save you much more.

All we old connoisseurs, if the truth we would own,
Have, at times, been outwitted with canvass or stone:
But here's one, whose example our tribe now invites
To correct our mistakes, and improve our delights.
Here's Beril, tho' blest with a treasure most rare,
That with sew works of art will admit of compare,
Gives up the proud joys, that on such wealth attend,
For the nobler delight of assisting a friend!

MR. BERIL.

My Lord! you amaze me; how could you divine?—
O, Careless! your zeal has betray'd my design.

LORD SEEWELL.

You have fixt on the traitor, yet are not aware,
That you're almost involv'd in a dangerous snare:
But I'll shew you this traitor's accomplice, my friend,
And tell you what mischief these plotters intend.
You must know, Tom and Harriot in concert pursue
Their dark machinations 'gainst Frances and you:
They have sworn you've a tender esteem for each other,
Which you both have in modesty labour'd to smother.
If your charge can be prov'd, I your freedom restrain,
And sentence you both to the conjugal chain.

MR. BERILL

O, my Lord! that I love Lady Frances, is true;
Yet I could not avow it to her, or to you:
But to force my confession, such means you employ,
I almost may call them the torture of joy.
I'm o'erwhelm'd with turprize, with delight, and with
dread.

Lest I falsely have heard the kind things you have said. Speak! my dear Lady Frances, my anguish relieve! Does this tumult of hope my wild fancy deceive? LADY FRANCES.

I so long have my father's indulgence confest, That against his decrees I shall never protest.

MR. BERIL.

O, how shall I thank thee, dear pride of my life !

LORD SEEWELL.

By cherishing still in the mind of your wife,
Such generous feelings as you have display'd.—
From my hand, my dear Beril, receive the kind maid!
Your statue is not more indebted to art,
Than she is to nature for molding her heart.
They both shall be yours; both the statue and bride!
And the wants of your friend shall no less be supply'd.—
Being free from one modish and wealth-wasting vice,
From those pests of our order, the turf and the dice,
I enjoy, my dear children, the fortunate power,
Of securing your bliss by an affluent dower.
Your quiet shall ne'er by your income be hurt,
Which shall equal your wish, tho' below your desert.

MR. BERIL.

Of your kindness, my Lord, I so feel the excess, That my voice cannot speak what my heart would express.

MR. BIJOU.

I am charmed, my dear Lord, by your choice of a fon.

LORD SEEWELL.

I know, my old friend, you'll approve what I've done.
You and I, dear Bijou, wanting proper correction,
Have on vanity lavish'd the dues of affection.
We have both fquander'd cash on too many a whim;
But in taste let us take a new lesson from him!

And

And rate our improvements in real Vistu,

By the generous arts he may teach us to do!

To remember this truth is the connoisseur's duty;

"A benevolent deed is the essence of beauty."

MR. Bijou.

I confess, I too oft have been vanity's fool:
But shall hope to grow wife, my good Lord, in your school.

And, as mirth should be coupled with wisdom, I'll go.
And see if the siddles are ready below.

[Exit.

LORD SEEWELL.

To-night, my dear Madam, you must not look graves.
Tho' Varnish has prov'd such an impudent knave,
I promise to make him your money resund.

MRs. Bijou.

With surprize and vexation I almost was stunn'd;
But depending, my Lord, on your friendly assistance,
I am ready to drive all chagrin to a distance,
And to share in the joy of our dear happy guests.

MR. BERIL.

What I owe to you, Careless, this fair one attests:
And our fifter, I hope, if I dare use the name,
From your friendship will judge of your love's ardent
flame.

And, short'ning your rigorous term of probation, Now fill your kind heart with complete exultation.

LADY HARRIOT.

The warm blaze of our joy, I affure you, dear brother, With the cold damp of prudery I will not smother. Your friend has for you play'd so feeling a part, I consess, I am charm'd with his spirit and heart.

THE TWO CONNOISSEURS.

192

As in law and long courtship he likes not to drudge,

I will make him at once my comptroller and judge.

CARELESS.

I with transport and pride the dear office embrace!

LORD SEEWELL.

And long may you fill it with spirit and grace!

My voice, my dear Careless, confirms her election;

And I give her with joy to your tender direction.

For sealing, dear Tom, you may fix your own day,

Without dreading from law any irksome delay,

As your father and I have, with friendly advances,

Already adjusted your nuptial finances.

MR. BIJOU (entering.)

Our musicians below are all ready, my Lord:
Of pleasure you teach us to touch the true chord.
I've selected a sew little pieces to-night,
That are suited, I hope, to the present delight.—
May we all think this day the best day of our life!
It will prove so, I'm sure, both to me and my wise.
If a bargain should tempt us, we will not be rash,
But remember the Titian, and pocket our cash.
To Friendship and Want all we can we will give,
And buy no more baubles as long as we live.

And, doginang your algorous term of probations. Now his your sind have with complete exultance.

The wrom plaze of our joint affine you, deer brother, With the cold damp of prodict I self-nor another, Your found has for you play to heeling a part. I confels, I am charm'd with his upine and heart.

LORD RUSSEL;

A TRAGEDY,

OF THREE ACTS.

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PREFACE.

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TO A TERM

redder my performance

dramatic composition afforced me

I HAVE endeavoured to delineate, in the following Drama, an exact portrait of the noble Personage, whose name it bears; as I believe, that a more engaging model of public and private virtue can hardly be selected from the annals of any nation: although the extreme mildness of his temper, the simplicity of his manners, and, above all, his unaffected piety, are such qualities, as are very rarely admitted in the formation of a Trigic Hero.

SHT

To render my performance interesting to my country, I have adhered as closely to our history, as the nature of dramatic composition allowed me to do; and in points where I have varied from historical truth, such variations are, I trust, supported by dramatic probability.

In the spirited and judicious introduction to the lately-published letters of Lady Russel, the testimony of different Historians is collected concerning the sentiments of Charles the Second and his brother, on the impending fate of Lord Russel.

"In the Duke of Monmouth's Jour-

" nal, it is faid, that the King told him,

" he inclined to have faved the Lord

" Russel, but was forced to consent to

" his death, otherwise he must have

" broke with his brother the Duke of

"York."-Kennet.

THE sentence just quoted is, I hope, a sufficient soundation for the conduct which I have assigned to Charles; whose character indeed was such, that siction can hardly impute to him any instance of irresolution, duplicity, and salsehood, which the tenor of his life will not bring within the limits of theatrical credibility.

THE candid reader will readily allow the liberty I have taken, in laying the scene in the Tower, after Russel's condemnation; as it affords many advantages to the conduct of the play.

In compliance with that respect, which dramatic authors have lately paid to the Clerical character, I have not introduced either Tillotson or Burnet among the persons of the drama, though the latter was so constant an attendant on the captivity of my Hero; an omission which

sero tractised by sained the nither

I HAVE many obligations to the journal written by Burnet, at the request of Lady Russel, which contains all the minute circumstances that occurred, during the imprisonment, and at the execution of her Lord. This very interesting and pathetic narrative is printed in the General Dictionary, under the article Ruffel. I have not only taken from it many of the fentiments, which I have affigned to him in this Tragedy, but I have fometimes adopted the very words, that were really uttered by Lord Ruffel; and this I have done, not only from an affectionate admiration of his character. STORT

PREFACE.

character, but from a despair of surpassing the elegant simplicity, and the force of his expression.

The offer relating to his escape, so generously made, and so nobly resused, is a fact universally known, and must render the names of Cavendish and Russel an honour to your country, as long as magnanimity and friendship retain their just value in the estimation of mankind.

SCENE duding the fift As, in Bearing House,

Or said being the said of the court of the c

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LADY MARGARLT RUSSEL

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LADY RUSSELL

Persons of the Drama.

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KING CHARLES THE SECOND,

JAMES DUKE OF YORK,

EARL OF BEDFORD,

LORD RUSSEL,

LORD CAVENDISH,

MR. SPENCER,

LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER.

LADY RUSSEL, LADY MARGARET RUSSEL.

EMORES

OFFICERS, &c.

SCENE, during the first Ad, in BEDFORD House, and afterwards in the Tower.

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I

LORD RUSSEL. Ad living a second control of the least the lates.

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A C SCENE I.

Bedford and Lady Margaret Ruffel.

LADY MARGARET.

REST here, my gentle Father! nor again Expose your wearied age and wasted spirits To scenes of such dread influence to shake Each fibre of a heart that feels like yours!-I pray you rest with me!

BEDFORD. ton a sometast off

My tender child! Thanks to thy filial aid! my ftrength returns, And my reviving foul has gather'd force To bear the killing fight.—'Tis true, when first I faw my mild and unoffending fon, VOL. III.

Pride of my age! and England's dear resource In these disastrous days! when I beheld My blameless Russel at that bar arraign'd, Where only guilt and insamy should stand; When I beheld each servile judge support A lawless jury basely fram'd against him, Indignant anguish robb'd my wounded heart Of vital energy: quick from the court My hasty friends hurried my senseless frame, To this our quiet home: but since, my daughter, Thy kind endearing cares have now restor'd me, I will resume my station by thy brother, In these distressful moments:—to his side! Affection calls me, and paternal duty.

LADY MARGARET.

Forgive me, that I dare to thwart your wish, But from my generous brother I've receiv'd A kind injunction to detain your age From that afflicting scene. He has engag'd 'To tell us, by repeated messengers, Each petty circumstance that passes there. Already from the number of his friends He has selected one to bring us tidings: His faithful Spencer comes.

Enter Spencer.

BEDFORD.

What from my Son?

The sentence is not pass'd!

SPENCER.

No, my dear lord.
England is yet unfullied with the stain
That must disgrace her, if the sword of Justice
Turns to the murderous dagger of Revenge,

the local property of

To stab your virtuous son.—By his request

I come to soothe your anxious sufferings,

And to relate the process of a scene,

Where he conjures you to appear no more.

Beprordy

What perjur'd flaves have they suborned against him? How far has truth been wrong'd, and law been tortur'd, To frame those snares of legal death, in which They labour to involve incautious virtue? Have they not dealt most hardly with my son?

AND SPENCER . MAN O L'ANTINE

He has experienc'd fubtle cruelty From yenal rushians in the robes of justice But the base wrong his patient worth endures, and yall Is the dark foil which gives the diamond luftres to a sill When he requested aid for his defence, all a dainy all His keen infidious foes, who strongly fear'd Some upright advocate might fave their victim, Enjoin'd him to employ a fervant's hand. There rose indeed a servant at his side, Most eager for the task; but O! what words Can speak the fond surprize, and thrilling anguilty Which shook the bosom of each sad spectator, Who in that fervant faw his lovely wife? of anished The crowd, with eyes bedimin'd by frarting fears Of tenderest admiration, gaz'd upon her, And murmur'd kindest pray'rs, as they beheld Connubial love, in that angelic form, Thus firmly yielding unexpected fuccour To virtue flruggling in oppression's toils.

BEDEORD.

Most excellent of women! worthy offspring:

Of my departed friend, the good Southampton!

bana.

If Tyranny prevails against thy husband,
How shall the wretched Bedford's seeble age
Support thy widow'd heart? I can no more
Than in strict sellowship of bitterest forrow
Echo thy groans, and mourn our mutual loss.

LADY MARGARET.

Do not, dear father, do not yield so soon. To comfortless despair!—we yet may hope The radiant probity of Russel's life Will dissipate each dark and generous cloud That perjur'd Calumny can raise around him. Remember all the candor of his mind! Think how his temperate virtues have been prais'd By Envy's self! how to the gaze of youth His conduct has been held up as a book, In which all English eyes may read their duty, And learn the sairest path to spotless honour.

SPENCER.

If abject lawyers, and a venal jury,
Should violate the fanctity of justice
By Russel's condemnation, still his merits
Are grav'd so deeply on the Nation's breast,
He stands so firm the idol of her love,
Oppression's self will fear to execute
The sentence of the prostituted law
Against a life so priz'd.

BEDFORD.

Alas! my friend,
When did a tyrant, like vindictive York,
(For 'tis the Duke who thirsts for Russel's blood)
When did a spirit of that fullen temper,
Impell'd by rancorous hate, by bigot rage,

And abject terror, when did fuch a spirit
Respect the virtue, Nature made its soe,
And treacherous Fortune gave it power to crush?
But tell me of the scene from whence you come?
Say! what has been alledg'd against my son?
I have been told the sierce and subtle Jesseries,
The Duke's base agent in this bloody business,
Relies upon the evidence of Howard,
As the sure instrument of Russel's death:
Unprincipled he is, and prone to utter
What interest and fear may bid him swear.
What has he said? or is he yet unsummon'd?

SPENCER.

Before I left your son, the faithless Howard
Began his artful tale; but soon he falter'd,
With seign'd affliction of a dread event,
Which suddenly was rumour'd through the court,
And struck the throng'd assembly with such wonder,
Malice stood mute, and Persecution paus'd.
Fresh from the Tower the tidings came, that Essex,
From terrors of that bar, where Russel stood,
Had with rash violence rush'd out of life,
Ane stain'd his desperate hands in his own blood.

BEDFORD.

It cannot be! the firm, the gallant Essex Could never end his being so ignobly; And in the moment, when his generous soul Felt only for his Friend; his Russel's life Yet wavering in the balance.

SPENCER. Detrogg and me you

Such, my lord, Such is the comment of all honest hearts

On this dark story.—Heaven reveal the murder, And punish it, though in th' assassin's veins. The tainted stream of royal blood may flow!— Soon as the rumour reach'd your son, he bade me Attempt to penetrate this dark transaction, And bring you the result of all I heard; Adding, that in the instant of his doom, He would dispatch to you the noble Cavendish With tidings of his sentence.

BEDFORD.

Ah! my friend,
The fatal word, that ends his bleffed life,
Has rung already in my tortur'd ear;
For I have feen the venal band fuborn'd
To purchase, by the facrifice of truth,
The blood of her mild champion. There's his guilt,
'Tis that his pure and patriotic zeal,
Guiding the voice of an enlighten'd senate,
Has labor'd to preserve the throne of England
From that blood-thirsty bigot, at whose seet
Her laws now lie, in hasty prostitution,
Slaves to a tyrant yet uncrown'd; converted
From facred guards of slander'd innocence,
Into base engines of vindictive murder.

LADY MARGARET.

Alas! my father, thou hast judg'd too well:
Thy dreadful presage is too soon confirm'd:
Behold the zealous Cavendish! he comes;
With no quick step of joyous exultation;
But in his agitated gesture shews
A settled forrow, and a sierce despair.

Enter CAVENDISH.

I come, my lord, the wretched messenger
Of that accurst event, which my weak judgment,
Not reaching the extent of human baseness,
Had hastily pronounc'd beyond the line
Of possible injustice. All the crimes,
That coward Tyranny can wish committed,
Shall now have credit.—Russel is condemn'd.

LADY MARGARET.

O mockery of justice !—Righteous Heaven!
Yet interpose to save him!

BEDFORD.

My kind friend,
Thou but relatest what a father's eye
Foresaw too clearly, when I view'd the jury,
So justly challeng'd by my innocent son,

Marshall'd without the warrantry of law

To ensnare his life.

CAVENDISH.

Eternal infamy
Fall on the base affassins! chiefly sall
On those superior ministers of evil,
The treacherous guardians of our trampled laws,
Who in the robes of Heaven's high delegates
Perform the work of hell! from prostrate Justice
Wrest her pure sword, to stain it with the blood
Of her most faithful votary!

LADY MARGARET.

Yet-try,

Try, my dear father, ere it prove too late, By urgent intercessions to preserve him! Your friends are many, and, howe'er inflam'd. By the vile arts of fanguinary York, The king has still a tenderness of heart, That may incline to spare my gentle brother.

BEDFORD.

Alas! my daughter, cherish not too much A hope, whose cruel failure will impatt New poignancy to thy too keen affliction! All the mild virtues, which to thy pure sense Plead for thy brother's safety, in the ear Of envious Hate and terrished Oppression Cry loudly for his death.

CAVENDISH.

He shall not die.

What! though the blood-hound Jesseries has fasten'd.

His fangs upon him! though the barbarous judges.

Would make the temple of insulted Law.

The slaughter-house of Tyranny!—there yet.

Are means to turn the sharpen'd axe aside,

BEDFORD.

What would thy dauntless zeal?

And shield the life of their devoted victim.

CAVENDISH.

Your gentle fon

Has just fuch credit with this injur'd nation,

For public virtue, and deligns exempt

From every telfish bias of the foul,

Thousands would throw into extremest hazard

Their fortunes, and their being, to preserve

The dying martyr of defenceless freedom.

I hold it easy, in the very hour

Oppression

Oppression means to triumph in his blood,
With some selected horsemen to o'erpower
The slaves who guard him, ere they reach the scassfold,
And bear him swiftly to a safe retreat.
Applauding millions will assist his rescue,
And bless the efforts of his brave deliverers!

BEDFORD.

No! Cavendish! by friendship's holy ties,
That prompt thy generous purpose, I conjure thee
To think of it no further.

CAVENDISH.

What! my Lord, Shall we look tamely on, and by connivance Be made a party in this legal murder?

BEDFORD.

Dear ardent friend! there are disaftrous times,
And this is one of them, when all the functions
True courage is allow'd to exercise,
Are resignation and a brave endurance.
My word is given to thy kind thoughtful friend,
To check all desperate sallies of affliction,
All, that the fond intemperance of love
Could hazard for his safety.

CAVENDISH.

Generous Russel!

By Heaven 'tis happier far to share thy death,

Than live, to see our wretched country robb'd

Of all her hopes in thy unequal!'d virtue.

ericlei ac Bedfor b. mill 15's

To me much happier!—to a father's heart

It would be confolation and delight

To perish with his child; but there are duties

More painful to sustain than the short struggle

That ends our mortal being:—and to us

These duties now belong—let us remember

The trust that be bequeaths!—his wise! his children!

'Tis ours to live for them. Remember too

His noble answer to the princely Monmouth,

Offering to share his prison and his sate!

Did he not say, it would embitter death

To have his sriends die with him?

CAVENDISH.

O my Lord!

Your forrow is of pure and heavenly temper; Mine the fierce anguish of indignant frenzy: Pray pardon it!

BEDFORD.

Pardon thee! gallant spirit!
Thou bright example of exalted friendship!
Thou hast my love, my fondest admiration;
In my just heart thou rankest with my children,
And art the pillar, now my Russel falls,
'I hat my weak age must cling to for support.

CAVENDUSHED ENTROL DIESE DIESE

In duty, my dear Lord, though not in merit,
You may account me your's: and pitying Heaven
May yet, in mercy to a nation's prayers,
Spare to your virtuous age your worthier fon:
I cannot bend my spirit to admit
His fate inevitable: gracious Powers!
Who watch o'er suffering virtue, who inspire
The prosperous deeds of chance-defying friendship,
Assist my lab'ring and distracted brain,

Whofe

Whose faculties are on the rack to find Expedients to preserve our country's pride, The friend and champion of her faith and freedom, From the base stroke of tyrannous revenge!

BEDFORD.

Vain are those anxious thoughts: the vigilant eye Of keen Oppression will secure her victim. The nerveless arm of childhood could as soon Wrest from the tiger's gripe his bleeding prey, As we by violence deliver Ruffel From the vindictive York.

CAVENDISH (after a pause).

I thank thee, Heaven! The bright idea is, I feel, from thee: And it has chas'd the darkness of despair From my o'erclouded mind.

Bedford. What means thy ardour?

CAVENDISH.

Good angels have fuggefted to my foul A project yet to fave him. BOND THE REPORT OF

BEDFORD.

Name it! name it

CAVENDISH.

Your pardon, my dear Lord!—accept alone This firm affurance, that my new defigh Has nought of rath exertion to involve A fingle life in danger! of if one; It must be mine alone; and in this crisis,

How

How gladly shall I yield my life for his, And die triumphant in the blest exchange!

Exit.

LADY MARGARET.

Brave Cavendish!—He's gone—Ye saints of heaven, Is friendship, like your own, deserves your care, Go ever with him, and from all the perils, That wait the noble self-neglecting spirit, Protect him! and affish his godlike aim! Preserve this matchless pair of gallant friends, And let them shine the ornament of earth!

BEDFORD.

Thou pray'ft in vain, dear child!—-this dauntless friend,

Transcendent as he is in truth and honour, Can nought avail us: he must prove the dupe Of ardent passions and of sanguine virtue. If there's a ray of glimmering hope, that yet May faintly lead us through this night of horror, It cannot rife from any bright endowments In those we love, but rather from the vice, The abject vice, that glares in our oppressors. Our tyrants are necessitous, and thirst For gold, as keenly as for innocent blood. Kind fortune, haply for this great emergence, Has made me mafter of no common wealth; And this, with lucky art distributed Among the needy minions of the king. May purchase still our Russel's forseit life.-Come! my dear child, retire we to confult On this our fole refource! Thou will not scruple To meet, and to embrace a noble poverty, If thy lost portion can redeem thy brother!

LADY MARGARET.

Blest be thy happiest thought, my tender father!
All wealth, all good is center'd in his safety;
And, witness Heaven! my heart would freely bear
All the loath'd harships of the houseless vagrant,
And think them blessings, if they aught conduc'd
To rescue Russel from a traitor's death.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

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SCENE I.

Lord and Lady Ruffel in Prison.

A Table with Papers, Pen, and Ink.

LADY RUSSEL.

MUST I entreat in vain?—Alas! my Ruffel,
Where is thy fweet compliancy of foul,
That made, till now, thy Rachel's voice a stranger
To rude and irksome importunity?
Has life so little to engage thy wishes
Thou wilt not ask to live?

Russel.

Canst thou, my love,
By so unkind a question canst thou give

Such hard construction to thy Russel's thoughts:
Where is there one inhabitant of earth,
If not thy husband, who has every cause
To cherish his existence?—Gracious Power!
Whose wisdom regulates the lot of mortals,
I feel, and with devouets gratitude
Bless thee for signal bounties to thy servant,
But most for this, thy best and dearest gift,
This lovely virtuous woman; whom to part with
Is now my hardest trial: but from thee,
Dread Arbiter of every human scene!
(However strange to man's contracted sense)
This trial comes, O strengthen us to bear it
With tender fortitude and meek obedience!

LADY RUSSEL.

It is our duty still, and Heaven enjoins it,
To make all blameless efforts to preserve
A life so precious: if thy rigid honor,
In pity both to me and to thy children,
Will stoop to write one line of supplication
To the all-powerful York, he will obtain
Thy instant pardon from the pliant king.

RUSSEL.

Thou knowest not th' inexorable hate
Of thet bloody-thirsty spirit.—It has pleas'd
The author of my life to let the rage
Of ruthless bigotry prevail against it:
A band of venal or misguided men
Have doom'd me to the scassold, on the plea
That I have plotted to destroy my sovereign,
Though Heaven and thou, who knowest all my soul,
See the base falshood of the bloody charge:
But to the voice of Law, however tortur'd,

I owe a prompt obedience; nought remains But that I meet the stroke of stern Oppression As suits the votary of Public Virtue. I must not sully, by a base submission, A name yet spotless, the sole legacy It is allow'd me to bequeath my children.

LADY RUSSEL.

Dear as I hold thy life, which is in truth
My only anchor in this fea of troubles,
Believe me, Ruffel, I would rather yield,
Without a struggle yield that precious life
To Persecution's stroke, rather than lead,
If aught could lead, thy clear and resolute virtue
To one base act of weakness and dishonour.

RUSSEL.

Alas! my love, the cloud of thy affliction
Has dimm'd thy quick differnment; but the paper,
Which thy fond care now urges me to write,
Would darken all the ftory of my life:
I must not, in that story's closing leaf,
Where Fortitude should fix the seal of Honor,
Mar the fair record with a fearful blot.

LADY RUSSEL.

Dear Russel! exercise thy purer judgment;
These are not scruples of thy manly reason,
But niceties of proud fantastic honor,
Of honor jealous to a vain excess.
How can the measure, that my love solicits,
Involve thee in disgrace? Without abasement,
Can injur'd Innocence not say to Power,
Give me the life, of which Iniquity
Has made thy voice the arbiter?

RUSSEL.

RUSSEL.

Thou knowest, Dear inmate of my fecret foul! kind prompter Of my best thoughts! it has been long the aim Of my past life to win my country's love; Not by the popular arts of vain ambition, (Which Nature never form'd me to posses) But by inceffant vigilance to shield Our faith and freedom, by an ardent wish To prove that patriot virtue, (the stale jest Of fervile spirits, as an empty name) Is an existing vigorous principle In minds of English temper. I have fail'd In the prime object that my foul purfued, To fave our pure religion and our laws From Bigotry's encroachment; and I lofe My life, endanger'd by that noble conflict: But I have gain'd, and let me still preserve it! The kind esteem of this enlighten'd nation: This I must forfeit, forfeit all the praise And influence of no inglorious life, If I become an abject suppliant To that herce zealet, from whose iron rod I strove to shelter this devoted land.

LADY RUSSEL.

No, Russel; the corrupted lips of Faction
Are prone to evil: but the voice of ages,
The sentence of the world, is sirmly just;
And by that sentence thou art sure to stand
High on the list of those bright characters
Immortaliz'd with pure idolatry
By Truth and Freedom; men whose very name
Is sweetest music to the ear of Nature.

If in a future age, when we are dust,
Thy virtues can be question'd, it must be
By sycophants, who, flattering royalty,
With slanderous surmises would degrade
Each just antagonist of lawless power;
Or by those yet more abject enemies,
Those sceptics of a cold farcastic spirit,
Who, judging from their own contracted hearts,
Possess no considence in human virtue.

RUSSEL.

Affection over-rates thy Russel's merit:
But let this fond opinion of his same
Preclude thy vain request, which, being granted,
Would but afflict thy love: Consider well
How it would wound thy generous pride, to hear
Thy lord had stain'd the life thou deem'st so glorious
By an ignoble eagerness to live.

LADY RUSSEL

Believe me, Russel, it would wound me more To think that, deaf to all my just entreaties, My husband, careless of his orphan children, With sullen dignity threw life away, Rather that stoop to sue for the remission Of his unrighteous doom.

RUSSFL.

this toyal to be builded with the

Alas! my love, Should I implicitly purfue the dictates Of all thy fond folicitude, fuch conduct Would but provoke the infult of our foes, And could avail thee nothing:

LADY RUSSEL.

Yes, my Russel,
Should the relentless York reject thy prayer,
In those sad years of bitterness and anguish,
When, if the will of Heaven is fix'd to part us,
My widow'd soul, with unabating forrow,
Must dwell upon thy image, and for ever
Repass in thought these agonizing scenes,
It will afford me then a faint relief,
To think my active love, in this distress,
Omitted nothing, that had duty's fanction,
To snatch thee from the scassold.

RUSSEL.

Lovely suppliant!
Thy virtuous tenderness has melted me;
And, though I could not purchase it by guilt,
Thy peace is dearer to my heart than glory.
Thou shalt not say thy Russel e'er resus'd
One prayer of thine:—give me again the pen
My weak disdain rejected.

[Russel writes.]

LADY RUSSEL.

Bless thy kindness!

Bless thy prevailing love! for I perceive
How hardly it has struggled, to obtain
This triumph over brave indignant pride,
Abhorring even the shadow of disgrace.—
O thou all-powerful Spirit! who canst make
The meanest implements of mortal use
Thy ministers of safety or destruction;
Grant that this love-directed pen may prove
An instrument of gracious preservation!
Guide thou my Russel's hand!—into this paper

Pour words of heavenly potency to change The bloody wish of blinded Superstition, And melt vindictive Rancour into mercy!

Enter Spencer.

LADY RUSSEL.

Kind Spencer! opportunely art thou come
To chear my Ruffel's folitary hour,
While my keen hopes to win by fupplication,
From potent York, the pardon of my Lord,
Force me to leave him.

SPENCER.

That melts not at the voice of fuch a suppliant !

RUSSEL.

Good Spencer! thanks to that unwearied zeal
Which makes thee frequent in thy welcome visits
To a poor captive.—There, my anxious Love!
Take what thy truth and tenderness have forced
From Russel's frail and yielding resolution:
His pliancy, I know, will meet with blame;
But those who have a heart to feel thy merits,
Will blush at their quick censure, and recall it.

LADY RUSSEL.

Now let me, Ruffel! from thy prison flr, Like the exploring dove, whose eager wing Flew from the ark, to visit it again With blest assurance of subsiding storms.

[Exit.

RUSSEL.

My worthy kinfman, when my voice is filenc'd, As foon it will be, witness to the world

The

The tender virtues and connubial love
Of that angelic woman!—And, I pray,
As gentleness and honor have endear'd thee
To all our house, do thou, my faithful Spencer,
Attend, with pitying care, my wife and father
On the dread day that ends our mortal union;
Watch them with all the vigilance of friendship,
And soothe the recent anguish of their grief.

SPENCER.

Heaven yet, my Lord, may fave us from that scene Of private woe and national distress.

RUSSEL.

Believe me, though I stoop to ask for life,
I ask not, thinking to obtain my suit;
But from the tender wish to mitigate
The suture sufferings of a faithful mourner,
By this compliance with her sondest prayer.

SPENCER.

The touching eloquence of her affliction,
Join'd to the memory of her father's merit,
That honour'd fervant of the Crown, Southampton,
May wrest your pardon from the savage heart
Of fullen York.

RUSSEL.

Impossible, my friend!
My life's the prey that his infatiate rage
Has keenly chas'd—he holds it in his toils,
And every prospect of escape is clos'd.

SPENCER.

Yet think, my Lord, that other means of fafety-

Russel,

Russel.

No. Spencer: I have thought, I trust not vainly, Of the chief object that my mind must dwell on, How to fustain the trying part to which The will of Heaven appoints me; how to meet The sudden stroke of ignominious death, As may become the man whose life has won From this brave land observance and regard. O Spencer! when the wearied eye furveys The gloomy face of Earth, the Law's abuse, And Freedom finking under favage Power, The wreck of Public Virtue, the base arts And treachery of her apostate fons, With all the countless ills that in her train A blind and barbarous Superstition brings; When these are present to the guiltless mind, It feems a fair and bleifed fate to fly From this dark den of mifery and vice, To the bright presence of divine Perfection!

SPENCER.

Yet of how pure a nature are those blessings This earth would furnish to your rescued virtue!

RUSSEL.

O gentle kinsman! in my softer hours
My heart still clings to those attractive objects.
Of tenderest attachment; for this heart
Was fram'd by nature for the sweet enjoyment
Of social duties and domestic bliss,
I will avow to thee, (for thy mild spirit
Can sympathize in every true distress)
That when I think to what excess of anguish
I leave the worthiest and most tender wise,

That with endearing innocence and love
L'er bleft a husband, the forbidden tear
Starts from my eye perforce, my frame is chill'd,
And shudders at the sharp divorce of steel,
So soon to fall upon our chaste affection.

SPENCER.

Yet may ye live a bleffing to each other;
And give a bright example to mankind,
That happiness abides with virtuous love!
Life stands within your choice:—the King, who knows With what a fond respect and confidence
The generous people lean to the opinion
Of men so rooted in their hearts as you are,
Courts your acceptance of immediate pardon;
If you will but acknowledge, in his presence,
That you believe no subject has a right,
However tempted, to resist the Throne.

RUSSEL.

Have any of my friends suppos'd that Russel Could buy existence at a price like this?

SPENCER.

The worthy churchmen, who in this vile prison Have been your kind assiduous attendants, Build on this ground strong hopes;—they have obtain'd. The sanction of your venerable father To argue with you this important question; Believing they may lead your candid mind To terms, which, in their cool considerate judgment, Have the clear warrantry of truth and reason.

RUSSEL.

Good men! they are an honor to the church For fignal harmony of faith and practice; But haply, cramp'd by piety's nice scruples,
Their minds have not expanded to embrace
The mighty cause of Freedom.—O my friend!
I want the spirit-stirring faculty
Of eloquence, to range in bright array
The potent claims of Nature, and enlist
In her pure service all the noble passions
That give distinction to the life of man;
But gracious Heaven endow'd me with a heart
To act the upright virtuous citizen;
And meet the axe, much rather than betray
The charter'd rights of this my native land.

SPENCER.

Are you, my Lord, so settled in your thoughts On this nice question, that no arguments May shake the airy fabric of opinion?

Russel.

Good Spencer, thou hast known me many years, And for a man of plain and simple reason; Which clearly tells me that the King's position, Once granted, sinks the free-born sons of England To the tame vassals of a Turkish despot. My mind can frame no image of a state That laws have limited, without a right To guard those limitations; and my conscience, That higher sovereign, who challenges My first obedience in all points of moment, Will not permit me, by a different language, To purchase life from the deluded King.

SPENCER.

With painful admiration I have heard The steady dictates of your patriot virtue,

That

That will, with mingled agony and joy, Confirm the prefage of your noble father. Howe'er he liftens, with attentive fondness, To all that friendly zeal suggests to save you, He knows, and glories in your firm adherence To the dear rights of England; nor can wish, Though with the sanction of such friends, to see you Exchange it for the lure of forseit life.

RUSSEL.

Although I trust he fully knows that mind. Which his fond cares have strengthen'd and enrich'd With its best powers of manly resolution; Yer, as ill-grounded and diffreshing doubts Are natural infirmities of age, At times, perchance, my venerable father May fear lest the approach of violent death Should with difgraceful pliancy infect The spirit of his fon—I therefore pray thee Return; affure him, that our pious friends Must lose their well-meant labor in debate: My mind's unchangeable; and gracious Heaven; As my dark fate draws nearer, gives my foul New strength to triumph o'er its shadowy terrors! Affure the tender Bedford, I shall meet The hour of execution as his love Must wish, with that sedate and chearful brow Which fuits the guiltless son of such a father.

SPENCER.

My Lord, I will religiously obey you, And on the instant; as I now perceive Your chief heart chosen friend is come to share The private converse of your precious hours,

[Exit.

Enter CAVENDISH.

Russell bet shirt ton daid 10

Welcome, dear Cavendish! my eager heart
Has panted for thy presence, keenly wishing
To rest the burden of its cares on thee.
Yet, ere I cease to live, O let me take
One long farewell of him, whose friendship gave
Lustre and value to that life which fate
Severely calls me to resign!

CAVENDISH.

Which Love

And Friendship's voice command thee to preserve.—
I come to save thee, Russel! nor must lose
One moment in the heaven-suggested plan.

Russel. In thibeand soul

Dear fanguine friend, the fond illusive warmth Of thy kind heart invests thy eager fancy With visionary power.

CAVENDISH.

The fiends of hell
Shall not defeat the project my good angel
Inspires for thy protection!—Swear thou, first,
By our inviolate friendship, and by ties
Yet stronger on thy heart, thy wife and children,
Swear thou wilt grant me one request.

Russel. The state of the Williams

Dear Cavendish,
Thou wouldst engage me in some hasty business,
Pregnant with danger to thy generous self;
Else had thy frank affection ne'er devis'd

M

Vol. III.

A bond

A bond so needless, to the mind which holds Requests from thee as sacred as the laws Of faith and honor:—but explain thy purpose.

CAVENDISH.

Here, in this happy hour of privacy,
Let us exchange our habits; so may'st thou,
Muffling thy face as in the veil of sorrow,
Pass unsuspected, and elude the guard.
Two of our trusty friends are plac'd to meet thee,
And all the means of thy escape concerted.
Haste, I conjure thee! while I here remain
Wrapt in thy mourning garb; but with a spirit
Ready to burst into triumphant joy,
And mock the baffled malice of thy soes.

RUSSEL.

Brave Cavendish! 'tis hard to quit a world That furnishes such friends; yet easier this, Than by a hasty slight from death to hazard A life I hold still dearer than my own.

No, I can ne'er expose thy generous virtue To that base sate thou urgest me to shun.

CAVENDISH.

They dare not strike at me; their venal juries Have past no treacherous verdict on my head.

RUSSEL.

The eminence of thy exalted virtue
Would make thee their fure victim; and perchance
The latent ruffians (fuch I think there are)
Who robb'd the injur'd world of gallant Effex,
Would double, in the mind of their base master.
Their murd'rous merits by dispatching thee.

CAVENDISH.

CAVENDISH.

There is no peril; but admit the work,.

I want not strength to grapple with such villains,

And wear a dagger here to punish them.

Russel of flew words fires bath

Friend of my inmost soul! thy generous offer Yet closer draws those honorable bands
That in our mortal pilgrimage have bound us
Firm to each other, and, defying death,
Will prove to us, I trust, in brighter scenes,
A lasting unextinguishable source
Of pure ambition and angelic joy.
But the kind purpose of thy noble zeal
Thy Russel must reject. Granting thy plan
Free from all perils to thy precious life,
(And it abounds with many most alarming);
Flight howso'er effected, would produce
Dishonour to thy friend, as wanting trust
In spotless innocence or manly courage.

CAVENDISH.

The tongue of Slander dares not to impeach
Thy fortitude!

RUSSEL.

Yet more: for I will lay

My secret soul before thee.—Thou hast seen

How far thy friendship and my Rachel's love

Have power to make life lovely in thy sight;

And my kind father, whose declining age—

But I must pause, and check this natural burst

Of tender gratitude.—Thou fully knowest

All the strong ties that chain my heart to earth;

Yet I perceive these adamantine links,

Touch'd, without doubt, by heavenly influence,

M 2

Seem to give way; and my aspiring soul
Begins to covet that ignoble sate,
Which shews so horrible in vulgar eyes!

CAVENDISH. Toggeb & resw by A

And canst thou wish to leave us?

Russel. of Same (m to bach .

O my friend! Among the ftrongest passions of my heart, Perhaps more forcible than love and friendship, From childhood I have cherish'd an attachment To my brave country: -though a transient cloud Now hovers o'er her, my prophetic eyes Perceive that the is destin'd to emerge To happiness and glory. Thou shalt live, Dear noble friend! to view, and to affift This bleft event .- The death I am to fuffer Will more contribute, than my life could do, To England's welfare :- in the future fabric, Destin'd to fave and to perpetuate The fapp'd foundations of her faith and freedom, My blood may prove a cement; this idea Suftains, inspirits, and delights my foul."

CAVENDISH.

Heroic Russel! bright and genuine martyr
Of Liberty and Truth! if thou must perish,
I yet shall wear, engraven on my heart,
The radiant image of thy signal virtues,
As a pure charm, of potency to guard
The lowliest mind from every servile thought.—
Hark! sure I heard the hated voice of York!
Dares he insult imprison'd innocence,
By venturing to approach it? May we not

Move

Move farther off from that detefted found? It shakes my tortur'd brain, and almost tempts me To rush at once, and from the coward breast Of that apostate tear th' envenom'd heart That guides the murd'rous axe against my Russel.

Russer. d. sagarda - le

Patience, dear ardent spirit!—Come this way;
The adjoining chamber is allotted me
For privacy and prayer. Come, to receive
The benediction of thy dying friend.

[Exeunt.

Enter York, with the Lieutenant of the Tower.

YORK.

I know fome proud abettors of his guilt
Are plotting his escape; but mark, Lieutenant,
If the convicted traitor in your charge
Appear not on his summons to the scassold,
Your life shall answer it.

LIEUTENANT.

I trust your Highness
Will never see occasion to condemn me
For any breach or negligence of my duty.

Enter Lady Ruffel.

red of state Landy Russel. Same dand void 102

May an unhappy mourner dare to hope
That gracious mercy guides the princely York
To Ruffel's prilon? At your feet I fall
In my dear Lord's behalf, who in this paper
Implores your intercession with the King
To save an innocent and injur'd subject.

York.

Rife, Madam!—Tell your Lord, that I forgive him
His bold feditious practices to bar
My just succession to the English throne;
But my allegiance and fraternal duty
Forbid me to appear the advocate
Of one whose life is forseit to the law
For plotting to destroy my royal brother.
In pity to your sufferings, I advise you
To waste no fruitless labor in opposing
That stroke of justice which we all lament,
But which the safety of the realm requires.

[Exit.

LADY RUSSEL.

Thou ruthless hypocrite! thy sullen cruelty
Converts the swelling tear of supplication
To siery scorn; and my prophetic spirit
Foresees an hour in which thy abject soul,
With more than womanish terror, shall implore
That succour thy hard heart denies to me.

LIEUTENANT.

O Lady! thy unmerited afflictions
Have seiz'd a stranger's bosom, and impel me
To make some effort to assist thy prayers.
The duke is merciless, and thirsts for blood;
But pity harbours in our Sovereign's heart:
I know this very morning he has utter'd
Words of kind import to your injur'd Lord:
If, in some happy minute, you could throw
Your forrows at his seet, they must prevail.
He still is in the precincts of the Tower;
Wait here some moments, and kind Heaven may teach

To draw him this way yet, ere he rejoins His pestilent counsellor, the cruel Duke.

Exit

LADY RUSSEL.

The bleffings of my grateful heart go with thee! Good angels feeond the unlook'd for pity Of this brave foldier! Grant me the power to speak My Russel's wrongs to the misguided King! And thou, bleft spirit of my virtuous father, Whose matchless services so well deserve The kind remembrance of a royal master, Inspire thy suppliant child with words to melt The harden'd heart of Grandeur !- He approaches !-O cruel fate! at fight of my diftress He turns, as eager to avoid a wretch He dares not fuccour! - Stay, my gentle Sovereign: Yet stay, yet hear the miserable mourner Who claims thy mercy.—Heaven! he hears my prayer; He stops—he doubts—and his reverted eye Looks kindly back. Behold, my gracious Liege! Behold the daughter of thy lov'd Southampton Proftrate before thee, and yet wanting voice To utter all the just and ardent prayer Her heart addresses to thy clemency!

Enter the King.

KING.

Rife, lovely mourner!—be affur'd I pity
Your virtuous fufferings; and fincerely mourn
Those hard necessities of state, whose force
O'er-rules the milder wishes of my mind
To spare the precious life for which you kneel.

LADY RUSSEL.

If the bright cherub Mercy has inspir'd Your royal bosom with a wish to save him, O let no subtle siend, with base suggestion,
Subdue that heavenly impulse! ne'er was monarch
More loudly call'd, by Equity and Truth,
To the exertion of his noblest power,
The privilege to spare.—So may my soul
Find grace before the judgment-seat of Heaven,
As it is sure my Russel never harbour'd
A single thought of blood, or aught of evil,
Against the life and welfare of his King:
Nay more, my Liege; I know his gentle virtue
Has often join'd in painful fellowship
With bold bad men, whom his pure heart abhorr'd,
To lead your child, the young and princely Monmouth,
From the dark paths of their pernicious counsel.

KING.

Your Lord is happy in an advocate
Of most persuasive powers: I wish, but dare not,
To stop the course of the offended law
Against the man for whom your tender virtues
Plead with such servency:—my kingdom's peace
Demands the dread completion of his sentence;
His rescu'd life would lead triumphant Faction
To practices more daring, and distract
The agitated realm with civil broils.

LADY RUSSEL.

Alas! you little know the gentle spirit
Of my wrong'd Lord. But if his life is held
So hazardous to England's peace, my Liege,
O let him pass the remnant of his days
Far from this troubled isle:—his wife and children
Will guide th' obedient exile where you order;
And, if a desert yields him life and safety,
Think paradise is there!

For every good on not

Color of Feet tore W.

KING.

You touch my foul, Fair suppliant! Let them blame my pliant weakness; I am not marble, and must shew you mercy.-Where is my Lord of Bedford—with his fon?

LADY RUSSEL.

No, my kind Sovereign; - shall I fly to seek him?

KING.

Bid him, with instant speed, prepare a vessel, That may convey Lord Ruffel to the coaft Of France or Holland, as our will directs.— Lady, you little know what cruel bars Obstruct the willing step of royal mercy: Kings are forc'd often to do good by stealth, And fuch is now my curfe—But let your father Make preparations for a fecret flight, And wait our pleasure with the prisoner here. Ere night he shall receive our terms of pardon, And with them an express, though private order For the enlargement of your captive Lord.

LADY RUSSEL,

May the great Fountain of beneficence, The Kings of kings, reward my gracious master For this kind promise to his grateful fervant! O my good Liege! let but your own mild spirit Be your prime countellor, to thut your ear Against the subtleties of cruel zealots; Tranquillity shall bless your fafe dominion, And loyalty and love support your throne. - 101 118 07 But let me fly to my delivered Ruffel but suche and I With these most happy tidings of your bounty; And in reiterated prayers to Heaven, M 5

For every good on my indulgent Sovereign, Pour forth the fullness of my swelling heart!

Exit.

KING.

How touching is her love! I envy Russel Th' angelic tenderness of that chaste woman.

Enter York.

YORK.

What! has the whining wife of guilty Russel Pester'd your ear, my brother, with vain tales, To vouch the truth of that convicted traitor? Whose death must now be speedy, to secure Your kingdom's quiet, and your person's safety.

KING.

Brother, your Romish friends incline too much
To fanguinary counsels—I abhor them!
What, if in pity to a virtuous woman,
In kind remembrance of her father's merits,
Friend of our exil'd youth, and best support
Of our recover'd throne; what if I grant
Some little mercy to her urgent prayer,
And change her husband's death to banishment?

York.

By Heaven it must not be !—What! when the Law,
That faithful guardian of your facred life,
Has past its sentence on your prostrate soe,
For base conspiracy and bloody treason,
False to yourself, shall you, in weak compassion
To an infinuating woman's tears,
Thus rescue and empower Rebellion's idol
To form a second more successful plot?

KING.

Your hasty fear outruns true policy; And this excess of rigor, which your priests Have taught you, bodes, I think, but little good Both to your power and mine.—You, when you chuse, May visit Rome; I, brother, am too old To enter once again on foreign travels.

YORK.

Nor may we fuffer you to fall at home, Through careless indolence, by Treason's dagger. Think not I speak from ancient enmity To this infidious Ruffel: for myself, He has my pardon for his crimes to me; But the regard I owe your hallow'd person, Leads me to pref for his immediate death: Before the house that bears his father's name, The house that hid his bloody machinations, I wish to see the murd'rous rebel die.-But let us hafte from hence. I will affemble The members of your council most instructed In this base treason—they will clearly prove You have but this alternative to chuse, To execute or perish—One must full, The traiterous convict, or the injur'd King.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

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Which, are all oblight improved to the about.
I weetslight with but wast the time to do.

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Your body felt seintly, not process

SCENE I.

Lord Russel writing, and attended by Spencer.

SPENCER.

QUIT, my dear Lord, your mournful preparation For that unworthy fate, which your bleft confort, Here fully prov'd our good and guardian angel, Has happily averted.

enotion of Russer.

When a life

Hangs, my good Spencer, on a prince's word,
Whose resolution is the pliant slave
Of artifice and importunity,
Reason disdains to take into account
A poor possession held on such a tenure.
I can believe the King inclines to save me;
But know how soon his unresisting spirit
Yields to the voice of that vindictive zeal,
Which with incessant and increasing sury
Now clamours for my blood:—I therefore hold it
The part of prudence to leave nought undone,
Which, on a sudden summons to the block,
I yet might wish, but want the time to do.

SPENCER.

Useles (though noble) may this caution prove!

RUSSEL.

To indimate, that, driver than Russel. The local to the nobert !

Be that as Heaven thinks best .- Since busy Rumour, In his blind hafte to catch a fleeting image, Is apt to form a faithless portraiture Of public characters, I here, my friend, Have, as a legacy, bequeath'd the world A true though fimple picture of myfelf. When I am gone, my honest countrymen, Reading this paper, may with confidence Say, Such was Ruffel—this account of him Being as clear from falshood and disguise As that which, in his hour of heavenly audit, Must prove the ground of his eternal doom. Here is my latest task: peruse this letter. Which on my death the King is to receive!

SPENCER. Mon thall most hell no.

It breathes that gentle magnanimity For which your life is noted.

Russer de desired mor not

At the time, The folemn time, when the calm foul prepares For quick departure to that world of peace, Where enmity and anger cannot dwell, 'Tis furely right to close our earthly feuds. And part from all men in pure charity. Though I have never finn'd against my fovereign, By any deed or thought that meant him ill, In many vain and inconfiderate hours at 1907 had a least I yet have sported with his name and frailties So idly, that I hold it decent now do not be to be To crave his pardon for fuch levities: And, in the gentlest language I can use,

Smal may he will

To intimate, that, dying thus unjuftly, I pardon all promoters of my death, The highest as the lowest.

SPENCER.

Cease, my Lord,
To dwell on dying thoughts. With eyes that speak
Of life and comfort, your deliverer
Comes, to restore you to domestic bliss.

Enter Lady Ruffel.

All, my dear rescued Love! all is prepar'd
To aid your blest removal from this land
Of danger and dissension.—To your sight
Exile shall seem a kind samiliar friend,
Conducting you to safety and delight;
You shall not seel you have a soreign home,
For all your house, who live but in your presence,
Are fix'd to travel with us:—the kind Bedford
Will to the rough sea trust his seeble age
For your society. O had you seen
How our dear little ones receiv'd the tidings
Of this heart-healing voyage! how they pant
To throw their eager sondling arms around you,
And welcome you again to life and joy!

Enter Bedford.
BEDFORD.

Pride of my foul! my dear, recover'd fon!
Again I view thee, with parental transport,
Snatch'd from the broken snares of shameful death
By this blest hand!—In vain thy suppliant father
Had offer'd to exchange his envied treasures
For that superior wealth, which in his heart
Outweighs all opulence:—sullen Revenge,

Subduing

Subduing Avarice, with scorn rejected
Thy proffer'd ransom. Blank despair had seiz'd me;
But in the hour when human efforts fail'd,
This pitying seraph, in a woman's form,
Brings heavenly aid, and turns a tyrant's heart
To bless the trembling world with Russel's life!

Russel.

Dear objects of my love! I pray you check
This eagerness of joy; for O I feel
That it must prove to you the treacherous herald
Of heavier grief!—your kind exulting hope
Is a brief day of summer out of season,
That, promising to end stern winter's tyranny,
Does but supply to his suspended breath
The power to pierce more deeply:—pray be caution'd,
And with just foresight arm yourselves against
The certain rigour of th' inclement time.

BEDFORD.

Has not the King relented, and engag'd
His royal word to fave and fet thee free?

· A M TE U M

Russel.

Alas, my father! had his word posses'd
That stedfast sanctity which should belong
To the pure breath of princes, this fair isle,
Who trusted in his faith, had never known
Her present depth of national disgrace:
Have we not seen our sovereign's promises
Proverbially invalid?—Here comes one
Whose message will, I doubt not, end the question.

I yet will teakle ode "top reference of some of the

Enter an Officer, who beckons Russel, and speaks to bim aside.

BEDFORD.

O my dear daughter! the high flood of hope Sinks in my heart, and leaves a hideous void.

LADY RUSSEL.

Speak, speak, my Russel! is it life or death?

Russel.

Patience, sweet sufferer!—Pray inform the sheriff,
Although this short and peremptory summons
Savours of cruel haste, he shall not wait.

Exit Officer.

Her on the Sout was

Russel, the a second a

Ye, whose keen forrow has more power to shake
The heart of Russel than th' impending axe,
By our pure love let me conjure ye now
To reconcile your grief-distemper'd thoughts
To Heaven's dread pleasure; who, for some high purpose,

Permits the oppressive doom of innocence?

The King has figuified he cannot fave me,

And I must die to-day.

Enola LADY Russer office fielbale tal T.

But I will fly, and by my loud complaint,
Waking dead Honor in his wither'd mind,
Force from the treacherous King his promis'd mercy.

-flore comes one

Exit.

noferio on the Berrond. I'm og dem stoll W

I yet will make one hopeless effort more To stop the vengeance of insatiate York.

Exit.

RUSSEL.

RUSSEL.

Go, ye kind beings! for the bufy love That finds employment, though in fruitless labor, Lightens the pressure of the grief it bears .-Thou feest, good Spencer, that my tender wife Is now supported by her zeal to save me; But on my death, the quickness of her spirit Will work like latent fire within her heart, A flow consumer of her wasting frame. It is her fate that wounds me—for my own Is but the shortest and most easy passage From earthly trouble to celestial joy. It is the fancy of the vulgar mind That foolishly arrays the dreaded form Of fudden death in visionary horrors: Believe me, Spencer, in the month just past, The transient fickness of my lovely boy Press'd harder on my heart, and more disturb'd The native calmness of my even spirit, Than my near prospect of the ready scaffold.

SPENCER.

Yet, my dear Lord, I view with aweful wonder The firm ferenity of foul you shew On this hard test of human fortitude!

Russel.

Reflect, my friend, that my imprisonment
Has made the fearful image of my fate
Familiar to my thought. It is furprize
That gives to Death his most appalling power;
To the clear eye of guiltless Contemplation
That gloomy spectre grows a gorgeous herald,
Whose trumpet sounds the triumph of the foul,

And speaks its entrance on the stage of glory. How grand! how pregnant with delight and wonder. Must be the change of scene from earth to heaven !-What if a mortal, who had pass'd his days In the dim cavern of a noxious mine, Worn with hard toil, where health-annoying vapours Vext and confounded his imperfect sense; If fuch a mortal fuddenly were laid On the bright fummit of a lofty hill. To taste the balmy sweetness of the morn. And, for the first time, see the rising sun Array this fair and smiling earth in all The radiant loveliness of form and colour !-O Spencer! if I felt for felf alone. This period, deem'd the faddest of my life, Could only fill my mind with heavenly joy; But for my mourning friends, and most for her Whose faithful love has many years to weep, My falt'ring heart-now give it strength, good Heaven!

For even now its hardest trial comes— My Rachel, in the anguish of despair, Returns to take a long and last farewell.

Enter Lady Russel.

LADY RUSSEL.

Dear Russel, I renounce illusive hope!
And now must teach my weakness to sustain
The heaviest load of misery that ever
Fell on the bleeding heart of helpless woman!—
The King denies thee, what the basest felon
Asks not in vain, the respite of a day.
Could'st thou believe it? he and savage York
Are now, like blood-hounds, come to hunt thee hence,

And drive thee to thy death! they but allow me
A few short minutes, in a last embrace
To clasp, to bless, and part with thee for ever!

Russel! diet gemagen en 10

Then may we part as we have liv'd, my Rachel, In the pure dignity of perfect love, Unstain'd by weakness!

LADY RUSSEL.

They cannot fall to melt thy manly firmness,
For Heaven has steel'd me for this aweful hour.

RUSSEL.

Thou dear angelic spirit! 'tis from thee That I have learnt the truest fortitude; A courage built upon a heavenly basis. -O gracious Being! who has guided us Through fourteen years of pure domestic blifs, The best and rarest of thy gifts to man, Accept, as tribute for thy bleffings past, Our meek submission in this trying hour Of thy more dreadful pleasure!—at thy call I yield my guiltless life, nor would decline To die for having struggled to preserve Thy purest worship in my native land. O that my blood might quench that fatal torch Of barbarous Superstition, which begins To shed once more its sanguinary glare Over this frighted isle! Might Russel prove The last to perish by oppressive power, And the base sentence of perverted law !-Fall not my blood on the misguided men Whose fury sheds it !- As I truly pardon

My ruthless enemies, so, Heaven! may st thou Take to the charge of thy heart-healing mercy This, my chief care, this dearest, last concern Of my departing soul, this spotless woman!

LADY RUSSEL. The ew vira ned T

Let not thy fears for me, my generous Ruffel!
Too fondly agitate thy feeling mind;
The gracious Power who bleft us in each other,
Will not, I know, abandon utterly
An unoffending, weak, afflicted woman,
Dear to fo pure a spirit, fanctified
By the kind prayers of an expiring martyr!

RUSSEL.

My Love! I will not to thy care commend Thy little orphans; for an angel's fight Cannot in tender vigilance furpass The anxious mother, who furvives to shield The infant pledges of our chaste affection! No, let me press a charge upon thy memory, Where I most fear thy failure, thy dear self; Regard thy precious health, as the possession That I enjoin thee to preserve and cherish.

LADY RUSSEL. TOWN TO

Thou guide and guardian of thy Rachel's life!
Though the dark grave must hide the from my eyes,
Thy gentleness, thy love, thy truth, thy virtues,
Will still, like faithful and protecting spirits,
Be ever present to my thought, and give
My grief-dejected mind new power to rear
The little idols of my widow'd heart.

RUSSEL.

They will have all, that youth requires, in thee;
The gentle friend, the fond, yet firm director,
Whose steady kindness, and rever'd perfection,
Makes discipline delight: their minds from thine
May copy all the virtues; chiefly two,
Of prime distinction, Truth and Fortitude,
The pillars of all human excellence!—
I bless thee now for many years of fondness;
But most for that sublimity of love,
Which has disdain'd to make my fate more bitter
By abject vain complaints and weak'ning tears.

LADY RUSSEL.

Refrain, I pray you, from this tender praise;
It will o'erthrow the firmness you commend,
And 'waken all the woman in my bosom.

RUSSEL:

Dear Rachel! as my boy approaches manhood,
Teach him to look upon his father's death
Rather as noble than unfortunate!
Tell him, that, dying by no just decree,
I deem'd it still a happiness that Heaven
Made me a native of this generous isle,
Which, though now darken'd by a transfient cloud,
Is doom'd, I trust, to be the radiant throne
Of settled Liberty and stedsaft Faith;
Early insuse into his youthful spirit,
As the sure ground-work of all manly virtue,
A sense of civil and religious freedom;
Give to his pliant mind true English temper,
Teach him to sear no Being but his God,
And to love nothing earthly more than England.

FORLL

Enter an Attendant.

ATTENDANT.

My Lord, the officers!

Russel.

They shall not wait.

LADY RUSSEL.

Inhuman haste!—Do thou, great God! proportion
The patience of thy servants in distress
To the infernal malice of their foes!
Since thy unquestionable will permits
Such innocence to perish on the scaffold,
Send the most soothing of thy heavenly spirits
To wait unseen upon the dying martyr!
Take from this hideous form of Violent Death
His horrible attendants, Pain and Anguish!

RUSSEL.

O my kind Love! that quick undreaded stroke, So soon to sever this frail mortal frame, Is but a feather's printless touch, compar'd To this my deepest wound, which now I feel In tearing thus my faithful heart from thine! Each moment that we linger but increases Our mutual pangs; then take in this embrace My latest benediction!

LADY RUSSEL.

O, farewell!

RUSSEL.

Yet a last kiss!—and for our little ones,
Bear thou to each this legacy of love!
Now we must part!—Farewell!

LADY

LADY RUSSEL.

Farewell for ever!
[Exit Lady Ruffel.

RUSSEL.

Spencer! the bitterness of death is past,
And thou hast nothing more to fear for Russel!
Then quit him, thou kind friend, and be thy care
Devoted to the precious charge he leaves:
I pray attend that dear unhappy mourner;
Place her within my gentle sister's arms,
And sooth their mutual forrow!—Tell my father,
I could have wish'd to class his hand once more,
But that I fear'd to shock his feeble age.

SPENCER.

Grief, my dear Lord, denies me utterance Of all that I would fay!—Farewell! my tears And prompt obedience will, I trust, to you, Though mute interpreters, explain my heart.

RUSSEL.

Yet stop!—Thy Russel has now done with time,
That heavy load to foolish Indolence,
But active Probity's prolific treasure!
Take then this small memorial of esteem,
This little index of the passing hours;
For thou hast wisdom to improve their value,
And I am entering on eternity.

[Giving his watch to Spencer.

Stay not for thanks! follow thy weeping charge; Hasten to her support; and Heaven reward thee!

[Exit Spencer.

RUSSEL.

RUSSEL (kneeling.)

Thou only perfect and unfailing Source
Of all ferenity, all ftrength, all power,
In thy frail suppliant man! thou gracious God!
I bless thy mercy, which in bitterest anguish
Has fortified my soul, and now dispels
All fearful hurry from my even thoughts!
O comfort thou those kind and tender beings,
To whom my death must prove a lasting wound!
Grant me to pass my little residue
Of closing life with chearful constancy,
And take my willing spirit to thy bosom!

Enter Cavendish.

CAVENDISH.

Allow me, thou bleft martyr! once again
To press thy hand, to bathe it with my tears,
And, in this agony of greedy forrow,
Catch from thy lips the last command of friendship!

RUSSEL.

My faithful Cavendish! I have but one,
One wish to utter that relates to earth;
And to thy truth I trust for its completion:
Dying, I charge thee, by the love thou bearest
To Russel's honor and our country's welfare,
Quell, in the hearts of all who may lament me,
The frantic passion to revenge my death!
Wilt thou be mindful of this last injunction!

CAVENDISH.

If I neglect one dictate of thy virtue, May Heaven, to punish me, take from my soul The dear remembrance of our amity!

RUSSEL.

RUSSEL.

'Tis well!—thy promife ends my only fear.
Farewell, my gallant, generous bosom-friend!
Farewell!—still think me living in my children,
Still in their little frames embrace thy Russel!

[Russel departs, but after a short pause returns.

RUSSEL.

One thing there is that yet I with to fay.

CAVENDISH.

O speak! for every accent of thy voice Pierces my breast, and all thy words shall live Graven as laws on my retentive heart!

RUSSBL.

Friend of my youth, I have for many years
Held a prime place within thy noble bosom,
And studied all its rich and rare persections,
The radiant virtues in fair order marshall'd
Beneath the guidance of presiding honor:
I've seen thee full of high and glorious thoughts
Towards this world; but pardon if I say,
That thy brave mind, to me, has seem'd to fail
In homage to the sovereignty of Heaven.

CAVENDISH.

Thou godlike monitor! in fuch a moment To feel for my offences!

Russel.

Do not wonder
At the calm temper of thy dying friend;
Use thy own spotless and exalted spirit
To commune more with Heaven, and thou wilt find

Vol. III.

That we the acting in our Maker's eye,

Arms the unshrinking foul for every scene.

Weigh well the powers of simple piety,

Make it the key-stone in thy arch of virtue,

And it will keep that graceful fabric firm,

Though all the storms of fortune burst upon it.

Yet farther would I press this counsel to thee,

But time forbids me.—Once again, farewell!

Long be thy life, and crown'd with every blessing,

Till in its peaceful close we meet in heaven.

[Exit.

CAVENDISH.

Smiling he's gone to triumph o'er Oppression
By brave endurance! while my voice, suspended
By anguish, love, and wonder, wanted power
To breathe one last adieu!—While yet he lives,
I cannot bear to be divided from him:
No, I will follow—I will fondly gaze
On the dear model of consummate virtue
E'en to his latest moment; I will see
His heavenly patience meet the murd'rous axe;
I will behold his death, though in the sight
My tortur'd eyestrings burst with agony.

[Example 1]

Enter York with an Officer.

York.

At length I have prevail'd!—the traitor dies,
Spite of the weakness in my wavering brother.
This is indeed an hour of exultation!
To all the friends of our true ancient faith
This public fall of her arch enemy
Is a fure omen that she soon will rise
In all her gorgeous pomp of elder time,

Non and posts.

And from the turbulence of herefy

Clear this recover'd isle.

OFFICER.

Her fairest hope
Lives in the spirit of your Highness zeal.

York.

Yet this insidious Russel is so dear
To the deluded vulgar, I still dread
A struggle for his rescue!—Say, my friend,
Hast thou arrang'd our private partizans
At proper intervals to guard the scassfold,
And keep the gaping multitude in awe,
Those resty knaves, who, in this factious land,
Are ever ready to engage in riot,
And hazard life for every bold impostor,
Or subtle demagogue who raves on freedom?

OFFICER.

Fear not, my Lord! the voice of loud Sedition Will hardly dare to breathe a fingle murmur Upon her idol's fall.

YORK.

And hast thou settled A clear succession of immediate signals, Which may, as Russel drops, transport to me A quick assurance that his head is off?

OFFICER.

Your Highness, in the minute of its fall, Will be apprized 'tis fallen' by the sound Of fifes now station'd in this armoury.

YORK. TOTAL THE THE STATE OF THE

Tis well; my trusty friend, I thank thy care:

N 2 I cannot

I cannot rest till I am satisfied The heretic has lost all power to hurt us.

BEDFORD (cntering in extreme base.)
Yet pardon, yet preserve him, princely York!
I know thy word is able to suspend
The listed axe.

. York.

Away, thou weak old man!

BEDFORD.

Spurn not my prayer! its object is thy peace
Not less than mine:—by all thy trembling hopes
Of future greatness and secure dominion,
Haste thou to snatch him from impending sate!
If, in these moments of extreme despair,
Thy pity saves my son, thou wilt appear
As the bright delegate of heavenly mercy!

[The fifes found.

York.

Away! the found thou hearest is a signal That the just rigor of the law has sallen Upon his sinish'd life.

BEDFORD.

O my lost child!—
But he is happy in the fellowship
Of saints, who to his higher purity
Pay blessed homage—his deliver'd spirit
Gives a new impulse to my lifeless heart:
His sufferings all are ended; but this hour,
Which sees them close, for thee, relentless York!
Beholds a train of dark calamities,
The spreading offspring of thy cruelty,
Rise into being!

York.

York.

Go, retire, old man,
And heal thy shatter'd mind: I have not leisure
To hear the ravings of distracted age.

[Exit York, with the Officer.

BEDFORD.

'Tis not the frenzy of a weak old man That now proclaims thy fate, inhuman bigot, Rushing through guiltless blood to thy destruction! It is the spirit of my angel son! He for a moment leaves the heavenly choir, (V hose ready harps shall usher him to glory) To drown a father's anguish in this vision Of foul-pofferling prescience !- yes, 'tis he Who now presents to my aftonish'd eye. These crowding images !- I see thee now. Infatiate York! invested with that crown. For which thy barbarous ambition panted; I fee it fall from thy unkingly head, Shaking with fear's vile palfy !- in thy terror I see thee sue, imperious, abject spirit! To the infulted Bedford, but in vain-Thy power, that highest trust of Heaven, abus'd, Passes from thee! The cruel blood-stain'd tyrant Wanders a wretched exile! This wrong'd island Emerges from the darkness of Oppression!— Hail, scenes of triumph to all English hearts! Hail, thou bright festival of settled Freedom! I fee and blefs thy firm establishment. And hark! the justice of a patriot king, Uniting with a grateful nation's voice, Turns the base sentence of my murder'd Russel To a fair record of foul-foothing honor, And hails me glorious in my matchless fon!

N 3

Enter

Enter ÇAVENDISH.

CAVENDISH.

'Tis past, my Lord! I have beheld him seal A life of virtue with a death of glory!

BEDFORD.

And thou canst tell me, dying, he appear'd, E'en as he liv'd, a model to mankind!

CAVENDISH.

Never did martyr with more lovely grace Part from a world unworthy to possess him! To the furrounding crowd he mildly fpoke A few short words of pardon to his foes, With fervent benediction to his country; Commending to the hearts of all who heard him, A love of peace and purified religion; Then with a chearful readiness invited The stroke of death! I faw the unhappy man, Who with a trembling arm lifted the axe O'er his unshaken victim, in his tremor Measuring the neck to strike his even blow; I faw him raze the Ikin! and in that moment The cheek of Russel held its native hue Unblanc'd with fear !- it was a fight to turn The grief of friendship to idolatry! And your paternal forrow into pride!

BEDFORD.

Dear Cavendish! I will not wound his spirit, His gallant spirit, by unmanly mourning: No, I have pride, such pride as Heaven approves; Nor would I now exchange my murder'd Russel For any living son in Christendom!

CAVENDISH.

CAVENDISH.

Bless this fond firmness of the English father! It penetrates and chears my aching heart.— Come, my dear Lord, let us retire from hence. To foothe yet fonder forrow, weeping now In fcenes which he has hallow'd by his care, In his past days of focial happiness: There let us fit, and still with fad delight Talk o'er his numerous virtues: they shall be The theme of every tongue! and, ages hence, Still fix the love of every English spirit! Then, if the voice of Learning would compare What rich Antiquity and Modern Time Have feen of public virtue, while the hand Of Glory justly in her balance throws The gather'd worthies of the Pagan world, England shall boast her own superior wealth, And poise the rival scale with Russel's name!

That I do not show a

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Mark William Santage Charles and Control

THE

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MAUSOLEUM;

A C O M E D Y,

OF THREE ACTS, IN RHYME.

married artistics, a great of the same of the

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

CAREY.

JASPER,

RUMBLE.

FACIL,

TROPE.

GERRARD, the Butler.

LADY SOPHIA SENTIMENT, Widow of SIR SIMON SENTIMENT, a wealthy Merchant.

FRANCES, Sifter to JASPER, and a Relation of the deceased SIR SIMON.

MRS. RUMBLE.

SERVANTS, [Ge.

SCENE, the magnificent Villa of LADY SOPHIA.

THE

MAUSOLEUM.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

CAREY and FRANCES.

FRANCES.

PRAY temper with patience your warm indignation, And treat with more mercy my tender relation: Because with your passions her whims interfere, To her soibles, dear Carey, you're grossly severe.

CAREY.

My patience, sweet Frances, I own is exhausted: She will wed the first suitor by whom she's accosted Though in widowhood's dainty vagaries, her pride Forbids her fair cousin to shine as a bride; And keeps us, my Love, from that altar away, Where Hymen with justice upbraids our delay.

But,

But, in noble contempt of your unfettled dower,
Let us feize on the blifs that is plac'd in our power;
And, if such artful vanities yield her relief,
Leave my Lady to play off fresh fountains of grief,
While we, my sweet girl! pass our happier youth
In delights that are hallow'd by Nature and Truth:
Though my income is small, with your prudent direction,

Dear Fanny

FRANCES.

I'm pleas'd with this proof of affection:
Yet before we our union, dear Carey, complete,
As your love is so ardent—let mine be discreet.
No honest return of regard should I feel,
Could I suffer your heart, in its generous zeal,
To abandon a portion your bride should obtain,
And hazard by hurry what patience will gain.
'Tis unlucky, my cousin, Sir Simon, forgot
'To specify what he design'd as my lot:
But I know this omission, by which I am lest,
At her Ladyship's mercy, of fortune berest,
Was the work of Old Vellum, whose foresight and skill
Were employ'd for himself when he made the Knight's
will.

Yet her Ladyship says, that my cousin told her The sum that he meant upon me to confer; And though she delays, from a delicate whim, Lest our marriage should seem disrespectful to him—

CAREY.

Good God! my dear Fanny, how can you defend her?
'To refinement and faith she's an empty pretender.
Have not twelve months elaps'd from Sir Simon's interment?

Yet her forrow still bubbles in ludicrous ferment;

Though

Though the farce of her grief, as our friends have all faid,

Is address'd to the living much more than the dead; And her vanity means, though she prizes not pelf, To keep you unmarried, and marry herself.

FRANCES.

Indeed you mistake all her harmless intentions; She will certainly give me the fortune she mentions; I know her kind heart, and its pure inclination.

CAREY.

Say rather, we know her abfurd affectation:
And as for your portion, my dear, I as foon
Shall expect an eftate to drop out of the moon,
As to fee you receive from my Lady a shilling;
Allowing, indeed, that her heart may be willing,
She soon will have nothing, I fear, to bestow,
So profuse is she grown in her whimsical woe.
On the new Mausoleum what sums does she waste!
That fantastical fabric of barbarous taste;
Where all decorations that art can devise,
To adorn the proud tombs of the valiant and wise,
Are mix'd o'er the bones of a simple old cit,
Who display'd not a sparkle of valor or wit;
Who though rich, pass'd, I think, with small comfort through life,

A mere flave to the whims of his high-blooded wife.

FRANCES.

That prepofterous vault I have view'd with concern!

And have cried and have laugh'd o'er Sir Simon's rich
urn:

But at length, having study'd her Ladyship's trim, And having her virtue in spite of her whim, I've a scheme, that, I think, with success will be crown'd On this folly itself her correction to found;
By indulging her soible, that soible to banish,
And make all her mournful absurdity vanish.

CAREY.

To your judgment, dear Fanny, I often submit, And much could I hope from your goodness and wit: Yet I think you can't make, in her youth's giddy season, Such a vain wanton widow a creature of reason.

FRANCES.

You judges of nature, and lords of creation, Howe'er you pretend to profound speculation, Are exceedingly apt your wife felves to deceive In the judgments you pass on the daughters of Eve; And most when you reckon, in every transaction, One indelicate foible their fole fpring of action. My Lady Sophia you greatly mistake; By nature the's neither a prude nor a rake: At present, I own, she appears too demure; But though her heart's tender, her bosom is pure: To a strong understanding she makes no pretence, But has many mild virtues, and does not want fense: One foible alone has o'erclouded her mind, The foible of feeming supremely refin'd: But if I succeed, this slight fault she will mend, And you'll find her a worthy agreeable friend.

CAREY.

You may fay of her purity what you think fit, But her case one specific alone will admit. Believe me, whene'er a young widow's so prim, And by quaint affectation so cramp'd in each limb, A new husband alone, by his pliant embrace, Can restore her starch'd form to its natural grace: Is this, my fair Quack! the new nostrum you've got?

FRANCES.

Indeed you shan't hear any part of my plot, 'Till I know its success.

CAREY.

Ah! my dear, I'm afraid This is fome coy device my request to evade, And to keep the wish'd day of our wedding still distant.

FRANCES.

No; in truth, by the aid of a secret assistant, I've a plan of great moment in high agitation, Which may happily end all our various vexation: Allow me three days for its perfect digestion, And if in that time you will ask me no question, I promise thenceforth, without murmur or strise, To obey your commands for the rest of my life.

CAREY.

I gladly subscribe to this bargain of bliss; So allow me to seal the kind bond with a kiss! Remember, three days; I can't add a day more, And shall fancy those three in duration threescore.

FRANCES.

O they'll pass very quick:—much amus'd you will be With the three rival Bards whom to-day we shall see; To whom my sad cousin oblig'd me to write For sepulchral inscriptions in praise of her Knight: They have sent each an epitaph hither before 'em, And are coming themselves with all solemn decorum. As each, without contest, expects here the laurel, On her Ladyship's judgment they'll probably quarrel:

As you know the whole group, you must wait on the choir,

To foothe the irafcible fons of the Lyre.

CAREY.

As to Facil and Trope, if they're hurt, I'll engage
That one glance of your eyes will extinguish their rage:
You will find them two chearful and good-humour'd
lads;

And, whether their Pegafus gallops or pads, It will please me, I own, if her Ladyship's fancies May tend to recruit their declining finances: But for splenetic Rumble, who, grandly absurd, Never speaks without using a fix-footed word, I care not how much he is mortified here.

FRANCES.

But the length of his words hits her Ladyship's ear.

CAREY.

His stiff phrases indeed may accord with her sorrow, Yet his spleen will insult her ere this time to-morrow; For often he'll call, with quaint arrogant vanity, Every head but his own the abode of inanity: Because a great author's desects he has caught, He vainly pretends to his vigor of thought; Though, on similar grounds, he as well might suppose,

That, because some dark spots may be seen on his nose, His sace has the lustre and sorce of the sun.

FRANCES.

In our chorus of Bards I am glad he is one, For I'm curious, I own, the strange elf to survey; Though I'm rather afraid of his wife, who, they say,

Reads

Reads all the rough verses her husband has penn'd, Till she stuns every ear she can tempt to attend. She's to come with her Poet.

CAREY.

For I think I've the hum of his rhymes in my ear.

FRANCES.

No, no; 'tis her Ladyship, mightily smitten With the high-sounding epitaph Rumble has written.

Emer Lady Sophia (reading).

LADY SOPHIA.

- "This doleful domicile of dust contains
- " Sir Simon's Sentiment's inert remains
- "Though Death's cold ftroke infrigidate his frame,
- " Commerce refounds his emporetic name."

Ah, my friends, here is verfe truly grand and pathe-

How exceedingly fine is the word emporetic!
Why, Carey! you feem quite untouch'd by its beauty
Of friendship, I fear, you forget the last duty:
You two giddy creatures; though both tender-hearted,
Think more of yourselves than of my dear departed.

CAREY.

As your Ladyship chuses to press me so hard, I consess, though his memory still I regard, That my thoughts from Sir Simon will frequently roam; And I hope, when you've deck'd his sunereal dome, Your Ladyship's mind may, by Nature's direction, Assume a more lively and chearful complexion:

That you'll mix once again—

LADY SOPHIA.

Never, Carey! no never!
No time from his grave my devotion shall sever;
In my eye the fond tear of remembrance shall swim,
And each sigh of my soul shall be facred to him!

CAREY.

Confider, dear Madam! that custom and reason Prescribe to our forrows a natural season; You have mourn'd like a model of conjugal truth, Now attend to the claims of your beauty and youth; In the bloom of your graces—

LADY SOPHIA.

Hold, hold, you wild thing!
In your fancy, I find, gross ideas will spring;
'Tis the fault of you men;—ere I chastened his mind,
My Sir Simon himself to that failing inclin'd:
But I taught him to change the loose laugh of sutility,
For the sweet melting tear of refin'd sensibility,
Till through his mild frame such pure tenderness ran—
To such delicate softness I brought the dear man—
He would weep o'er the withering leaf of a rose,
And smile at the thorn though it wounded his nose,—
Ah, my gentle Sir Simon!

FRANCES.

That your thoughts cannot dwell on his image too much.

LADY SOPHIA.

Your foothing, kind fympathy charms me, my dear: I now truft you will wait till the end of next year;

Nor with Hymen's festivity, gross and indecent, Profane our chaste forrow, so graceful and recent.

CAREY (Afide to Frances).

How can you so flatter her curst affectation?

Between you I'm really half mad with vexation.

LADY SOPHIA.

As you, my good girl! with fuch feeling attend, When o'er the dear tomb of Sir Simon I bend, That your thoughts may not roam when our duty we

To that most precious piece of inanimate clay,
That you may not omit o'er his ashes to sigh,
In considering what wedding-cloaths you must buy,
I've determin'd, my dear, as I think it your due,
To resign all my colour'd apparel to you;
To wear it again I indeed am unable,
And on earth while I linger my garb shall be sable.

[Speaking to a Servant behind the scene.] Jenny, bring in the chest that I bid you prepare.

FRANCES (afide to Carey). What d'ye think of this fingular present?

CAREY.

O rare!

Her criss is coming, without much delay;
There might have been doubts had she six'd upon grey:
But a vow to wear black all the rest of her life
Is a strong indication she'll soon be a wife.

[Two Servants bring in a large Cheft.]

LADY SOPHIA (to Frances).

I have told you, my dear, that, refin'd in my joy,
The array of affection I ne'er could destroy:

Thefe

These are garments unsoil'd, that I beg you to take, Thus preserv'd for the conquest they help'd me to make. In the sweet days of courtship these garments I wore, Vain memorials of pleasure that now is no more! Of those dear days of triumph you'll now see the trophy, When Sir Simon first call'd me angelical Sophy: The fond recollection subdues my soft breast!

FRANCES.

Dear Madam, forbear then to open the cheft!

LADY SOPHIA.

No, no, my good girl; I will shew you the whole, And how colours express'd various shades in my soul; In soft variegation I vied with the dove.

And reveal'd by my dress the gradations of love. Here is, first, a cold brown—in this gown I was nice, And repell'd my warm swain with the chillness of ice; But growing more soft, in this azure attire I allow'd him with hope to enliven desire; In this pale lilach lutestring he found me relent; And this rose-colour'd silk was the blush of consent. O I ne'er shall forget—

GERRARD (entering).

Would your Ladyship chuse

To receive Mr. Rumble?

CAREY.

The Bard and his Muse!

LADY SOPHIA.

No, not for the wealth that's below the chafte moon, Till I meet all the Bards in the fable faloon: By his sudden arrival I'm fadly confounded, And should faint if he saw me with colours surrounded! To Miss Jasper's apartments away with this chest;—
Dear Frances, and Carey, pray wait on my guest,
Till my poor shatter'd nerves are a little compos'd,
And the fresh-bleeding wound of my bosom is clos'd.
Stay, Gerrard.—If cards should be call'd for to-night,
Place the new jappan'd tables alone in my sight;
For the pool of Quadrille set the black-bugle dish,
And remember you bring us the ebony sish.

[Exeunt Lady Sophia and Gerrard.

FRANCES.

What the deuce shall I do with the wife of the Poet? She may ruin my scheme, if she happen to know it: She may pry—

CAREY.

Never fear it! I'll venture a wager
That the rhymes of the husband will fully engage her:
You have feen a proud Bantam crow over a pen,
Where a small egg has dropt from his favorite hen,
He crows and he flutters, and struts round the yard:
So engross'd by her joy is the wife a Bard;
And by similar bustle attention she begs,
And crows o'er her partner's poetical eggs.
But here come little Partlet and old Chanticleer.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Rumble.

CARRY.

Mr. Rumble, I'm happy in seeing you here.

Mrs. Rumble,—Miss Jasper;—you know, Ma'am, her
brother—

And you, Ladies, will foon be well known to each other.

MR. RUMBLE.

Though we meet in the house of refined lamentation, In your presence, I feel, Sir, some exhibitation;

Since

Since I in this fpot as a stranger appear,
I rejoice in a friend who domesticates here.
My Lady is lodg'd in a sumptuous mansion,
And I'm pleas'd with her park's evanescent expansion
As my wife has a taste for the grand and stupendous,
I am glad I complied with her wish to attend us.

MISS JASPER.

You have had, Ma'am, I hope, an agreeable ride; Our prospects are pleasant on every side, And our roads are so good—

MRS. RUMBLE.

That you'll wonder to learn We were stopt on our way by an odd overturn.

MISS JASPER.

Indeed! you furprize me. I hope that no harm Has enfued from the accident, fave your alarm—But how could it happen?

MRS. RUMBLE.

Sometimes, on the road,
My dear Mr. Rumble composes an ode;
For he says, in such motion his fancy shines most:
And all true lyric poets, you know, travel post:
But a chaise-boy, alas! is a sad ignoramus;
And the poor honest booby, whose blunder o'ercame us,
Mistook a Pindarical ejaculation
For a horrible, vulgar, profane execution,
And, turning to stare at my dear Mr. Rumble,
Drove against a steep hillock, which gave us a tumble.

MISS JASPER.

A most cruel event! whence, I fear, we may lose The unfortunate fruit of the terrified Muse: 'Twas indeed most unlucky!

MRS.

MRS. RUMBLE.

Dear Ma'am, not at all:
Such a genius is not to be crush'd by a sall;
The accident brighten'd his sancy, and on it
He gallantly gave me an amorous sonnet,
As I know you love verse—

MR. RUMBLE.

Mrs. Rumble, I vow
This display of my trifles I cannot allow;
You for ever mistake, to my endless vexation,
Gay Levity's sparkles for Wit's coruscation.

MRS. RUMBLE.

[Takes out an enormous pocket-book fluffed with papers.

MR. RUMBLE.

As you dread my displeasure,

MRS. RUMBLE.

What, bury my treasure! Indeed I must read one sublime composition.

Mr. RUMBLE.

Mrs. Rumble! the part of a wife is submission.— Silly woman! to whom for my fins I am yok'd, With pulveriz'd gravel you almost are choak'd; And, satigu'd with vehicular dilaceration, You would murder my verses by rough recitation.

CARRO

MRS. RUMBLE.

No, indeed; do but hear me one stanza rehearse; 'Tis my favorite ode.

MR. RUMBLE.

As you grow fo perverse,
To preserve my own temper from exacerbation,
I must thus stop your organs of vociferation.

[Lays bis band on her lips.

MRS. RUMBLE. .

Well, my dear, I defer it to some fitter time, And I kis the sweet hand that has written such rhyme.

MISS JASPER.

Your connubial obedience, dear Ma'am, I admire; But I'm fure your fatigues some refreshment require— Give me leave to attend you.

MRS. RUMBLE:

It gives me concern To trouble you, Ma'am; but I hope to return Your obliging attention, so kind and polite, By a peep at a satire that ne'er saw the light.

[Exit Miss Jasper with Mrs. Rumble.

CAREY.

Mr. Rumble, you're blest in an excellent wife, That superlative prize in the lott'ry of life; The vow of the altar she rises above, And adds admiration to duty and love.

MR. RUMBLE.

My wife has, I think, the right feminine nerve:
Her fex was created to wonder and ferve,
As their minds have from nature no ponderous powers,
They have nothing to do but to venerate ours.

CAREY.

CAREY. a good over the out at

O fie! can you estimate women so low!

To our fair semale authors pray think what we owe.

Mr. RUMBLE.

I cannot read one, Sir, without ofcitation:
They don't understand antithetic vibration:
Their ideas have nothing of height and profundity,
Their conceptions want vigor, their periods rotundity;
Their truth is too stale, or too seeble their section,
And I cannot endure anomalous diction:
But enough of these garrulous wasters of ink—
Her Ladyship likes my inscription, I think;
That lugubrious poem no critic shall garble,
And, I trust, you can shew it me graven on marble.

CAREY.

It would please me to give you that pleasure, dear Sir; But, in truth, on this point there's a little demur, Her Ladyship means to consult on the case.

Mr. RUMBLE. To Seport 1 100

What, Sir! is my poem expos'd to difgrace?
Her critical quacks does this woman engage,
To flash my found verse with empirical rage?

CAREY, . . noom with w

Believe me, good Sir, all the homage that's due To poetical genius she offers to you; But her Ladyship's love for Sir Simon is such, She thinks that he cannot be honor'd too much; And, to give all his virtues their due celebration, She from diverse poetical pens of our nation Has a cargo of epitaphs.

MR. RUMBLE.

Hah! is it so!

Are there rivals to shoot in Apollo's strong bow?

Vol. III.

This

This should have been told me before;—but no matter:
My concurrents, perhaps, may more savishly flatter,
Yet in funeral fong they can't equal my tone;
Where Pope has miscarried, I triumph alone.—
Pray who are these Bards that with me are to cope?

anitordia CAREYAS beidir ben a not sad F

I think you're acquainted with Facil and Trope.

MR. RUMBLE.

What, Facil! whose verse is the tread of tenuity,
That fellow distinguished by slippant fatuity,
Who nonsense and rhyme can incessantly mingle,
A poet—if poetry's only a jingle.

CAREY.

Poor Facil wants force; yet may frequently please By a light airy mixture of mirth and of ease; But Trope's losty muse has a higher pretension.

ils MR. Rumblel ansen cid chad tel.

Sir! Trope is a rhymer devoid of invention,
Who talks in a high strutting style of the stars,
And the eagle of Jove, and the chariot of Mars;
And pompously tells, in elaborate lines,
That now the moon glistens, and now the sun shines.

believe me, good bir, alyand Dage that's due

How severe, my good friend, are you Bards to each other!

Yet if each would indulgently look on a brother, For your general honor—

Mr. Rumble.

I cannot agree

That these fellows have aught homogeneous with me, To contend with such scribblers I deem a disgrace, And my dignity bids me abandon the place:

With

With her Ladyship's judgment I mean not to quarrel, But shall leave her to crown any monkey with laurel.

Ment of the bright CARBYS of the brill of SA

Mr. Rumble! in points so exceedingly nice I do not presume to obtrude my advice: But allow me to mention, before you depart, What may tend to encourage your liberal art. Sir Simon, you know, had a pathon for fame, And left a large fum to eternize his name By fome structure of note; yet he never faid what: So a grand Maufoleum is rais'd on this fpot. At so vast an expence that my Lady, I find, Has furpast what the Knight for the building defign'd; The fuperfluous cost, be it great as it may, From her own private purse she designs to desiray; Though an annual fund by the will is adjusted, and all With the guidance of which the is also entrusted; But from this, as I hear, the has form'd an intention To give the best epitaph-writer a pension.

MR. RUMBLE.

Has she so!—'tis a gracious, effulgent design;
I protest, of her judgment I highly opine.
Her sace has been chiefly subject of praise;
But a splendor of intellect now she displays.
I cannot abruptly depart from a scene
Whose mistress discovers the mind of a queen,
Nor rudely desert, though my time is precarious,
A lady whose graces are so multisarious:
But pray, lest some puppy should here circumvent me,
To her Ladyship can't you directly present me?
Though I fear, since my fall, I am hardly so clean as
A Bard should be seen by a female Mæcenas.

PAGIL.

CAREY.

Never fear !—in your coat there is not fo much dust As to blind the bright eye that to merit is just. If you'll step in this room, which is call'd the Apollo, And wait a few minutes, I'll speedily follow, And acquaint you how soon we may hope for admission;—My Lady loves form, in her present condition:

To amuse yourself there you'll, however, be able, For you'll find all the epitaphs rang'd on the table.

MR. RUMBLE.

Are they so !—it is well !—I indeed love to flash
An inane poetaster's incongruous trash.

[Exit.

CAREY.

There I'll venture to leave the old cynical Rumble, The prey he has feiz'd to growl over and mumble. If this Bard, whom my Lady regards as her darling, Has infus'd in his brothers his talent of snarling, I think she will find little room to admire The harmony form'd by her Lyrical Choir.—But lo! the kind Muse an example now sends, That two mortals at once may be poets and friends.

Enter Facil and Trope.

CAREY.

My dear lads of Parnassus! you're welcome together; I am glad you associate, like birds of a feather, That fools may not cry, "Every Bard hates a brother, "And Poets, like Pike, are the prey of each other." How fare ye, my friends? have you prosper'd of late? I hope each has rais'd his Parnassian estate! In our last conversation I heard ye lament. That your farms on the mountain produc'd a low rent.

FACIL.

In truth 'tis a niggardly soil, at the best,
As I and my brother can truly attest;
But with hopes of a new golden æra, my friend,
On your patroness here we are come to attend:
To encourage the arts she has spirit and sense,
And we're told, my dear Carey, her wealth is immense.

TROPE.

In fortune and foul she's a queen, 'tis agreed,'
And of genius as fond as Christina the Swede;
For the Public's dull taste she, we trust, will console us,
And make our poor Helicon rich as Pactolus.

FACIL.

Perhaps, my dear Carey, we owe to your care The favor of this truly liberal Fair: You are, doubtless, apprized that my Lady requires—

CAREY.

I know she has paid due respect to your lyres;
Yet, indeed, on that title no thanks can I claim;
You're indebted alone to your common friend, Fame &
Her Ladyship knows with what spirit you write,
And has begg'd your two Muses to honor her Knight;
And, I trust, to your mutual advantage and joy,
She'll reward the rare talents she wish'd to employ.
But be not too sanguine:—I know how your Bards
Build the sabric of Hope like a castle of cards:
Entre nons, our good Lady is odd in her taste,
Tho' her mind is, no doubt, with muniscence grac'd;
Perhaps to one Bard she'll be lavishly kind,
And appear to the other as utterly blind.
Then let each be prepar'd.

FACIL.

So we are, my good friend,
And by mutual support shall each other desend:
To tell you a secret, we both wrote in haste,
And strangers alike to her Ladyship's taste;
But agreed, as our purses are equally low,
To divide what on either she deigns to bestow.

CAREY.

The compact is friendly; I wish from my heart
That all who pursue the poetical art
Would learn, from you two, their mean rage to suppress,
And not rave at the fight of a rival's success.

FACIL.

There, indeed, they may copy from Trope and from me:
From envy, thank Heaven! we are happily free;
We rally each other as much as we pleafe;
I laugh at his figures—he laughs at my eafe;
Yet with rancour we ne'er try each other to hit,
But value Benevolence far above Wit.
The art we still doat on has ruin'd us both;
Yet to quit the deceiver we're equally loth:
From Commerce and Law we were led to retire
By the splendid illusions that wait on the Lyre;
And though each has obtain'd a fair portion of praise,
We have no golden fruit in our chaplet of bays;
Still we look without spleen on our gains and our losses,
Each endear'd to the other by similar crosses.

CAREY.

In truth, my dear Bards, your good-humour is rare; You're philosophers both, and a singular pair: With what excellent temper I've heard you rehearse A malicious burlesque of your innocent verse!

Trope and I were the intinaed friends of her brother

O, with me 'tis a rule not to quarrel with those Who attack what I feribble in rhyme or in prose; To skirmish with you, how unjust should I be, If, perchance, of my verses you don't think with me; When, to tell you the truth, I'm so various an elf, I have twenty opinions about them myself!

So he would, ted not WARA? more drevident core.

What an honest confession traffic X on about at sed W

FACIL.

Yet my works, I must own, I too rarely review;
And too quick in their birth are the brats of my brain:
My Muse is no parent inur'd to long pain,
Who dandles a rickety chit while it lives,
And loves it the more for the trouble it gives;
She with lively dispatch, like a provident mother,
Soon as one child is born thinks of rearing another.—
But enough of a jade that is merely ideal;
Let us talk of a semale, kind, lovely, and real;
An inspirer of something much sweeter than verse,
And, I hope, with a sew thousand pounds in her purse:
I allude, my good friend, to Miss Jasper, your stame;
But, perhaps, she no longer is known by the name,
And has wifely exchanged it for Carey.

CAREY.

The day of our wedding you'll certainly know, As I hope that your Muse will the altar attend With a rapturous ode on the blis of your friend.

FACIL.

I accept the gay office with infinite glee;—
But at present, I hope, the fair Nymph we shall see:

O 4

Trope

Trope and I were the intimate friends of her brother;
What a genius was he!—I ne'er knew fuch another:
At school we first saw him his talent display;
I remember he modell'd our figures in clay.
The trade of a sculptor we thought not his sate,
But suppos'd he'd have half of Sir Simon's estate!

CAREY.

So he would, had not Vellum's more provident care, When he made the Knight's will, nam'd himself as his heir.

My Lady, indeed, has the rents for her life, But to Vellum yields half if again she's a wife; And if without issue her Ladyship dies, All this ample estate is old Latitat's prize.

FACIL.

And what fays poor Jasper, that spirited lad?

Faith, I think such a will might have driven him mad?

Though engag'd by his art, he, I'm sure, must be nettled:

But in Russia, they say, he is happily settled.

CAREY.

When a generous mind has embrac'd a fine art,
With Fortune's vain gifts it can readily part;
From the world's dirty cares it detaches itself,
To contend for a prize far superior to pelf;
And looks with contempt (I am sure that you feel it)
Upon heart-hard'ning gold, and the villains who stealit.
Such a mind, from his childhood, your friend has pos-

And in Russia, I hear, he is busy and blest; For a patroness there, of imperial spirit, The munificent Catherine, honors his merit.

FACIL.

FACIL.

I protest, in the different realms of earth, There is no friend, like woman, to genius and worth!

TROPE.

I wish you and I may a Catherine find In the widow whose Knight in our verse is enshrin'd!

FACIL.

You perhaps, my dear Carey, can tell us some news: Has her Ladyship told you her thoughts of our Muse?

CAREY.

One thing, my good friends, I can tell you at prefent, But I fear you'll not think it exceedingly pleasant; Yet it's certainly fit you should instantly know it, And, indeed, emulation inspirits a poet:

Nay, look not so grave!—'tis a rival—that's all, A candidate come at her Ladyship's call.

FACIL.

A rival! who is it?

TROPE.

A rival! pray who?

CAREY.

One, I'll venture to fay, fully known to you two,.
A Bard whose pretensions are not very humble.

FACIL.

You furely don't mean the pedantical Rumble?

CAREY.

Even fo! that long-winded loud Stentor of fong; And the ladies all think that his language is strong.

TROPE.

'Tis as strong and as knotty as Hercules' club, And as rough as the roll of the old Cynic's tub.

0 5.

CAREY.

CAREY.

Hush! hush!—in this chamber the Bear is inclos'd, Growling over the epitaphs you have compos'd.

FACILITY OF THE I

Is he fo!—introduce us.—I long to partake
In the courteous remarks that his candor will make.

Travers and as les as CARBY. to be see . 40 des cold

O, if fuch is your wish, to our guest I'll present you; But I fancy his comments will quickly content you.

FACIL. The have have FACIL.

As for me, I defy him to give me vexation; And Trope will delight in some retaliation.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

TALERA (all respit, references and a tribulate A

A C. T II.

SCENE I.

MISS JASPER and GERRARD.

MISS JASPER.

PRAY watch for my brother, and bring him to me, And let no one, good Gerrard, my visitor see:
On your faithful prudence I solely rely;
We're undone if our guests should his person espy:
From all but ourselves we must keep him unknown;
And, if seen, he must pass for a friend of your own.
I depend on your prudence.

GERRARD.

I have fludied her well, idakagan delery

Dear Miss, never fear; To do him any good I would watch for a year: Heaven knows, I have pray'd for him early and late, Since the old lawyer robb'd him of this fine effate; And would give all I'm worth could I get him his due.

MISSI AS PERSONS A MI HOUSE AND

Honest Gerrard! I know we've a good friend in you: But look out for my brother—he'll want your affiliance.

some delicate plea for becoming a w GERRARD.

I think I shall know him at half a mile's distance.

MISS JASPER

He'll be here ere you stir-prithee run to the gate.

GERRARD, Begrif Biger von di suit

Dear Miss, you forget; I am past fixty-eight; But I'll make all the haste that I can, for your sake, And I'll pray for you both at each step that I take.

the building port of blue Exita

MISS JASPER.

That's a worthy old creature, though rather too flow; I He is trufty, and will not betray us, I know: But though he's fecure, I still shudder to think How my hopes in a moment to nothing may fink. As the crisis comes on, in a hazardous scheme, With what infinite terrors the fancy will teem !-In my hopes of the match I was fanguine and hearty; But I now have my fears in regard to each party. Should my Gentleman turn out too fqueamil and coy, How vain the kind art I have deign'd to employ ! Should my Lady shew family-pride, at this season, I've depended in vain upon Nature and Reason. of some state bank I want to all the Have

asalvi.

ed toy westch in only calker to lave er can fleat.

I have studied her well, and I clearly descry She's destin'd again to the conjugal tie: In spite of the whims false refinement has taught her-She is honest dame Nature's benevolent daughter: Though a truly good creature, in virtue fo strong She would not for the world do a thing she thinks wrong, Yet of fuch yielding wax her foft bosom is form'd. It will melt in a moment, if properly warm'd: Provided her fancy, affectedly nice, Can delude her kind heart with fome dainty device. Some delicate plea for becoming a wife To the youth, who conjures her to bless him for life. On this I have founded my whimfical plan, In hopes of producing this fortunate man: My brother, I know, has a passion for her: And the foon to all men would his person prefer. But in my rapid project he will not be steady, Unless I persuade him she loves him already; For men rarely know, though of knowledge they're vain, By a well-manag'd minute how much they may gain. And should he detect the kind art I employ, Farewell to my hopes of their conjugal joy !-I yesterday thought that my plan could not fail; Now I think 'twill be marvellous should it prevail .-But away, cruel fears! hence, ye painful alarms! I behold my dear brother restor'd to my arms!

Enter Jasper.

JASPER.

Heaven bless thee, dear girl!—you have got me once more,

In spite of my vow not to visit this shore;
And I joyfully sly, with affection's quick pace,
To enfold thy kind heart in a brother's embrace:
With that in my grasp, I true opulence feel,
And my wealth in this casket no lawyer can steal.

bidhes some Miss Jasper. The the inter ban

If love and esteem may be reckon'd as treasure,
You indeed, my dear brother, are rich above measure!
O how have I long'd all your feelings to learn!
How ardently pray'd for your speedy return!
How often accus'd your indignant delay!
What a million of things had I ready to say!
What questions to ask!—and yet now you are come,
The consusion of joy has almost made me dumb!

JASPER.

,otalia Vin Ison

My tender, good girl!—I perceive you retain.

All your lively fensations of pleasure and pain.—

But these tears will relieve you—don't check them, my

dear:

'Tis a tribute my heart is inclin'd to revere;
All flattering language I prize them above,
And hold them the truest expression of love:
And indeed, when I think what distress and regret
Have harrass'd your sensible mind since we met;
When I think how, from fordid self-interest free,
You forgot your own wrongs in attention to me;
I feel tears of gratitude ready to start,
And consess my dear sister the pride of my heart!

MISS TASPER.

Yet, for life, you could talk of deserting this fifter !

JASPER.

But you see, when she pleaded I could not resist her:—
When I first was inform'd of old Vellum's vile fraud,
In my rage I determin'd on living abroad:
For Russia, you know, I departed from Rome;
However, my dear, you may safely presume
Such an absence from you I could never endure,
Had you not brought me back by a different lure;

And

bah

And my friends of the Law with your wishes conspir'd,
To make me return with the haste you desir'd,
As they give me some hopes of soon changing our fate,
And regaining from Vellum the pilser'd estate.—
But how fares my dear widow? whose partial affection
Seems kindled by some friendly angel's direction,
To redress half our wrongs, and deseat the old thies,
Who impos'd on Sir Simon's too simple belief.
A rascal! to seign a regard for my same,
And steal my estate, not to injure my name.
I thought not my cousin so easy a fool;
How the deuce could old Vellum so make him his tool!
For the Knight, on this plea, sign'd his will when inchealth,

Nor to spoil a great artist by giving me wealth.—
But where's my kind widow?—I long to express—

Miss Jasper . sel appliated but

You must pardon a little demureness in dress, Nor expect her, though you to all men she prefers, To sly into your arms.

No; let me fly to her's.

MISS JASPER.

Not so fast, my dear brother; you surely sorget
By what vigilant enemies we are beset!
Should Vellum, whose spies are now under this roof,
And against whose vile art no affection is proof,
Should he get the least hint of my Lady's attachment,
He would rage like the wolf in that new-painted hatchment;

Your mutual regard he would fet at defiance, And move earth and hell to prevent your alliance.

JASPER.

JASPER.

Would he fo?—By my faith, as the widow's fo kind,
I care not what mischiefs may lurk in his mind;
Not a legion of imps, by a lawyer instructed,
Shall mar the sweet business her heart has conducted.—
But has she quite hid her commubial design?
Has the rogue no surmise she will shortly be mine?

MISS JASPER.

No, not any.

JASPER.

Well manag'd, my dear fairy elf!

MISS JASPER.

To fay truth, 'tis a fecret not known to herfelf.

JASPER.

To herself!-am I dup'd then!

MISS JASPER.

Dear brother, be cool.

JASPER.

Have you fent for me home, but to make me a fool?

MISS JASPER.

No indeed! but to make you most happy for life, And give you a lovely and excellent wise; In so serious a point could you think that I jested?— Have you purchas'd the licence my letter requested?

JASPER.

Here it is—and our folly will finely expose,
If the fair one escapes whom this chain should inclose.

Miss Jasper.

Implicitly trust to my care as your guide, And ere midnight, perhaps, you may class a kind bride.

JASPER.

JASPER.

You teaze me, dear girl! with much whimfical pain; But I beg that you'll clearly these riddles explain. I fear you have form'd some nonsensical plot: Has the Widow declar'd she will have me, or not?

MISS JASPER.

Dear brother! indulge me with patient attention, And our true fituation I'll honeftly mention: But, however my project may strike you at first, Into rage and despair do not hastily burst; To be bold in such points is, in truth, to be wise, And a widow's a fort to be won by surprize.

JASPER.

So she has not engag'd, then, to give me her hand?

MISS JASPER.

Have patience!—her state you shall soon understand.
That she loves you, I know; and with innocent art
I have cherish'd the passion still hid in her heart:
For she fancies, good creature! that, safe from love's stasses,

She's devoted her life to Sir Simon's cold ashes.—
You know, she affects to be highly refin'd:
And a project I've built on this cast of her mind,
Which, if you'll obey me, I'll venture my life,
Like a stroke of true magic, will make her your wife,
And before any foul can suspect our intention.

JASPER.

Well, my girl! and pray what is your magic invention?

MISS JASPER.

You must know, she believes that you only return: To oblige her, by gracing Sir Simon's rich urn: She thinks the Czarina, on this one condition, That you travel incog. gives you her kind permission;

And

And her Ladyship's mind I have fill'd with these notions, As they form an excuse for concealing your motions: So she hopes from your hand, with the highest delight, To behold a fine statue of her noble Knight.

Now, Sir Simon and you have been thought much alike; And, to make the resemblance more forcibly strike, I mean to array you, her heart to entrap, In his blue sattin night-gown and red velvet cap; The dress which, to humour his elegant Fair, The courteous old Cit was contented to wear.

JASPER.

And is this your fine plan! you impertinent jade?

Dress me up as the Punch of a dull masquerade!

MISS JASPER.

Have patience!—-my scheme must surprize you, no doubt,

Yet I think you'll applaud, if you hear it throughout; And if you have spirit I know 'twill succeed.

JASPER.

To play the dead man-a fine project, indeed!

MISS JASPER.

Nay, but hear me!-your actions I will not controut.

JASPER.

Well, you've made me an idiot; fo tell me the whole.

MISS JASPER.

No! I've taught you to make yourself all you desire,
If you will but restrain this intemperate fire.—
Come, attend to my plot:—You fond creatures shall
meet

In the new Mausoleum, that pensive retreat; On a pedestal there you your person must place, To shew how a statue the building may grace: To behold you so fixt I'll my Lady prepate:
She'll be struck in surveying your figure and air;
She with tender surprize will your features review,
And fancy she sees her Sir Simon in you:
Then spring from your pedestal, seize her sweet charms,
And swear as you sold her soft heart in your arms,
You are like her Sir Simon in soul as in form,
That your heart towards her is as tenderly warm;
You may add—in a vision he bade you direct her
To take you for life as her legal protector,
And, to make her chaste love to his memory known,
Chuse his living resemblance before one of stone.—
There's a promising scheme for a widow's relief!

JASPER.

Set woman to woman, as thief to catch thief!

I confess in your plot there is spirit and soul;

On her governing soible you've grounded the whole;

And rapid success might attend to your plan,

But for puppet-shew courtship I am not the man:

I possess not the face that your stratagem needs,

For so bold an attack on a widow in weeds;

And I feel some reluctance, in truth at my heart.

To such an appearance of fraudulent art.

MISS JASPER.

Away, my dear brother, with scruples like these!

Of the amorous heart doubt's a common disease,
But one that my counsels may speedily cure:

You both love each other—your meaning is pure—
The gentle Sophia you'll tenderly treat,
Her form is enchanting, her temper is sweet;
And if your odd courtship appears like a jest,
In your marriage, I'm sure, you'll be equally blest:

Without

Without it, indeed, our fair friend is undone,
For old Vellum intends that the coxcomb his fon,
When he comes from his travels—But somebody's near;
A sudden surprize in this quarter I fear,
Let us haste to my room—I must school you above:
And you'll act as I wish if you've one spark of love.
If I find you have not—I shall honestly say,
You must give up the part that I meant you to play.

[Exeunt bestily.

Enter Lady Sophia with Papers in ber band attended by Carey.

LADY SOPHIA.

Unfold the great doors of the fable faloon.

[The Scene opens, and discovers a large Apartment, with a black velvet Pavilion.]

At the thoughts of this business I'm ready to swoon!
But you, my good Carey, will lessen my pain,
And aid my weak nerves the sad scene to sustain;
As my Gentleman-usher you'll kindly attend,
And bring the three Bards to an audience, my friend:
I shall sit to receive them beneath my pavilion.
To repay their sweet verse I could wish for a million;
But I think that each Bard will be pleas'd with his lot:
So bring them—Stay, Carey, one thing I've forgot;
But now 'tis too late for my purpose, I sear;
I meant to have order'd the horns to be here,
With a little soft music these rites to begin,
And to sound a dead march as the Poets walk in.

CAREY.

Dear Madam, their verses will want no such aid;
Let me haste to present them.—Fantastical jade!

[Aside, as he goes out.

LADY

LADY SOPHIA.

(Seating berfelf under the Pavilion, and looking over the Papers in her hand).

For these epitaphs, thus, I may happily borrow
The parts that most flatter my delicate forrow;
And while in one piece I harmoniously blend
Four lines from each poem these authors have penn'd,
I am pleas'd that on them no vexation can fall,
That I shall not hurt one, and must gratify all,—
But the Geniuses come.

Enter Carey, introducing Rumble, Facil, and Trope, who advance with profound Bows towards the Pavilion.

LADY SOPHIA.

Ye kind friends to my grief!
Who employ your fine parts in affliction's relief;
My mournful diffress by your talents ye calm,
And my dear lost Sir Simon your verses embalm.
As I ought, let me first Mr. Rumble address:
What I owe to you, Sir, I can never express,
Yet the force of your pen let my gratitude mention.

RUMBLE (afide).

I perceive she has sense-and I'm sure of the pension!

LADY SOPHIA.

In my choice I have done equal justice, I hope,
To you, Mr. Facil—and you, Mr. Trope:
From your various productions twelve verses I chuse,
And I blend the rich sweets of each different Muse;
Thus a wreath is completed to deck the dear shrine,
And to honor Sir Simon three Poets combine.
Here you'll see how I've manag'd this nice combination.

[Distributing a paper to each.

RUMBLE.

RUMBLE.

I protest I can't suffer this conglomeration
Of marble and brick! this anomalous jumble!

CAREY (in a whifper to Rumble).

Remember the pension, my good Mr. Rumble!

RUMBLE.

Sir! my admurmurations shall loudly be heard! I've a right to exclaim that my Lady's absurd: In her cap she as well might conquassate together. The down of green geese and an ostrich's seather.

FACIL.

I think, Mr. Rumble, my Lady displays
The most dexterous art in uniting our lays:
Your elder Muse first, like the waggon of Night,
Moves solemn and grand;—like the chariot of Light,
Airy Trope then advances, with different pace;—
And, like Twilight, between you I find my right place.

RUMBLE.

Remember, young man! while his splendor you brag on,
That rich Ponderosity rides in a waggon.—
But I will not descend to a vile contestation;
Our minds were not fashion'd for reciprocation.
My Lady I pardon, on this one condition,
That she quickly proceeds to a decomposition:
She may chuse of our epitaphs which she thinks sit;
But a mixture so monstrous I will not admit.
She as well with her scissars might hastily snip
From different portraits the eye, nose, and lip,
And think that her needle accomplish'd great matters,
By compacting a face of the discrepant tatters.

LADY SOPHIA.

O mercy!—dear Sir, pray this business adjust, And do not disturb my Sir Simon's calm dust! If a squabble concerning his tomb you excite, I am sure his dear spirit will haunt us to-night: I feel in this terror new anguish arise, And a fresh slood of sorrow swells into my eyes!

CAREY (afide to Rumble).

Mr. Rumble! I fear if you do not submit, My Lady will have an hysterical sit.

RUMBLE.

Sir! in points that my credit and honor involve, A few drops of falt-water won't melt my refolve.

FACIL (afide to Carey).

I protest, though fantastic I own she appears, I can not bear the sight of such beauty in tears; And as I perceive she is really distrest, I'll at once put an end to the strife in her breast.

[To Lady Sophia.]

Dear Madam! that you on this point may not grieve,
And your delicate mind from all doubt to relieve,
Let me and my friend our pretensions resign,
And leave one single Bard to embellish the shrine;
We beg that alone Mr. Rumble may bear
The honor he thinks that we ought not to share.

ilemCARETIL DO CONTEC

No, no, my good friend! you're too modest, indeed! I've a plan for ye all, that I trust will succeed.

LADY SOPHIA.

What is it, good Carey? I wish to pursue

last of the Cakey. le sail a pail aquite ?

At Mecca, dear Ma'am, seven poems, we're told, O'er the Prophet's rich tomb were suspended in gold; Now,

Or mer dear, unth

Now, let three worthy Bards each an elegy write, And suspend all their works o'er the tomb of your Knight.

LADY SOPHIA.

O charming !-- your thought is enchantingly fine !--

RUMBLE.

From this proposition I will not revolt,
'Though my young rivals' pride it may ferve to exalt;
Of the honor you do them I will not be jealous;
But I'll teach the vain youths to revere an Entellus.

LADY SOPHIA.

Well, I hope what has past will be kindly forgot,
And that now you'll all deign to compose on the spot—
I commend, my good Carey, the Bards to your care,
Entertain them, I beg, with the choicest of fare:
And, as it grows late, you must leave me, my friend,
In affliction's chaste rites my lone evening to spend.—
Farewell, worthy Sirs;—you now leave me to sorrow,
But I hope to attend you at dinner to-morrow.

CAREY.

Come, my friends! now permit me to be your director.—
Mr. Rumble, 'Rack Punch is your genuine nectar;
As the night's coming on, I'll prepare the rich bowl,
That shall give to you Poets fresh vigour of soul;
For the Muse with new force, like the slying-fish, springs,
When she stoops for the purpose of wetting her wings.

[Exit Carey, with Rumble, Facil, and Trope.

LADY SOPHIA alone.

I am glad we have footh'd Mr. Rumble's chagrin!

Enter

Enter Miss Jasper.

LADY SOPHIA.

O, my dear, with the Poets I've had such a scene!
They have shaken my nerves to that cruel degree,
I shall quiver all night like a poor aspen-tree.

MISS JASPER.

My tidings new life in your heart will infuse; The young Sculptor's arriv'd!

LADY SOPHIA.

That, indeed, is fweet news!
Then in effigy foon I shall class my dear Knight!
Is the block too provided and perfectly white?
Of the true Parian marble, I trust, he will mold
The statue my bosom so pants to behold.

MISS JASPER.

I assure you, the business engages his heart,
And you'll see a fine work from his exquisite art.
To my brother already the vault I have shewn;
And of attitudes there he is thinking alone.
As I mean to conceal his arrival at home,
We went by the pass under ground to the dome.

LADY SOPHIA.

We will join him, dear Fanny, and go the same way.

I long at the tomb my devotions to pay;

To hear how your brother's fine sancy and skill

With new decorations the structure may fill,

And to see in what posture the statue may stand.

MISS JASPER.

Let us go-he'll be happy to kis your fair hand.

[Exeunt.

[The Scene changes to the infide of a grand Maufoleum; on one fide, a large oblong Tomb of white marble, on the other, some steps ascending from a subterraneous passage. Jasper appears in the Gown and Cap of Sir Simon.]

TASPER.

What a part has my lister induc'd me to play!

I wish from the scene I could well slip away.

I shall never succeed—surely love was ne'er made,
Since the days of old Jove, in such odd masquerade!

I scarce know myself, in this whimsical plight,
But I sancy I look very like the old Knight:
Yet if you, my sweet Widow, incline to my plan,
This image will beat the original man.
Gad! I hope she won't sancy I'm really his ghost!—
But I hear them below—I must leap to my post.

[Jasper places himself in a striking attitude on the top of the marble Tomb, while Lady Sophia and Miss Jasper ascend the steps from the subterranean passage.]

LADY SORHIA (Starting.)

O mercy!—what phantom amazes my fight!
Has the grave to my love given back the dear Knight?—
'Tis himself I perceive—'tis no funciful dream!
O, I faint—

[Falls on the arm of Miss Jasper.

[Jasper flies to Lady Sophia in great agitation, and speaks at the same time to Miss Jasper.]
See the end of your pitiful scheme!—

As I live, her fond fears have suspended her breath!

And I've frighten'd the delicate creature to death!

Miss Jasper.

Never fear, fimple Charles! you will not lofe you wife:— You understand marble much better than life!

Vol. III. P LADY

LADY SOPHIA (reviving).

Where am I!—O, pray Sir, are you Mr. Jafper?

MISS JASPER (whispering her brother).

In your arms, you poor simpleton! hasten to class her!—
If you stand so consounded, how can you succeed?
I shall presently think you a statue indeed!

JASPER (to Lady Sophia).

How fare you, dear Lady?—'tis true that you fee Your devoted affectionate Jasper in me:
Of your beauty my heart has long felt the effect,
In chaste admiration and tender respect:
No licentious design with my passion could mingle;
But the very first moment I heard you were single,
All my foreign pursuits I resolv'd to disclaim;
For your smiles are to me more attractive than same.
Though the wintry ocean was roaring between us,
My love, with sond hope in the savor of Venus,
Bade me cross the rough deep, and, disdaining controul,
Fly with speed to the distant delight of my soul!

LADY SOPHIA.

How like my Sir Simon in person and air!
The mild turn of his lip, and his eye to a hair!

JASPER.

O think not the likeness lies only in feature?

I've his foul, heart, and passions, my sweet, lovely creature!

In me, then, O fancy you fee him reftor'd!

And with fondness connubial be lov'd and ador'd!

Instead of a senseless, cold image of stone,

Make his living resemblance for ever your own!

A fost statue of wax in your hand I will prove,

You shall mold me to all the chaste fancies of love.

LADY

LADY SOPHIA.

I protest your idea is sweetly refin'd,
To delight the pure warmth of a delicate mind!
I could wish such a likeness to keep in my view,
And for ever contemplate Sir Simon in you:
But, though the mere offspring of tender sensation,
Such a wish would be reckon'd a gross inclination;
And I'm sure I should die at that horrid suggestion!

JASPER (embracing ber).

Dear angel! no tongue shall thy purity question.

LADY SOPHIA.

O Charles! to my bosom you give such a flutter, All my reasons against you I want breath to utter.

JASPER.

By the eloquent glance of that dear melting eye, With my delicate purpose I know you'll comply.

MISS JASPER.

Hush! hush! I have heard some one step near the door, Pray be still, till the coast I can clearly explore.

LADY SOPHIA. IM STOOT STATES

O my stars! should my people discover at home, That at night I converse with a man in this dome——

MISS JASPER.

Haste! away! under ground you must quickly retreat.

JASPER (taking up Lady Sophia in bis arms).

Come, escape in my arms!

LADY SOPHIA.

Don't you feel my heart beat?

JASPER.

So does mine, lovely creature! my foul is on fire.

LADY SOPHIA.

But I never can yield to your fenfual defire.

[Exit Jasper, bearing off Lady Sophia down the subterranean staircase.]

CAREY.

(speaking without the great door of the Mausoleum). Miss Jasper! Miss Jasper! pray, are you within?

MISS JASPER (opening the door).

Is it you, Sir, who make so uncivil a din?—
Pray what is the cause of this sudden intrusion?
Have your Poets produc'd a new scene of consusion?

CAREY.

Gerrard fays you have lock'd up the key of the 'Rack, So to give the Bards punch be fo kind to come back. Come, my dear.—

MISS JASPER.

The deuce take your poetical potion!
You have spoil'd my poor Lady's nocturnal devotion.—
How forgetful old Gerrard is suddenly grown!
He has, surely, the key in some draw'r of his own.
But you jest.—Get you gone!—I must hasten to her.

CAREY.

But without a few kiffes indeed I shan't stir.

MISS JASPER.

Pish!—nonsense!—make haste then—I've no time to spare.

CAREY.

Can't you give me some minutes, my dear busy Fair?

Miss

Miss Jasper.

No, in truth, not a moment; my hurry is great-Meet me here in the morning precifely at eight, And perhaps I may make you some pleasing amends. Good-night!

TEM ROY OF SOLD CARRY! W THE TOTAL

Let us part, though, like lovers and friends; I deserve this sweet kis for my patience.

MISS JASPER.

Good-night! To-morrow, I hope, will bring wonders to light! [Exeunt different ways.

Fin was justiful a thunders, transaction and others END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A water poor u chall be landle, to be larlied

May be show that the west was found to level at

A C T III.

SCENE I. The Maufoleum.

Enter Trope with Facil, laughing.

N my life I ne'er knew an adventure fo drole! TROPE.

But what is it, dear Facil, pray tell me the whole? FACIL.

So I will, when a little calm breath I can draw, In ceasing to laugh at the figure I faw.

TROPE.

What figure?

P 3

FACIL.

FACIL.

Why, Rumble: I now fee him ftand With his garments half-button'd, a fcroll in his hand; And the poor frighted girl!

TROPE.

What the deuce do you mean? In an odd wanton frolic has Rumble been feen— To an Abigail's room did the old Bard repair?

FACIL.

No, no, I'll relate to you all the affair.—
You must know that our punch had so heated my brain,
That to sleep half the night I endeavour'd in vain;
But was just in a slumber, between three and sour,
When a half-array'd sigure threw open my door:
'Twas a poor trembling damsel, who hastily said,
'Rise! rise! or you'll surely be burnt in your bed!"
And I heard Rumble's voice thrice repeat the word
"Fire!"

But as that dreadful word was foon follow'd by "Lyre," I perceiv'd the good girl, I now held by the arm, Had mistaken his verse for a cry of alarm.

TROPE.

Very good!—he has often these starts in the night But how did you calm the poor girl in her fright?

FACIL.

The wild little wench, like a poor frighted hare, Knew not which way to run, and did nothing but stare; When, holding the door of my chamber a-jar, We perceiv'd, by the aid of the bright morning-star, The old Bard, who of liquor had taken his fill, Sally forth from his quarters in odd dishabille; With punch and with poetry heated, he swaggers, And reels down the stairs, like a horse in the staggers, Repeating

Repeating with emphasis, several times, The unfortunate word in his dangerous rhymes; And the girl, who now saw her mistake very clear, Laugh'd, in spite of her shame, at the source of her sear.

TROPE.

And you, I suppose, when her terror was fled, Taught her bloom to revive by the warmth of your bed?

FACIL.

No, indeed; had her panic been only affected, I perhaps had been foolish, as you have suspected; But her fear and her modesty both were so true

That they won my regard, and she safely withdrew.

TROPE.

But where's our friend Rumble?

FACIL.

O, nobody knows.

TROPE.

To some shady retreat he is gone to compose.

FACIL.

On the house-top, perhaps, like a bird he may sit; He considers keen air as a friend to his wit. It would not surprize me this phoenix to see Oddly perch'd on a bough of an old losty tree; For he thinks he writes best when he's nearest to heaven: But he'll soon want his breakfast—'tis much after seven.

TROPE.

Hark! what is that noise, like the woodman's loud stroke?

FACIL.

As I live, it is Rumble in you shatter'd oak!

Don't you see where he's sitting astride on the branch?

He has crack'd that large limb by the weight of his paunch.

P 4

TROPP

TROPE.

I believe he's afleep!—shall we give him a call, Lest he chance in his slumber to get a bad fall?

FACIL.

Never fear:—here is one to take care of his life, Here's the nurse of our Brobdignag baby, his wife.

Enter Mrs. Rumble, baftily.

MRS. RUMBLE.

Pray, Gentlemen, where is my dear Mr. Rumble?—
I have news for you Poets, to make you all grumble!—
But where is my husband?—I feek him in haste.

FACIL.

Dear Ma'am! we're surpriz'd that, with singular taste, From the soft arms of Beauty he strangely has sled, To embrace the rough limbs of an oak in their stead!—On that bough you may see him.

MRS. RUMBLE.

Ah! barbarous man!

He will venture his life, let me say what I can. I am sure some mischance will his genius o'erwhelm, T'other day he sell down from the top of an elm.—Mr. Rumble! take care!—Mr. Rumble, my dear!

FACIL.

In this case, my dear Madam, you've nothing to sear. Behold! 'tis an incident only for mirth, For the bough gently falling configns him to earth.

MRS. RUMBLE.

I rejoice he is landed!

Enter Rumble, stretching himself and yawning.

MRS. RUMBLE.

My dear Mr. Rumble!

It is well you have met with fo easy a tumble:

I wifh

I wish that your fancy was not so romantic; All the people will think you are persectly frantic.

RUMBLE.

Peace, woman!—I care not for idle derifion,
I have had a superb elegiacal vision:
Homer says, with great truth, "Onar ek dios esti."
MRS. RUMBLE.

On first waking, my dear, you are apt to be testy; But I'm glad if the Muse has been kind to your sumbers, And I hope we shall hear your mellissuous numbers.

RUMBLE.

In my dream I've compos'd, and with clear continuity, Such emollient verse for the grief of viduity, 'Twould have sooth'd the sad relict of old king Mausolus!

MRS. RUMBLE.

In our passions the Nine may have charms to control us; But your Muse, I'm asraid, might as well have miscarried, For the lady you praise as a widow is married!

RUMBLE.

Peace, woman! you're crazy!

FACIL.

How! married, dear Madam!

MRS. RUMBLE.

Ay, married! as fure as we're children of Adam.
You know, Sir, rich folks, with a licence, have power
To marry without the canonical hour;
And, leaving her guests o'er their punch to carouse,
My Lady at midnight receiv'd a new spouse.

RUMBLE.

Mrs. Rumble, I fear 'tis our punch that has bred These nuprial phantasma's in your giddy head: Your story has nothing of concatenation.

MRS.

MRS. RUMBLE.

Mr. Rumble, you always will doubt my narration!
But I deal not in fiction, although a Bard's wife;
On the truth of this fecret I'd venture my life:
From one of the house-maids I happen'd to worm it,
And here comes a gentleman who will confirm it.

Enter Carey.

MRS. RUMBLE.

Your voice, Mr. Carey, will prove I am right; Pray was not her Ladyship married last night?

CAREY.

Dear Madam! your question can hardly be serious.

MRS. RUMBLE.

I am fure she was wed, though the wedding's mysterious.

CAREY.

Do you really believe it?—dear Madam, to whom? It must be to one of these Bards, or a groom: For, excepting ourselves and the men of her train, Not a male did this mansion last night entertain: But whence your conjecture? on what is it grounded?

RUMBLE.

Silly woman! I tell you your brain is confounded;
But I think we may guess, from your dream of this fact,
How in widowhood you will be tempted to act;
I suppose, when I've finish'd my scene of mortality,
However you forrow in shew and verbality,
You soon will renounce all your dignified gravity;
And, entic'd by some bellman's poetical suavity,
Go to church with a fellow who deigns to rehearse
A quatrain on your charms in his annual verse.

MRS. RUMBLE.

O you barbarous man! by so cruel a jest Would you wound the chaste love of so tender a breast? You know me too well to believe what you say.—
Thank my stars! here's an evidence coming this way; And you'll see trush and justice are both on my side.

Enter Miss Jasper.

MRS. RUMBLE (baftily).

Miss Jasper! pray is not my Lady a Bride?

MISS JASPER.

You are right, my dear Madam.

CAREY

It cannot be real!

MISS JASPER.

From you Bards I request a sublime hymeneal.

TROPE.

So fuddenly married !

FACIL.

You certainly joke.

MISS JASPER.

A word of more truth in my life I ne'er spoke.

CAREY.

What d'ye mean, my dear Fanny? pray do not deceive us.

MRS. RUMBLE.

What infidels, Madam! they will not believe us.

FACIL.

Pray, to what happy man may so fair a prize fall?

MISS JASPER.

The Bridegroom I'll soon introduce to you all; And you Poets, I trust, will a new string employ, With singular pleasure to echo his joy.

RUMBLE

RUMBLE.

So my fine elegiacs are now out of season;—
I was mad, to think woman a creature of reason,
And on widowhood's slippery virtues to raise
The luminous fabric of rythmical praise!
But I'll haste to be gone from this scene of fatuity:
Come along, Mrs. Rumble; I've done with viduity.—
My Lady may welcome more juvenile comers,
I have no time to waste upon conjugal mummers.

MISS JASPER.

Mr. Rumble! pray stay, in our joy to partake.

MRS. RUMBLE.

Stay, my dear Mr. Rumble! you'll stay for my sake. Though the grand and the gloomy is all your delight, I confess that sessivity pleases my sight; Pray indulge me for once!—it would half break my heart Without seeing the Bridegroom were we to depart.

RUMBLE.

Curiofity ruin'd your grandmother Eve; And to gratify yours you shall not have my leave: From a farcical scene it is time we should go, And who plays the Jack Pudding I want not to know.

MRS. RUMBLE.

My Lady may still wish your verse to peruse!

RUMBLE.

For Politics henceforth I give up the Muse;
Though political paths may have some tortuosity,
To enter on them I have less scupulosity,
Than to seed your vain sex with poetical slummery,
And at last be the dupe of their amorous mummery.

But I'll have my revenge, and, before my spleen cools, I will prove all the sex-slattering poets are sools.—
Come away, Mrs. Rumble!—your duty's submission.

[Exit, bearing off Mrs. Rumble.

MISS JASPER.

Poor woman! I pity her difmal condition, And am griev'd that so roughly he makes her return:— But here's one to console us for every concern.

Enter Jasper.

MISS JASPER.

To you, my good friends, I the Bridegroom present, And you all will rejoice in this happy event.

CAREY.

Dear Jasper! o'erwhelm'd by this joyous surprize, I am almost asraid to believe my own eyes! Are you really return'd? and, in truth, are you married? Has this excellent plan been so suddenly carried? Or, with potent illusion and artful pretences, Has this sair little sorceres cheated our senses?

JASPER. The property on the follow

You may trust in her magic, as honest and true;
She has render'd me happy, and so she will you:
To you, my dear Carey, I give her for life;
So enchanting a sister must prove a sweet wise;
And, with pleasure I add, you'll receive your fair Bride
With the fortune she merits completely supplied.

DALLO CAREY. 10 10.

Her heart in itself is an opulent dower!

JASPER (to Facil and Trope.)

My worthy old friends! in this fortunate hour It increases my joy to meet you on this spot.

FACIL.

FACIL.

I rejoice in your blifs!

TROPE.

I am charm'd with your lot!

JASPER.

And with double delight the good fortune I view, Which may prove I retain a warm friendship for you: I've a scheme for ye both, my dear Facil and Trope, That will meet with your hearty concurrence, I hope. You must yield to my wish—I will not be denied From any vain scruples of generous pride.

FACIL.

With hearts fo enliven'd by feeing you bleft, We shall hardly refuse whatsoe'er you request.

JASPER.

Though a few dainty whims, of a fingular kind, Have o'erclouded the worth of her excellent mind, 'The foul of my Lady Sophia is fraught With the true mental treasures of generous thought. She perceives, and disclaims for the rest of her days, The foibles to which false refinement betrays: She now thinks this proud fabric of the ill-applied art The ridiculous whim of too feeling a heart. Sir Simon had many calm virtues, whose claim From ungrateful Oblivion shall rescue his name: But all the distinctions of rank are confus'd, Fame herself is insulted, and Art is abus'd, When the plume and the laurel infultingly wave O'er the honest plain Merchant's preposterous grave: Convinc'd of this truth, 'tis my Lady's defign To alter this dome on a new plan of mine.

Here

Here with Freedom and Ease you, my friends, may reside; Good apartments for each I shall quickly provide: For this dome, where the Founder shall rise in a nich, Is to prove an asylum for artists not rich.

CAREY.

I am charm'd with your project, dear Jasper!

JASPER.

Yet hear!-

Outruns.

By the will there's a fund of four hundred a year
Of real hard cash, from incumbrances free,
Which my Lady herself is to guide as trustee,
To support any structure she chuses to plan,
To perpetuate the name of her worthy good man;
This between you, dear Bards, she is pleas'd to adjust:
And when opulent Honesty sinks in the dust,
May his heirs ever use what he leaves upon earth
In securing calm comfort to Genius and Worth!

FACIL.

We always have faid, and your actions evince, You, Jasper, were born with the soul of a prince; But our gratitude how shall we utter to you?

TASPER.

By returning your thanks where they chiefly are due.
My Lady's pure bounty, that scorns to be stinted,
Surpast in your favour whatever I hinted—
To prove that I wed not from motives of pelf,
I have settled her wealth on her generous self;
She is rich, and intends to make use of her treasure
In the purchase of noble and permanent pleasure:
At the highest of interest our gold we employ,
When it brings a return of benevolent joy.—
Thank my stars! all my wishes are crown'd with success;
Kind Fortune, I just now have learn'd by express,

Outruns, in our favor, the flow step of Law:
Old Vellum, alarm'd by our hints of a flaw
In the base legal work that Fraud led him to frame,
The reversion he stole has propos'd to disclaim,
Upon terms which I now, for tranquillity's sake,
At my Lady's request, shall be willing to take.—
But come, my good friends, let us haste to the hall,
Where the Bride will be happy to welcome you all.

CAREY.

Well, my friend! I confess, in the course of my life, I have oft been provok'd with your new lovely wise; But for this her last act her late whims I forgive, And shall bless the kind creature as long as I live.—
You will teach, as you mold her life's sweetest duty, All her virtues to shine as complete as her beauty:
And may each childless widow, in youth's lively state, Who has yielded an honest old husband to sate,
In a partner like you find the surest relief,
And to sensible joy turn fantastical grief!

By returning your thanks where they chieds are den.

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the set in your favour visitered I hand-or prove that I was not four motives of pals.
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Specie rich, and intends to reales als of her measure.

In the purchase of 76 Apply to a pleisture:

The her ignest of near our gold a exceptop.

Lord I organ, I jost now lave sound by express,

Note fripe, ward somewhite the contract;

